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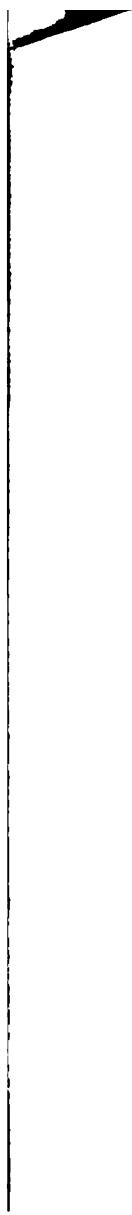


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THE
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2. *Life in Normandy, Sketches of French Fishing, Farming, Cooking, Natural History, and Politics. Drawn from Nature.* Two vols. Edinburgh, 1863.
3. *Reminiscences of the late Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.; Or, the Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman.* By Sir JOHN E. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Bart. London, 1860.
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Is it possible to give a stranger some idea of the country life of England—of those enjoyments which enter so deeply into the nature of our islander? Perhaps not; but with the help of the books named above, and selected from the more recent works bearing on our subject, we propose to try.

Let us begin at the beginning. When a French parent has a son to educate, he sends him to a "college" in a town. An English *paterfamilias*, if he can afford it, sends his boy to Eton or Harrow, or, if he cannot stand the expense, he seeks out some minor rural school, where there are good masters and also good playing fields and a river to row on. And each has his reward. The French school-boy is a pretty-behaved young gentleman. The Jesuits make fair classical scholars still, though not so good as of old; and an average French educated boy can write his own language, and speak whole sentences grammatically—accomplishments which fall only to the favoured few in England.

On the other hand, the English public-school boy, if not taught like the ancient Persians "to ride, and shoot with the bow, and speak the truth," can for the most part, and as a class, sit a horse across country, shoot with fowling-piece and rifle, box, row, swim, and play at cricket and foot-ball. The love of truth, we hope, is not peculiar to either country; but the courageous training of an English boy must have some effect in bracing the mind to honesty, as well as the limbs to labour. There is another result of this English training. From school-days to old age an Englishman looks for his recreation and pleasure to the country. The feverish whirl of a London "season," or a tempting of fortune at Baden or Homburg, only sends him back more eager for the sport, the farming, planting, gardening of home. The rural passion is imitated and affected in other countries. In an Englishman it is genuine, and instead of wearing out amidst the straight hedges and restraints of civilisation, is extending with new pursuits and modern acquirements. A huntsman (of hounds) or a deer-stalker always knew he must study the nature and habits of his "chase," and of the serviceable animals which he trained to assist in it. But now every sportsman worthy of the name is more or less a Naturalist. A good part of his enjoyment is derived from observing and comparing the habits of the game, the country, the climate; and so, the circle widening, all natural sights and things. When we speak of "Englishmen," we include the whole inhabitants of our islands, and with some modification, what we have said is even peculiarly applicable to Scotsmen; for many natives of the capital and of the provincial towns of England have no definite connexion with any rural district; but in Scotland, all of us without exception are "of" some country. Even the tradesman who works in a hereditary shop in Edinburgh, has a bond of kindred in some farm or rural village, where his children go to spend their holidays; and Donald MacAlpine, who sells whisky in a cellar of the Gallowgate of Glasgow, has his memory stored with the stories of his native glen in the far west, and perhaps some notion of gentility, as the laird's far awa kinsman. To that glen his affections turn. He may never get there: he is unfit for its life. But in feeling and imagination he is still the Highlander.

We have said that a sportsman readily becomes a naturalist. The pleasure of studying the animals of game is apt to preponderate over the amusement of hunting them. A good specimen of this order of sportsman was Mr. St. John, the author whose work stands first of those prefixed to this Article. Without a scientific education, or any peculiar addiction to science, he has, by the accuracy of his observations and faithful

description, made a name and established an authority among naturalists ; while his hearty love for sport and all rural pleasures has given his volumes a place on the shelf with White's *History of Selborne*, and the books that charmed our youth.

Charles St. John was well-born, being the grandson of Frederick second Viscount Bolingbroke. We get a slender outline of his life in this volume, and something of his school-habits we derive from his friend and fellow-sportsman, Mr. Jeans :—

"At school he was far ahead of me in all the theory and some of the practice of 'wild sports.' But it was under the tuition of a certain old pensioner, who in virtue of his weekly function in the school, went by the name of the drill-sergeant, that we both attained to no mean proficiency in spinning for trout and trolling for pike in the river Arun whenever we could shirk out of bounds on half-holidays, as well as in setting night-lines artistically for eels.

"Even at that time St. John had the zoological bump largely developed. His box (or *scobb*, as we used to call it, after the Winchester fashion) was generally a sort of menagerie—dormice in the one till, stag-beetles of gigantic size, and wonderful caterpillars in paper boxes, in the other, while sometimes a rabbit, sometimes a guinea-pig, or perhaps a squirrel, was lodged below in a cell cunningly constructed of the Delphin classics and Ainsworth's Dictionary. He was scarcely ever without live stock of some sort."

A youth of this nature was not likely to endure the restraint of a public office in London,—the life appointed for him by his family,—and he soon emancipated himself, got down among the solitudes of Sutherland, had the fortune to find a wife there, and continued ever after to lead the life of a sportsman and naturalist, his choice of residence only partly modified by the convenience of his family, and their education.

"In due time," writes his biographer, "he discovered the region best suited to his taste and happiness, in the 'laigh' of Moray, a fertile and well-cultivated country, with dry soil and bright and bracing climate, with wide views of sea and mountain, within easy distance of mountain sport, in the midst of the game and wild animals of a low country, and with the coast indented by bays of the sea and studded with frequent fresh-water lakes, the haunt of all the common wild-fowl and of many of the rarer sorts."

What an advantage to a district to attach to it a writer like St. John ! The whole land, its rivers, lakes, hills, and valleys, become classical, and that which before was only known as a good wheat-growing champaign is henceforward familiar in the mouths of naturalists and that larger class, the lovers of nature and sport.

St. John continued to reside in Morayshire for the most part till his fatal malady and premature death. His *Wild Sports of*

the Highlands has, since its publication in 1846, been a standard work with all lovers of his pursuits. The present volume is a selection from his journals, and correspondence with friends. The arrangement of these materials, which is according to months, may in some instances have the advantage of furnishing a comparison of a particular season in several different years, but this scarcely compensates for the broken and fragmentary shape it has given the book. We observe, too, some uncertainty as to the precise years in which certain observations are recorded, and here and there a little repetition, either of something already noticed in this volume, or of remarks in the author's other works.

These defects make us regret the more that St. John had not lived to give his collections to the world. His arrangement of his own materials would have added immeasurably to their value; but, taking it as it is, we find in this little volume a mass of very careful observation of natural objects of interest to all sportsmen and naturalists. For the district where the writer lived, and to which he especially directed his attention, the book is invaluable.

In trying to give some account of this unpretending collection, let us first state the author's own claim of merit:—

"I have been particularly careful to describe and note down nothing, the authenticity of which I am not certain of. Indeed, every bird here mentioned, with one or two exceptions, I have either killed or seen myself during my wanderings in wood and plain for several years in this district. I have carefully avoided the great error of taking things on hearsay."

Take a description of a minute favourite as a specimen of simple, truthful painting:—

"The little water-rail (*Rallus aquaticus*) seems to be a great wanderer. I find its track, and the bird itself, in the most unlikely places; for instance, I put up one in a dry furze field, and my retriever caught another in a hedge, at some distance from the water. I took the latter bird home alive to show to my children. When I took him out of my pocket, in which most unaccustomed situation he had been for two hours, the strange little creature looked about him with the greatest nonchalance possible, showing fight at everything that came near him; and when, after having gratified the curiosity of the children, we turned him loose in a ditch of running water, he went away jerking up his tail, and not seeming to hurry himself, or to be in the least disconcerted."

St. John's residence was always a receptacle for wounded animals, and a multitude of pets kept by his children,—wild-fowl, hawks, roe, owls, ravens, now and then a trapped fox; whatever was tameable was tamed, but nothing was refused the benefit of that sanctuary.

The keeper at Spynie had caught a wounded pochard, and it was taken to St. John's, where it soon got familiar, and lived in comfort till an accident occurred :—

"About three weeks ago our tame pochard had been carried away in a hurricane of wind. To my surprise, one day this month, I saw this same pochard swimming about the loch alone, and apparently very tame. One of the children who was with me, and whose own especial property the bird had been, whistled to it in the same way in which he had been accustomed to call it; upon which, to his unbounded joy, it immediately came towards us, and for some time continued swimming within a few yards of where we stood, evidently recognising us, and seeming glad to see us again.

"A few days afterwards we again saw him; but he was now accompanied by a flock of fourteen or fifteen others. This was remarkable, both on account of the time of year, and because this kind of duck is very rare in this region, and has never been known to breed in the neighbourhood: but all birds seem to have some means of calling and attracting those of the same species, in a way that we cannot understand."—(*June*, p. 169.)

We do not remember to have seen the following fact noted by naturalists before. It may serve for an illustration to the philosopher who prefers the virtues of savage life :—

"Some wild ducks that I had domesticated became gregarious, one drake serving many ducks, like tame poultry. But, one season, having been neglected, and wandering out in the fields and ditches, they resumed their wild habits, paired, built, and lived in pairs quite conjugally."

Most sportsmen know, by the peculiar sloping upward soar of the wood-pigeon, when the bird has young, but we have not before heard this observation of the crow :—

"When a crow leaves her nest on being disturbed, her quiet, sneaking manner of threading her way through the trees tells that she has young or eggs in the thicket, as plainly as if she uttered cries of alarm."

Let this touch of nature help to show that sportsmen are not cruel and hard-hearted :—

"I remember a hen grouse being caught by the leg in a common vermin trap which had been set for ravens. It happened that the trap was not looked at till late the following day, when we found that the cock grouse had brought and laid to his unfortunate mate a quantity of young heather shoots: they were enough to have nearly filled a hat, and the poor bird must have been employed many hours in collecting them. I cannot express how grieved I was at the hen having been caught."

The following observation, though not new, is more definite, and apparently from more precise experiment than it has been given before :—

"The change of colour in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living *black* burn trout into a *white* basin of water, and it becomes, within half an hour, of a light colour. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it into a dark-coloured or black vessel, and although, on first being placed there, the white-coloured fish shows most conspicuously on the black ground, in a quarter of an hour, it becomes as dark coloured as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen."¹

We were not aware before that a bird, like human house-keepers, enlarged her dwelling to suit an increasing family:—

"I observed a very curious thing with regard to a wren in the spring of 1852. A wren had built and hatched her eggs in a nest placed in a narrow hole in a wall. It seemed to me that as her young ones became full grown the nest would be rather small for them. The old birds became aware of this, and built a large nest in a tree opposite the first nest, and as soon as the young ones were able to fly at all, they betook themselves to the newly-built abode, which was larger than usual, and not lined. For some little time afterwards, whenever there was a heavy shower, and these happened to be rather frequent, the whole brood, eight in number, took refuge in the new nest. They also roosted in it every night for a short time."

Some habits of birds are interesting from our interest in the birds themselves, and more so from their being subjects of controversy. We believe the observation of the water-ousel walking at the bottom of the water is still questioned. The manner in which the woodcock carries its young is no longer disputed:—

"A water-ousel (*Hydrobata cinclus*) in the burn has two eggs. The nest is built in a broken bank. . . . One of my boys took the water-ousel's nest, an immense building for the size of the bird, the whole being fully as large as a pail, made of moss outwardly, and lined with dried grass, etc. This little bird of very singular habits changes its ground with the season. In spring and summer it frequents the highland burns and solitary streams, where it breeds; on the approach of winter it descends lower down the streams and rivers, where it feeds on trout spawn, small water-beetles, etc. It has a peculiar habit, while flying along a stream, of suddenly dropping into the water, where it either swims, or rather floats, on the surface, or dives down at once to the bottom, where it searches actively for its food—the beetles, which form great part of its food, being found on the stones and gravel at the bottom of the water. I never saw the water-ousel feed on any insect which it caught out of the water or even on the surface; its whole food seems to be found at the bottom. Though the fact has often been doubted, it certainly runs and scratches up the stones while at the bottom in search of food. It has a sweet song (though not loud),

¹ The author of *Life in Normandy* has also noted the same fact, vol. i. p. 45.

which it utters frequently in the depth of winter, and on the coldest and severest days. It breeds earlier than most other birds. I have found eggs on the 8th of April. The nest is placed in a broken wall, under an overhanging bank, amongst the roots of a tree, or other similar situation, but always on the water's edge, and covered over the top, built of moss, leaves, etc. It is frequently of very great size, as the bird fixes on a broken bank sometimes, and has to build a very large foundation to make her nest steady. The eggs are a pure white. Sitting on a stone often in the midst of a rapid stream or waterfall, the white breast of the water-ousel is conspicuous amongst all surrounding objects, and day after day it enlivens and adds an interest to the same part of a stream for many weeks, till the time comes for its partial migration. In the following spring the same stone or point of rock is again tenanted. The bird frequently runs into and under the water in the midst of a tolerably strong rapid, keeping out of sight for some moments, but emerging again at no great distance. I have before mentioned its habit of suddenly, in the midst of its flight, plunging down into the water, where, though it floats with tolerable ease, its motions, when on the surface, rather resemble those of a land bird accidentally falling into the water than those of a swimmer."

In the North of Scotland—say from Dee-side northwards—woodcocks often stay all the year, and nest and breed. Mr. St. John tells us:—

"The nest is placed at the foot of a tree in a patch of long heather, or indeed in any sheltered place; most frequently in the driest and densest parts of the woods. It is formed of dry grass, leaves, etc., and is shallow, and made without much apparent care. The eggs are four in number, of a pale yellowish brown, blotched and spotted with reddish brown. They, however, vary much. As soon as the young are hatched, the old birds are obliged to carry them to the feeding-ground, which is often at some distance. The young, though able to run immediately, are tender helpless little things, and could by no means scramble through the tangled heather and herbage which often surrounds their nest, perhaps for many hundred yards. It long puzzled me *how* this portage was effected. That the old birds carried their young I had long since ascertained, having often seen them in the months of April and May in the act of doing so, as they flew towards nightfall from the woods down to the swamps in the low grounds. From close observation, however, I found out that the old woodcock carries her young, even when larger than a snipe, not in her claws, which seem quite incapable of holding up any weight, but by clasping the little bird tightly between her thighs, and so holding it tight towards her own body. In the summer and spring evenings the woodcocks may be seen so employed passing to and fro, and uttering a gentle cry, on their way from the woods to the marshes. They not only carry their young to feed, but also if the brood is suddenly come upon in the day-time, the old bird lifts up one of her young, flies with it fifty or sixty yards, drops it quietly, and flies silently on. The little bird immedi-

ately runs a few yards, and then squats flat on the ground amongst the dead leaves, or whatever the ground is covered with. The parent soon returns to the rest of her brood, and if the danger still threatens her, she lifts up and carries away another young bird in the same manner. I saw this take place on the 18th May; the young were then larger than, or fully as large as, a snipe."

We are happy to say our author is on the side of the small birds in the controversy with the farmer and gardener. He defends the rook too, and even makes a plea for the wood-pigeon now increasing so alarmingly. The hooded crow he gives up as a mischievous and voracious robber. Speaking of the system of vermin-trapping, St. John remarks:—

"One advantage certainly results from birds of prey being killed off: blackbirds, thrushes, and numerous other beautiful little birds, increase in proportion as their enemies are destroyed. In several districts where, a few years ago, these birds were very rare, they are now abundant. The ring-ousel, too, is one of the birds who has benefited by this destruction of its enemies. There are some other birds, such as the wheat-ear and tit-lark, who are seldom killed by a hawk, but whose nests and young are the constant prey of weasels and other ground-vermin. These have also good reason to thank the trapper. Wood-pigeons, whose eggs were formerly taken by the crows and magpies in great numbers, and whose young served to feed many kinds of hawks, now increase yearly, and begin to be a subject of great complaint amongst farmers; and yet the wood-pigeon during a great part of the year feeds on the seeds of many weeds and plants useless or mischievous."

No country affords better common wild-fowl shooting than that where St. John took his sport; and it gives some game of a nobler and rarer sort. He thus describes making a bag in a winter's evening; the scene is Loch-lee, between Nairn and Brodie:—

"Just before sunset I take up my position in the midst of two or three furze bushes, within easy shot of where a small stream runs into one of the lakes, keeping the water constantly open. Having given my retriever the biscuit which I always carry for him on these cold days, I light my pipe (the great comfort of the patient wild-fowl shooter) and look out towards the bay for the mallards. The bay is nearly half a mile off; but I can see the ducks between me and the sky almost as soon as they leave it. At first a solitary pair or two come, quietly and swiftly, probably making their way to some favourite spring farther inland. With the help of a cartridge, I bring down a brace from a great height, as they pass over; sometimes, tumbling on the ice of the loch behind me, they are nearly split in two; sometimes, when winged, they fall in the rushy stream, and give the retriever no small trouble and cold before he gets them; however, he always suc-

ceeds, and having brought the bird and received his reward of ship-biscuit, he lies down again, but with eyes and ears all intent on what is going on. The sea-gull or heron may pass, and he takes no notice of them; but the moment that a wild-duck's quack, or the whistle of his wings is heard, the dog's ears erect themselves, and he watches my face with a look of most inquiring eagerness. I hear the wild-swans trumpeting on the sea, but know that they are not very likely to come where I am placed. Presently, a brace of teal pitch suddenly and unexpectedly within a few yards of me, having flitted in from behind. I kill the drake, but cannot get a shot at the duck, as she flies low, and the smoke, hanging heavily in the calm evening, prevents my seeing her. But all at once the mallards begin to fly from the sea, and, for half an hour or less, I have to load and fire as fast as I can, as they fly over. I prefer shooting them on the wing, for if I let them pitch in the water, my dog has a swim every time I kill one, and gets half dead with ice and frozen snow.

"The mallards generally fly in from the sea rapidly, and at no great height; but it requires some practice to kill them, as their flight is much quicker than it appears, and they require a hard blow to kill them dead. If wounded only they fly off, and, dropping at some distance, I can seldom get them that night, owing to the approaching darkness. Sometimes my retriever marks the direction of a wounded duck and gets it, but generally they are lost, and serve only to feed the foxes, who seem to hunt regularly for maimed birds round the lakes. Having killed ten mallards and a teal, it becomes too dark to shoot any more, although I still hear their wings as they fly over my head. Besides which, I have nearly three miles to walk; and my keeper, who has also killed two or three, had, before we commenced duck-shooting, sundry animals to carry, the produce of my day's wanderings. We have to walk home too, there being no road near these lakes. So, after I have refilled my pipe, and the old fellow has recharged his nose with a spoonful of snuff, we shoulder our game and set off. Eight or ten fat mallards are no slight load over a rough track in the dark, so we keep the sands as far as possible, listening to the different cries of the sandpipers, curlews, and numerous kinds of wild-fowl who feed on the shallows and sandbanks during the night time. Occasionally, in the moonlight, we catch a glimpse of the mallards as they rise from some little stream or ditch which runs into the bay, or we see a rabbit hurrying up at our approach from the seaweed which he had been nibbling. In this way, with very little trouble, and often much nearer home, I can generally reckon on getting some few brace of wild-ducks in the winter; shifting my place of ambush according to the weather, the wind, etc., changes in which cause the birds to take to different feeding-places."

It requires more trouble to approach the wary wild-geese:—

"To stalk a flock of wild-geese when feeding is as difficult as to stalk a stag, if not more so. From the nature of the ground which they feed on, and their unwearied vigilance, unless you have concealed yourself beforehand within reach of their feeding-place, it is nearly

impossible to approach them. . . . One of my boys was out for a walk with a gentleman who was staying with me, to whom he was acting as cicerone or guide to the lochs, as I was unable for some reason to go out with him myself. The little boy took the telescope, which their attendant carried, and having looked along the shores of the lakes and through all the likely parts of the ground, which he knew as well as I did, from having frequently ridden that way to join me, he shut up the glass with the exclamation, characteristic of a deerstalker—'There they are!' My friend's question of course was, 'Who are there?' And on being told it was a flock of geese, he at once understood why he had been led on from point to point under different excuses; for he had good-naturedly followed passively wherever he was told to go. Having been shown the geese, he sat down with the glass and allowed the child to attempt the task of stalking them, but without having the slightest expectation of his success. He watched the boy for some time till he became invisible, having apparently sunk into the ground amongst the rushes and long grass. His attention was next attracted by seeing the geese suddenly rise, and almost immediately perceiving that one fell to the ground. The next instant he heard the double report of the boy's gun. Another goose left the flock and fell at some distance, but it was unnoticed by him and the servant, as their attention was taken up by the young sportsman, who went dashing through water and swamp to seize the first bird that fell. It was nearly as big as himself, and he brought it up to them in triumph, a successful right and left at wild geese being rather an era in the sporting adventures of a boy ten years old."

Ascending in the scale, we have our author stalking the wild swan:—

"March 6.—I have tried two or three days to get at the largest wild swan on Lochlee, but without success; my fruitless attempts I do not mark down—*horas non numero nisi serenas*. However, to-day—a fine sunny day—as I passed at some distance from the lake where the swans were feeding, they rose and alighted on the largest of the pieces of water; seeing this, and that they were not inclined to take to the sea immediately, I sent the boy who was with me round the lake where they were, while I made my preparations for receiving them at their feeding lake, supposing that they would return to it if allowed to rest for an hour or so, and then quietly moved; even if they did not alight, I knew that I was pretty sure of their line of flight to the sea, and they seldom flew very high. I waded across part of the loch to an island, where I determined to await them, and set to work to make up a hiding-place of long heather, etc. This done, I loaded my gun with large shot and cartridges, and established myself behind my barricade. With my glass I saw the boy and retriever go round towards them; the appearance of the swans floating quietly on the water was most picturesque, their white forms being clearly defined on the dark blue water, and their shadows almost as distinct as themselves. They all held their heads erect, watching the boy, who, as he had been instructed,

walked to and fro opposite the birds and sufficiently near to put them up, but without appearing to be in pursuit of them. I hoped by this means to drive them over to the loch where I was concealed without frightening them so much as to make them take off to the sea. They seemed unwilling to rise, and little afraid of the boy, whom they appeared to look at with curiosity rather than alarm, and I struck a light in order to smoke the pipe of patience and resignation, for, fine as the day was for March, my situation in a damp island and wet through above my knees began to be uncomfortable.

"The latakia was not half puffed away when I heard the well-known warning cry of the swans, and immediately looking round, saw them just flapping along the water preparatory to their flight. Cocking my gun, and holding the pipe tighter in my teeth, I waited anxiously to see in what direction they would fly. At first they made straight eastward, as if off for the Bay of Findhorn, but after a short flight in that direction they turned, and I saw them coming three and three together, as usual, straight towards where I was concealed. In a few minutes they were exactly over my head, at a good height, but still within shot, flying with their long necks stretched straight out and their black feet tucked up, but plainly visible as they passed over me. I stood up and took a deliberate aim at the largest of them as he ascended higher into the air at my unexpected appearance. The first barrel seemed to have little effect on him, though I distinctly heard the shot rattle on his strong quills; the second, however, which was loaded with larger shot, was more effective: whilst his two companions continued crying to each other, he remained silent. However, he kept up with the rest, and they all went off towards the bay. In the meantime three smaller swans came within twenty yards of me, or less, trumpeting and calling loudly.

"With the glass I watched the bird I had fired at, as I knew he was hard hit. He still, however, held his way with the rest, and they were gradually getting indistinct when I saw him suddenly rise straight up into the air, his snowy plumage shining as it caught the rays of the sun. I saw him a second time rise perpendicularly to a great height; he then suddenly turned backwards in the air and tumbled headlong to the ground perfectly dead. He was above half a mile or more from me, in the direction of the bay, and the whole intervening ground was covered with sandhills and bent, so that I could not see the exact spot where he fell, whether on the dry ground or in the sea. However, I marked the direction as well as I could, and set off after him. Large as he was, I had a long and for some time a fruitless search amongst the broken sandhills. I scanned the bay with the glass in vain, and then came back towards the lochs. At last I hit upon him by finding a quantity of blood on the sand, and following the drops, which had fallen almost in a stream: in fact the track of blood, though falling from such a height, was as conspicuous as that of a wounded hare on snow. At length I came on the swan, who was lying stretched out on the sand, and a noble bird he was. I shouldered him as well as his great length would enable me to do, and carried him back to

where the boy was waiting for me. I found him no slight burden; he weighed above 27 lbs.; the breadth between his wings 8 feet, and his length 5 feet. Of all the swans I ever killed he was by far the largest, the usual weight being from 15 to 18 lbs."

"No birds offer so striking and beautiful a sight as a numerous flock of large swans on wing, while their musical cries sound more like the notes produced by some wild-toned musical instrument than the voice of a bird. While they remain with us, they frequent and feed in shallow pieces of water, like Lochlee, Loch Spynie, etc., where the water is of so small a depth that in many places they can reach the bottom with their long necks, and pluck up the water-grasses on which they feed. While employed in tearing up these plants, the swans are generally surrounded by a number of smaller water-fowl, such as widgeon and teal, who snatch at and carry off the pieces detached by their more powerful companions."

We make room for one more extract, of an otter-hunt of a singular kind. It is during a snow-storm on the borders of Ross and Sutherland:—

"We walked on, and soon came across the tracks of two or three otters, where they had been going in and out of the water on their way up stream, after fishing in the deep pools where the two waters met near the house. These pools are favourite resting-places for salmon and sea-trout, and therefore are sure to be frequented by the otters.

"Opposite to a strip of birch-trees one of the largest otters seemed to have left the river, and to have made for a well-known cairn of stones, where I had before found both marten-cat and otter. Half-way up the brae he had entered a kind of cleft or hole, made by a small stream of water, which at this spot worked itself out of the depth of the earth. 'He'll no stop in this,' said Donald; 'there's a vent twenty yards above, and I ken weel that he'll no stop till he is in the dry cairn, forty yards higher up the brae.' Nor was the old man far wrong, for we found where the otter had squeezed himself up to the surface of the ground again, leaving a small round hole in the snow. We carefully stopped up both entrances to this covered way, and then Donald went on with the dog to dislodge him from the cairn, having first given me the strongest injunctions to '*stand quite privately*' a few yards from the hole which we had just stopped up. The dog at first seemed little inclined to leave me, but presently understanding the service upon which he was to be employed, he went off with Donald with right good will, putting his nose every now and then into the tracks of the otter in the snow, as if to ascertain how long it was since his enemy had been there.

"They soon arrived at the cairn, which was of no great extent, and not composed of very heavy stones. After walking round it carefully, to see whether there were any tracks farther on, Donald sent on the dog, who almost immediately began to bark and scratch at a part of the cairn. Donald was soon with him, and employed in

moving the stones, having laid down his gun for that purpose, knowing that the otter was quite sure to make straight for the place where I was standing, if he could dislodge him. Presently the dog made a headlong dive into the snow and stones, but drew back as quickly with a sharp cry. In he went again, however, his blood now well up; but the otter's black head appeared at a different aperture, and now dog and man were dancing and tumbling about amongst the snow and stones like lunatics,—the otter darting from place to place, and showing his face first in one corner and then in another.

"Donald found this would not do; so he again commenced moving the stones. Presently he called out to me, 'Keep private, sir! keep private! the brute is coming your gate!' *Private* I had kept from the moment he had stationed me, till my fingers and feet were nearly frozen. Donald seized the dog and held him, to prevent his running in the way. All this passed in a moment, and I saw the snow heaving up above the otter, who was working through it like a mole; assisted, probably, by the heather, which prevented it from being caked down in a solid mass, as would have been the case on a smooth field. I knew that he would appear at the hole which we had stopped; and therefore I did not risk a shot at him.

"He worked on until he was close to the hole, when he emerged quietly and silently, and crept towards the well-known place of refuge. On finding it completely stopped up, the countenance of the poor animal assumed a most bewildered expression of astonishment and fear; and lifting himself up on his hind legs, he looked round to ascertain what had happened. On seeing me he made off towards the river, with as long leaps as the snow would allow him; and as it was tolerably hard, he got on pretty quickly till my charge of shot put an end to his journey.

"The report of the gun started two fine stags, who had been feeding along the course of a small open rill which ran into the river just above where we were; and I was astonished to see the power with which these two great animals galloped up the hill, although they sank deep at every stride. When half-way up, they halted to look at us, and stood beautifully defined on the white snow; they then trotted quietly off till we lost sight of them over the summit of the hill."

Our notice of this pleasant book cannot be better concluded than in the words of St. John's friend and biographer:—

"I may be allowed to point out for imitation the extreme care and accuracy of his observations of nature—a rare merit—and his guarded and simple statements of the results. His taste for rural pleasures, his love of sport, and his natural unaffected style, will long endear his memory to naturalists."

The Memoir of Mr. St. John brings us acquainted with one of his correspondents of whom we should wish to see more. Sir A. G. Cumming, in describing a fishing adventure among the rocks of the Findhorn, shows a remarkable power of bringing a scene

before his reader's eyes, and making him understand and thoroughly to believe a piece of complex strategy practised against the gallant enemy. There is no attempt at picturesque description; no painting of the scenery, nor exaggerating of the danger and the prowess. The effect is produced by the simplicity of the language, leaving that conviction of truth which is one of the greatest and most uncommon triumphs of style.¹

The pretty book we have named second at the head of this Article, was announced to be written "by a Highland gentleman, resident in Normandy." It is now known to be the work of the late Walter Campbell of Islay, a man of good family and high connexion, born to a great estate, for many years keeping up a great establishment and a generous hospitality in his western island—the most benevolent, liberal, popular of Highland landlords, the favourite of rich and poor. At length, falling on evil days, and at a time too when Highland destitution claimed exertions too great for even his fortune, he left his well-beloved home, and chose to live in a country where he could more easily lay aside the trappings of a high position. He went into exile, but he went unbroken in spirit. Active and intelligent, he found sport and objects of curiosity and interest on the beautiful coast of Normandy. Looking down from the height of Avranches over the Bay of Cancale, with the romantic island-fortress of Mont St. Michel in full view, with a long range of sands teeming with fish and molluscs, some good streams yielding trout and a few salmon, in the midst of an interesting race of sea-fishermen, not seamen, gradually forming acquaintance with the gentry of the district and of Bretagne—our Highland gentleman was in a good situation to comply with the suggestion of a friend, who recommended his writing notes on French fishing and natural history, including, most appropriately, French cookery, for even Izaak Walton knew how important a part of the history of a fish is the manner of dressing it.

We confess we wish the author had given these notes in his own person, or that his editor had bravely cut out the slender thread of dialogue between the shadowy "Mr. Hope" and "Mr. Cross" which cumbers the narrative, and deprives it of the *vraisemblance* and peculiar interest of a personal narrative, without adding the least bit of dramatic or picturesque effect. In spite of this defect of shape, however, and we cannot but respect the editor's motives for giving the work untouched as the author left it, we have in these two volumes a great deal of interesting and amusing matter; and though the scene is in

¹ *Natural History and Sport in Moray*, Memoir, p. xxi.

Normandy, the book and its author are genuine English, and may help us to illustrate English country life.

We do not care much for the sensible conversations about the state of France and French politics, and we will ask our readers to jump at once to some nice observations on natural history. Hear the history of a kingfisher's nest, captured by an Eton boy:—

“The first nest I ever saw was in the month of May. It was discovered quite by accident. Instead of fishing, I was swimming in the Thames, when I observed one of those beautiful little birds dart out of a hole close to me. I told two of my school-fellows of my discovery, so we provided ourselves with a landing-net, and next day we went to try and catch the bird as she flew out, but she escaped us then, for we saw her fly away when we were some yards distant from the bank. I suspect that they hear footsteps at a great distance when any one approaches their nest, and that they go at once, which is the reason they are so seldom perceived coming out of their holes. As I tell you, this lady escaped us that day, but as we were resolved to obtain her, one of my companions proposed that we should climb out of our dame's house at night, and at all risks make sure of our prize. Though such an expedition was a sort of high treason against the laws of Dr. Keats and Eton College, the temptation overcame all fears of birch. We agreed to go, and having provided a boat, a landing-net, and a spade, as soon as everybody was in bed we clambered over the garden paling, took our way to the river, got into our boat, and dropped gently down the stream till we came to the bank where the nest was. There the boat was softly pushed to the shore, and the bag of the landing-net was fixed over the mouth of the hole. When this was completed we no longer cared about keeping silence; we landed, and began to dig away the bank from above. This work had not continued many minutes when we heard the harsh disagreeable notes of the mother, who had darted from her nest and was screaming in the net, in which she was fairly entangled. The poor bird was soon placed in one of our hats, over the top of which a handkerchief was tied, and she was then deposited in the locker of the skiff, which operation was performed by one of my companions, who got his fingers well bit before it was accomplished. The mother being thus secured, we resumed our digging, which took us so long that day was breaking before we arrived at the nest. We worked very carefully for fear of injuring it, and well worthy was it of our trouble, for when at last we reached it, we saw something that looked like the carved ivory balls that are sent from China. One side only was open, and within were three young birds, nearly full fledged. This prize was placed first in a pocket-handkerchief, and then in a hat; the boat was rowed back to its hiding-place, and we took our way home across the fields, and re-entered our dame's house without discovery; but we were so delighted with our success, that we were quite prepared to take a flogging without a murmur, had we been missed. The nest, in this instance,

was very curious and beautiful; when cleared from the sand that adhered to it, it looked brilliantly white, and on close examination, it proved to be made of myriads of small fish bones, glued together with a browner substance. It was nearly circular, having only one side open; the top, bottom, and sides, were all composed of the same substance; the inside was covered with some of the light sandy soil which surrounded it, and which adhered to the bottom; the outside was beautifully white, and looked, as I said before, like carved ivory or lace."

Our author tells us, and no doubt correctly, that the "carved ivory" of the king-fisher's nest is composed of the accumulated castings of the old birds during incubation.

Then pass on to the peculiar modes of fishing on the sands of the Norman coast, which bring the author acquainted with some gentlemen of the neighbourhood, whom we wish also to introduce to our readers:—

"Those who knew provincial France some fourteen years ago," says the editor, "will recognise the country gentleman of old Norman and Breton type, who has so much in common with his Norse and British relations. They will know the warm, adventurous, hospitable, polite nature that still delights in love and war, danger and hardship; in riding, sailing, shooting, fishing, country life, good living, and good fellowship; and which in the olden time made vikings and gallant knights, hospitable chiefs, good soldiers and minstrels, of Norseman and Norman, Celt and Saxon."

If we could quite trust this friendly painter, or if much of France were such as he pictures Normandy and Bretagne, we should not have thought of contrasting English with Continental rurality. A party of gentlemen of the country, along with "Hope" and "Cross," go out to see the fishing; the French gentlemen dressed like their companions of a humbler rank, and working with their own hands and bodies, and with gay and light heart:—

"'I must have a look at your nets and see you start,' said Hope.

"The Baron took his net from his shoulders, unwound it, and opened it to its full width. His elbows he placed against his sides, and grasped the poles about three feet from the upper end, sunk his hands on a level with his hips, holding the net tightly stretched and open, while the upper end of the poles nearly met behind him. He was ready in a moment, and marched into the water, pushing his net before him, and keeping as close as he could to the heel of the projecting rocks. The Marquis and his companion also unwound their net, so that Hope saw it exactly as it had been described; each took a pole and advanced into the water, pushing the pole before them, and by leaning in opposite directions, keeping the net stretched to its utmost extent. Hope had kept his eye on the proceedings of the Marquis, and had not observed what the other two gentlemen were doing, but he now saw them trudging into the water in exactly the same manner

as the Marquis and his friend, and was aware that there was no difference in the mode of proceeding. The Baron, with his single net, as we have already said, kept close to the heel of the rocks; the others kept farther out, the Marquis and his friend taking the outside, and in two minutes they were all toiling along up to their waists in the water.

"Half a minute spent in walking brought them to the point, and when they had clambered up a steep ledge the view opened upon them. On this side, as on the other, they saw an immense expanse of wet shining sand; but here several masses of flat red-looking rocks broke the sameness of the view, and several hundred men, women, and children were seen, either wading in the distant blue water, or scattered over the rocks or on the sand. In the far west were the rocks of Chausey; and in front was another promontory, on which stood the town of Granville—the spire of the church, the barracks, and the houses in the old town forming a broken sky-line—while the masts of the ships in the harbour could be distinctly seen cutting against the houses in the lower part of the town. The sea was dotted with the white sails of many of the three-masted luggers which the fishermen of Granville use for trawling. The day was so bright and beautiful that even an uglier scene would have seemed fair; and now there was so much life and movement, that Hope would fain have paused to look and admire for a while a panorama that gave him so much pleasure.

"'Very good,' said the Baron, examining his net; 'I have some famous ones; there is nothing like the single net when it is well handled.'

"'Capital! Capital!' said the Marquis, who had shortened the net, and who was now looking into the bag which he carried in his hand. 'Bah! don't talk of your single net—look here!'

"'And look here,' said the other couple, who were shaking the contents of their bag into the flat portion of the net.

"In each net there was a considerable quantity of prawns, shrimps, soles, and a few crabs. Many of the prawns were extremely large, and the shrimps were very fine. The crabs were rather larger than a man's fist; the soles were all small, none being larger than a man's hand, and many not half that size, but there were a great many of them.

"The best of the soles were selected and emptied into one basket, the crabs were put into another, and then the prawns and shrimps were thrown together into the other empty ones."

Here is another mode of fishing with longer nets, "anchored" on the sands within the tide range:—

"'I forgot to ask you what is the use of these little bundles of straw that the son had in his basket?'

"'Sinks?' said Hope; 'straw for sinks! that is something new.'

"'I was wrong to call them sinks,' said Cross, 'for in fact they are a sort of anchors. There are string loops fixed at every yard along

the bottom of the nets, and at every two or three fathom of the lines; into each of these loops one of those straw bundles is fixed; a hole is then made in the sand, six inches deep; the straw is pushed into the hole, and with the tramp of a heel, the straw is covered, by which arrangement both nets and lines are so firmly fixed in their place, that neither fish nor sea can move them."

On their return they find the tide retired, and the net ready for drawing:—

"The sand was perfectly smooth below the net, showing no mark of the holes that had been dug to sink the straw anchors beneath it. The action of the water had made them quite flat; all that could be seen was about an inch of cord, holding the bottom of the net firmly in its place. . . . As the two fishermen moved along they came to the specks and lumps that had been seen from the end. There were fish of all sorts and sizes; every fish, whether large or small, had made a bag for itself by drawing a portion of the fine middle net through one of the large meshes in either of the outside walls. . . . There were two sorts of skate, the common skate and the thorn-back, some very large gar-fish, a few very fine mackerel, a quantity of soles, some of which were large, two or three demoiselles, one turbot, not large, but very thick and firm, five or six very fine brills, and a number of plaice and flounders.

"In the net these were all, but the lines had caught a great number of skate; no difference was made in the varieties; all were called raés. They had three bass, some conger-eels, and two lythe that would weigh about seven pounds each. Hope was glad to see these, for he at once knew them to be the same fish which are caught in such quantities on the coasts of Scotland, where they bear the same name.

"'We must have the turbot, and also the large soles, for our bouillabaise,' said Cross."

There is a narrow escape from a rapid return of tide, and a rescue by the help of a brave little fisher-girl, described, not indeed with the picturesque power of Scott, but with simplicity and apparent truth; but we prefer some of the fishing scenes. Congers, it seems, are dug out of the sand by the help of a dog:—

"The old woman led the way along the outer edge of the rocks, till she came to a place where the sand ran for a considerable distance into the body of the rocks, which rose rather steeply on either side of this sandy estuary. The sand, however, was not smooth, for in all directions little mounds rose up, breaking the level.

"'Go and seek, good dog Trompette,' said the old lady when she had entered this creek.

"The dog started off, hunting in all directions. In a quarter of a minute he stopped at one of the little lumps, and began to scratch and whine like a terrier at a rat-hole.

" 'See! he has one,' said the woman, as she ran towards the dog, brandishing her pickaxe. When she reached the place, she looked which way the hole ran, and then began tearing up the sand, which rose in lumps at every blow. After eight or ten strokes out tumbled a conger-eel about the same size as those in her basket; the dog and his mistress made a dash at it; the biped got it; the woman flung it with great force on the hard sand, and then quietly put it in her basket with the rest of her load, shouting, 'Seek again, Trompette.'

" Trompette obeyed, and in this way, within five minutes after entering the creek, the dog found, and the mistress dug up and basketed, three of those eels.

" 'And is this talent confined to the famille Trompette, or are there other dogs that do the same?'

" 'Other dogs are taught,' said the old lady, 'but my dog's family do it at once.'

Our readers may wish to know how the fish is turned to account for the evening repast under the personal superintendence of the Marquis, who has laid aside his fishing attire, his ragged straw hat, blue flannel trousers and sabots of the morning, and receives the English strangers in the village hostelry, after their perilous adventure with the tide, in quite another guise.

" At the door stood the Marquis in black trousers, silk stockings, a smart silk waistcoat, a white neckcloth with very large bows, but a linen coat like that of an English under-butler in the morning when about to clean his plate. He held a white apron in his hand, which he began to tie round his waist the moment the Englishmen and their party came in sight. He was in a commiserative, not in an angry mood, which they learnt by his first exclamation.

" 'Here you are at last, and alive, Grâce à Dieu! what you must have suffered from hunger; you must be famished!'

" The kitchen was beautifully clean, and coming out of the dark, the light from the fire, lamps, and candles, made it so bright, it was a moment before they could see. When their eyes became accustomed to the brilliancy, which they did while the Marquis was speaking, they saw the table spread on one side of the fireplace; the cloth was covered with several dishes, on which were piled pears of various sorts, blue plums and green gages, apricots, two large pyramids of prawns, and a huge melon. Round the fire were a number of pots and pans, deep sunk in hot embers; before it was a long semicircular tin case, something between a plate-warmer and a Dutch oven; this case surrounded a spit, which was turning merrily. All the little charcoal stoves were glowing bright; beside them stood some covered stew-pans and a frying-pan, and at a little distance on either side were two of the beehive-looking baskets.

" He urged haste, and so effectually that the twenty minutes were very little exceeded when they again entered the kitchen and dining-hall.

"The Marquis was in all his glory. When they entered, he vanished for a moment and then returned in a coat of the last Paris cut, looking and acting the Marquis of the old school to perfection, as he begged the friends to place themselves at table."

An excellent scene follows, in which the Marquis teaches the Englishman how to cook the fish which the sea so bountifully supplied, and how to serve it and other viands at table—matters in which our countrymen of all degrees require education. He makes them eat melon with their roast mutton; reverses our insular order of the meal, by introducing the roast before the fish, and the vegetables last; gives admirable rules for the mystery of frying; and really reads a useful lesson on everything relating to kitchen and dinner. We are ready to adopt his prescription implicitly, if he will excuse our taking our champagne with the sweets!

We must not yield to such a tempting bill of fare, but merely inform our economical readers that the French *cordons bleus* give approved practical rules for rendering eatable and savoury, fishes and sea-fowl which among us are thrown out as useless, and describes the proper cookery of snails and slugs. These and many recipes for filling the larder rather than adapted to increase sport, are mixed with observations on the habits of animals. The following, touching the regularity of our birds of passage, is curious:—

"The birds of passage arrive almost on the same day here that they do with us—both those which come to breed and those which come to hibernate. Of the first of these I may mention the nightingale and the landrail, whose voices may be heard almost on the same day that they are in England. This very spring I received a letter from a friend, in which it was said, 'there is a nightingale now singing under the window; it is the first time we have heard him this year.' Now on the very day this letter was written, I was fishing up the river at Ducie. In coming home late I heard a nightingale, and remarked to a friend who was with me that I heard him for the first time that year;—clearly showing that they must arrive at the same time in the two countries; and the same rule applies to the winter birds; one instance of which I may tell you, for it is very marked. I had the means of observing very narrowly the arrival of the brent-geese—*oie-cravant*, as they call them here. It was in a bay in Scotland where I used to watch them; and for five successive years the first flock was seen on the 16th of September. Well, last year, on the 18th of September, I went out in one of the trawling-boats, and took the gun with me. We sailed through a flock of these birds and put them up. I shot one, so that there could be no mistake. It was lean and evidently tired, for it sat so close as to allow me to get within shot of it, proving that it was lately arrived; but, from the

number in the flock, it was not the first. In the flock I mention there were at least two hundred birds. Now in all the first flocks that I have seen arrive there never were more than twenty birds, who seemed to be the advanced guard of the great mass that came a few days later; and, supposing that the same thing happens in France and in Scotland, I should say that the first *oie-cravant* arrives on the same day here that the brent-geese does in the bays of Ireland and Scotland."

On this subject, hear a voice from t'other side the Atlantic. Mr. Hind, in his interesting *Explorations of Labrador*, tells us the Brent-geese are found on all parts of that coast. They visit it twice a year, in spring and in autumn, as with us, but the marvellous coincidence is in the day of their autumnal arrival from their breeding ground: "They come from the interior with other species of geese, *about September 15*—remain about a month, then strike direct to the south."¹ St. John's experience on the east coast of Scotland does not quite coincide. He records that the flocks of Brent-geese appear on the coast of the Moray Firth in the first week of October, "or even as early as the end of September," continually increasing by new arrivals, and staying all winter in the wide firth and the Bay of Cromarty.—(P. 44.)

We hope we have shown our readers that Mr. Campbell's *Life in Normandy* is not a book of sport alone, nor entirely of natural history, nor of both together, like Mr. St. John's. It professes to describe "ingenious foreign devices and engines for ensnaring, growing, and gathering food, and for making it eatable," and it fulfils that undertaking. That such economical purposes are consistent with the other objects of sport is a recommendation which no sportsman should slight. It may enlarge the circle of his game. It will, at any rate, furnish him with useful occupation connected with his pastime. The bag of the sportsman must always derive its value, even in his eyes, from the acceptability of the contents in the kitchen. No doubt a woodcock is esteemed quite out of proportion to the quantity of food it affords. But that is because the delicate quality makes up for the little size. The love of victory cannot long entice a sportsman to make war on animals useless when killed. Shooting swallows is as difficult as killing snipes; but no grown man derives amusement from swallow-shooting, and it becomes quite irksome to spend a long day in landing salmon uneatable because out of season, however ready to take the fly. It is not only the falcon and kite which go free from the net, according to the Terentian proverb:—

"*Namque ex his nihil lucri est.*"

¹ *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula*. Henry Youle Hind, 2 vols. London, 1863, vol. i. p. 17.

These volumes are illustrated with some clever drawings of Norman costume and scenery, very well lithographed.

But what is country life in England without fox-hunting? And what fox-hunter is to be named before "Tom Smith"?

Thomas Assheton Smith, while not coming up to our idea of the "English country gentleman," as his friendly biographer characterizes him, was a type of the English fox-hunter, and embodied many of the qualities that go to make up the character of John Bull. He was good at all exercises and sports—could swim, row, fence, box, and play cricket with any man in England. He was a determined man, a man of strong will, brave as a lion. At Eton he fought "Jack Musters" in a battle which lasted an hour and a half, and was "drawn" at last; and throughout life he was quite willing to right himself by a "turn-up" with a coal-heaver or a rustic champion confident in youth and weight. Hasty, often even violent in language, he was yet just, generous, and humane—the John Bull of the French stage, the English country gentleman of our own middle comedy.

Of a good gentleman's family, born to a large fortune, which greatly increased in his hands, with no children to provide for, no other expensive tastes to drain his purse, Mr. Assheton Smith—"Tom Smith" of the sporting world—devoted a large share of his income and his time for half a century to keeping hounds and fox-hunting, and was by unanimous consent the foremost rider, the leader of the English sport, the king of the chase. If he made fox-hunting somewhat too much the business of his life, he proved on the other hand that the rough sport does not harden a gentle nature. He loved his good horse, and could make the most ungovernable do his will—(let it be recorded in passing, Mr. Smith held a horse to be a more sensible animal than a dog)—he mourned over the death of a hound as he would over a dear human companion. And his love was returned. When the hounds were at the covert side waiting his arrival, Dick Burton, the huntsman, used to say, "Master is coming, I perceive by the hounds," and when he came in sight the pack bounded to meet him. So, in the morning, when first unkennelled, they used to rush to his study window or to the hall door, and stand there till he came out. Although he ranked the horse higher, he loved and valued his hounds. He used to say, there is a gravity and importance of demeanour in the countenance of a good hound, as if he knew his superiority over the rest of the canine species. Nor was this great fox-hunter affectionate only to his horses and hounds. "He had at several times several pet robins whom he constantly fed in the conservatory; and his favourite rooks, who used to come

close to his library windows during the severe weather, were never sent empty away."

With a robust constitution, invigorated by exercise and great temperance, in spite of innumerable accidents—for he had had a fall in almost every field of his Tedworth country—Mr. Assheton Smith seemed to bid defiance to the infirmities of age. He was Master of Hounds for fifty years, and hunted for the most part six days in the week. Until he had reached his eightieth year, says his biographer, he showed no signs of physical or mental decay. His head was as clear, and his hand as firm, as they had been twenty years before. If he felt not quite well of a morning, he used to plunge his head into cold water, and hold it there as long as he could. This, he said, always put him to rights. At that age he had restricted himself to four days' hunting in the week, it is true; but on those days the farmers were delighted to see him vault on horseback as usual, and gallop down the sheep-fed hill-sides with all the joyous alacrity of a boy of eighteen. Once, when he was gathering himself up after a bad fall, and a brother sportsman asked if he were hurt, the old man answered gaily—"Thank you, nothing ever hurts Tom Smith!" He lived to be eighty-two, and he hunted regularly till within two years of his death. His biographer, Sir John Eardley Wilmot, gives us a sketch of life at Tedworth:—

"Let us cross from the kennels to the beautifully smooth lawn in front of the dining-room at Tedworth. The spectator, standing at one of the windows, looks into an open part of the park, studded here and there with noble timber. It is the first morning in November, somewhat dark and lowering, but the clouds, sailing through the sky steadily from the south-west, give indications of a good hunting-day. The leaf has not yet wholly fallen, but the gust is sweeping it in eddies from each group of trees over the stately hall. The woods which fringe the distant hills are clothed with their richest mantle of russet and gold. The best pack in the kennel are already rolling themselves and disporting upon the grass; the huntsman and whippers-in are not far off, splendidly mounted, and, with their equipments, a sight to look at. In every direction are pouring in horsemen of every age and calling, coats of every colour, but the 'pink' far predominating, and a sprinkling of the loveliest women in the world, either on horseback or in carriages. It is the opening meet of the season, and Tedworth's hospitable mansion is thrown open to every comer. In the midst is the squire on one of his well-known steeds, to all cordial and affable, for all a hearty welcome, for some a sporting joke, for others a jovial laugh. Here may be seen a throng of eager sportsmen, discussing with enthusiasm the prospects and pleasures of the season now about to commence; there a group encircling a lovely horsewoman, to be the subject of many a toast by and by, when the claret circulates

freely after the toils and perils of the chase. In the meanwhile what capital cheer within the hall, what barons of beef, what interminable venison pasties! Breakfast ended—and no superfluous time is wasted in despatching it—away go the field."

The mighty hunter died in 1858. When arrangements were making for his funeral, George Carter, his old huntsman, sought an interview with the family friend who had the management, and with much earnestness thus addressed him: "I hope, sir, when I and Jack Fricker and Will Bryce (the whips) die, we may be laid alongside master in the mausoleum, with Ham Ashley and Paul Potter (favourite horses) and three or four couples of his favourite hounds, in order *that we may be all ready to start again together in the next world.*"

The authors of the last two books whose titles are prefixed to this paper, are clergymen; the one an Englishman, the other a Scot, both lovers of nature and the country. The Rev. Mr. Johns dates from "Wilton House, near Winchester;" and from some of his stories we gather that he receives pupils, and attends to their education there. If so, happy is the boy who gets his preparatory schooling in that house; who has the run of the garden so full of birds' nests; who may accompany the parson in his walk on the common; gather mosses, collect shells, tend an aquarium, help at a cherry harvest, or at that famous pear-gathering, where the fun was at least equal to the work.

Mr. Johns and Charles St. John should have been acquainted. How St. John would have liked to introduce his brother-observer to his tame mallards, his pet pochard, his peregrine, or the pet roe; to show him his wider range of sport and bird-study! How it would have delighted him to watch the birds' banquet in Mr. Johns' garden during a hard frost, where the pugnacious redbreasts tyrannized over chaffinches and sparrows, and were carrying on war even with the warlike Tom-tits, till a common enemy, in shape of the house-cat, scatters the combatants. With what pleasure he would have watched the drama of the young cuckoo, whom Mr. Johns billeted upon the pair of fly-catchers, who were so proud of their monster nursling! The two naturalists would have differed on some points; and so much the better. St. John persuaded himself and some of his readers, that the bullfinches and small birds are beneficial to fruit-trees. Mr. Johns lives in a cherry country; and even his love for the little birds cannot blind him to their destructiveness.

"*May 8th.*—I watched for some time this evening a Great Tit, busily occupied in a cherry-tree. He seemed to be searching intently

for insects among the tufts of flowers, but his movements were accompanied by an incessant dropping of blossoms, all nipt off close to the calyx. I examined a large number of these, and found that in every case the flower was nipped off either across the tube of the calyx, just below the sepals, or that it contained a hole large enough to admit the beak of a bird, and too large to have been the work of an insect perforating for honey. Query,—does the Tit enlarge a hole in quest of an insect lodged there, or is it the prime originator of the mischief, plucking the blossom for the sake of the honey contained in the calyx-tube? I am inclined to the latter opinion; and if this be the true solution, I can account for the attachment displayed by chaffinches to my polyanthuses, scores of which lie scattered on my flower-beds, nipped off just below the expanded petals. The ovary of the cherry blossom I found in every instance uninjured."

"*August 4th.*—A young Garden Warbler was shot yesterday in a neighbouring cherry orchard, having on its beak unmistakable evidence that in the fruit season it is not exclusively an insect-eater. Black cherries are a tell-tale fruit; at this season, not only are the beaks of birds stained of a dark purple hue, but every child one meets declares, without opening his lips, how abundant and popular is this wholesome fruit. But children are not the only cherry eaters; if you meet a grown-up person in this neighbourhood, and hazard the assertion, 'You have been eating cherries,' ten to one that the party addressed grins a confession, and, to prove the charge, shows his blackened teeth. Two years since, a high wind set in at the time when the black cherries were ripe, the effect of which was that the ground was thickly strewed with them. My cherry-trees stand in the same meadow in which I keep my cows. These speedily fell in with the popular taste: they lost their relish for grass, and picked up the scattered fruit with surprising adroitness, presenting a rueful appearance as to their lips."

Mr. Johns is disposed to question Mr. St. John's observation of the water-ouzel walking and feeding at the bottom of the burn. St. John is corroborated by Dr. Kinahan. On the other side are Mr. Waterton and M'Gillivray. Mr. Johns does not rashly decide. He calls for further observation—and so do we.

Another controversy among naturalists is noticed by Mr. Johns, and we can see how his opinion inclines; but in the old, old quarrel about the toad imbedded in solid rock, he again chooses to call for a fair field and no favour. There is some new evidence; Mr. Godfrey Sinclair indeed comes into the witness-box, without having much to tell of his own knowledge. Still, he has put it to Lord Tankerville, whether the marvellous legend of his Lordship's drawing-room chimney-piece at Chillingham giving birth to a toad, be true; and his Lordship's silence is significant.

The next witness is one who speaks from personal observa-

tion. Sir Alexander Cumming of Altyre, a careful observer, says, that during some cutting on a railway near Altyre, "I have myself seen numbers of living toads taken out of the conglomerate, at depths of from fifteen to twenty-four feet from the surface. An extensive and seemingly unbroken bed of rock covers the stratum in which these living toads are found." What Sir Alexander states of his own observation is not disputed. The whole question turns upon the nature of the rock, which *may* contain fissures large enough to allow of the tadpole being washed in from the surface, and of the animal being afterwards fed, and even fattened, upon the insects and minute animals which the water filtering will convey. Now, the controversy turning upon the nature and solidity of the rock, the supporters of the miracle undertook that the workmen should "carry large pieces of the rock to a given place, where they were to be broken in presence of intelligent witnesses;" but that *experimentum crucis* has not been made, or, if made, the examination has not turned out to their mind, for we have had no more of the toads in solid rock.

The question, settled long ago among good naturalists, is not likely to be put quite out of court; because now and then a young observer, finding a toad imprisoned in rock or coal, is very much struck with his own discovery, and has neither time nor inclination to peer about for cracks or chinks, which would end the miracle. He will rather believe that the poor toad has lived in his tight prison for countless thousands of years than that his observation could be imperfect; and yet a really accurate observer is very rare.

Mr. Johns is curious in bird-music and knowing in bird language. The following is very discriminating:—

"It is not every dweller in the country who can discriminate to a certainty between the song of the Blackbird and that of the Thrush. The following hints may perhaps assist a listener desirous of deciding which of the two is performing:—Most of the notes of the Blackbird are uttered in a loud flute-like whistle; the Thrush also pipes, but in a less mellow tone, and its song is interspersed with passages which partake of the nature of a chirp rather than of a whistle. The song of the latter bird is further characterized by the iteration of short passages, composed each of from two to four notes. Precisely the same strain is repeated four or five times without any intercalation of other notes. The performer then drops the theme, and after a short discursive passage takes up another, which it treats in the same way, and then abandons it for a third. Before it has gone through its whole repertory it returns to one of its favourite strains, and again rehearses other previously heard passages, but observing no regular order, and repeating more frequently than the rest some one particular combina-

tion of notes, which, though common to all birds of the same kind, is evidently the favourite lay of the individual bird. The Blackbird, on the contrary, after once uttering his favourite strain, which is generally longer than that of the Thrush, takes up another subject before he repeats it. His song contains iterations, indeed; but after each musical passage has been once repeated there comes either a pause, or a sequence of piping notes, which fall on the ear without rhythm."

Now with regard to the language of birds, he says, "A child might fancy a thrush to be saying at intervals of its song, Bo-peep, Bo-peep, Bo-peep—how d'ye do, how d'ye do, how d'ye do, how d'ye do—Judy, Judy, Judy, Judy, Judy—what a pity, what a pity—Judy, etc." That is an English thrush; and we have no doubt he is well understood in the neighbourhood of Winchester. Our Scotch mavis uses a north-country dialect. A poor half-witted creature in the country of our youth, named Kitty White, used to complain that the very mavis was jeering her, and calling after her "Kitty White, Kitty White, Kitty White—Be wise! be wise! be wise!" The last word she pronounced like the German *weiss*.¹

Mr. Johns explodes the theory of the "bleating" of the snipe being caused by the vibration of his wings:

"The characteristic note of the Snipe, which has received this name, is thus described by Yarrell, quoting Selby:—'These calls are always uttered upon the wing, and consist of a piping or clicking note, often repeated, and accompanied at intervals by a humming or bleating noise, not unlike that of a goat, apparently produced by a peculiar action of the wings, as the bird, whenever this sound is emitted, is observed to descend with great velocity, and with a trembling motion of the pinions.'

"Recent observation tends to show that this statement is inaccurate.

"The male bird, it is now known, sometimes perches on a tree, and Toussenel states that he has twice shot male birds perched on the top branch of an oak which stood in a marshy meadow of the Val-de-Loire. M. Toussenel adds, that the birds, when he shot them, were making the bleating noise described above; and several writers in the *Zoologist* assert that they have heard the same note proceed from the bird while perched on the ground. If this be so, the commonly re-

¹ There is some very amusing gossip about the language of animals in several successive numbers of the *Field*, of September and October last. Mr. W. Pinkerton has sought bird-language mostly among the French (and naturally, for, we know French is the language of birds!) As Scotsmen, we repudiate the "*A'am awa—Awa wi ye!*" which is said to be the finale of the cat's caterwauling! Here is a bit of quaint old English humour as our forefathers loved to join it with sacred things. In a Sussex church are paintings on the walls, of animals, represented, with scrolls issuing from their mouths, as speaking of Christmas-tide. A cock crows—*Christus natus hodie!* An ox lows—*Ubi? Ubi?* A sheep bleats in answer—*In Bethlehem!* A drake quacks—*Quando? Quando?* A raven replies in a croak—*In hac nocte!*

ceived opinion that the noise is caused by the vibration of the wings while the bird is in motion through the air, cannot be entertained. The fact that it occurs only during the season of song, for it is never heard in winter, seems to favour the idea that it is a plain song of the bird, not more singular, after all, than the whirr of the Night-Jar or Grasshopper Warbler."

It is worth while extracting the following, to mark the precise time kept by the nightingale:—

"I have been scribbling on till it is not far from midnight, but I cannot put down my pen without making yet one more note. Yesterday, April 16th, is the day in which the Nightingale is generally heard for the first time in this part of Herts. I recollected just now that I had omitted to listen for it, so, to remedy my error as far as possible, I laid down my pen, and softly unbarred the front-door, for all the household but myself were asleep. A charming calm night, a bright moon, clear starlight, no sound but the distant rumbling of a railway train: it dies away; out of its ruins rises a faint shrill piping, indicating pain rather than rejoicing; and before that is well ended, out bursts the liquid gurgling note that no instrument but the throat of the Nightingale can produce. The Nightingale is arrived, and, happy augury, I have heard his song before that of the Cuckoo!"

Mr. Johns is worthy to dwell in a cherry country. He speaks with disgust of the cherries usually found in the city market:—

"No one of the common fruits is so rarely eaten in perfection as cherries. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, are perishable enough, and, the first two especially, ought to be gathered and eaten at once—and so they often are, for they grow in most gardens; but cherries are less frequent, and are grown, mostly to a limited extent, on trees trained against a wall in the gardens of the wealthy. Those which are sold in the market have been packed and shaken and unpacked, and tumbled from basket to basket, and handled so many times that they have lost the charm of freshness and almost their distinctive character. They are little better than clammy shrivelled skins, containing a mawkish sweet pulp and a large stone. But to plant a ladder against a tree as big as an oak, to mount ten or a dozen rounds, to turn round and lean against the bars, to pull towards you a branch thickly hung with dangling balls black as jet, smooth as glass, filled with juice, liquid, gushing, luscious, and to feel assured that however many you may eat, you have no worse effects to dread than the spoiling of your appetite for the next meal—this is an enjoyment which it would be unfair to call sensual. It ranks with nutting, bilberry-gathering, shrimping, angling, and other amusements which are pursued, not for the sake of indulging the appetite, but as fascinating pastimes."

Oh! to be again a little boy, and go fishing and birds'-nesting with the Rev. E. A. Johns, and to stand upon that twelfth

round of the ladder and pull the "black-hearts" in handfuls into the mouth, till hands and lips were as purple as Bacchus!

The "Country Parson," whose "Recreations" stand next on the prefixed list, is not a sportsman—his cloth prohibits that, in Scotland—nor is he much of a naturalist, but he has a genuine love of the country, which entitles him to a place in our gallery; and some of his philosophy is to our present purpose, and we will use it. He has discovered that dwellers in town enjoy the country more than those who live there. He teaches what Shakspeare told us before, that

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;"

—that play is valued most by the hard-working man. The propositions are not new, but the author illustrates them happily. "The end of work," says he, "is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. . . . There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. . . . It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the Continent or to the Highlands, just because he is sick of everything around him, and quite another thing when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off, as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some worthy work to an end." In like manner, and with perfect analogy, the town man relishes rural scenes most keenly. The "Country Parson" had once lived in Threadneedle Street, and of course thought green fields and trees made Paradise; but found it not so.

"I live in the country now, and have done so for several years. It is a beautiful district of country too, and amid a quiet and simple population; yet I must confess that my youthful notion of rural bliss is a good deal abated. 'Use lessens marvel,' it is said; one cannot be always in raptures about what one sees every hour of every day. It is the man in populous cities pent, who knows the value of green fields. It is your Cockney (I mean your educated Londoner) who reads *Bracebridge Hall* with the keenest delight, and luxuriates in the thought of country scenes, country houses, country life. He has not come close enough to discern the flaws and blemishes of the picture; and he has not learned by experience that in whatever scenes led, human life is always much the same thing. I have long since found that the country, in this nineteenth century, is by no means a scene of Arcadian innocence; that its apparent simplicity is sometimes dogged stupidity; that men lie and cheat in the country just as much as in the town, and that the country has even more of mischievous tittle-tattle; that sorrow and care and anxiety may quite well live in Elizabethan cottages grown over with honeysuckle and jasmine, and that very sad eyes may look forth from the windows round which roses twine."

"Yet, though in a gloomy mood, one can easily make out a long catalogue of country evils,—evils which I know cannot be escaped in a fallen world, and among a sinful race,—still I thank God that my lot is cast in the country. . . . I like the audible stillness in which one lives on autumn days; the murmur of the wind through trees even when leafless, and the brawl of the rivulet even when swollen and brown. There is a constant source of innocent pleasure and interest in little country cares, in planting and tending trees and flowers, in sympathizing with one's horses and dogs,—even with pigs and poultry. And although one may have lived beyond middle age without the least idea that he had any taste for such matters, it is amazing how soon he will find, when he comes to call a country home his own, that the taste has only been latent, kept down by circumstances, and ready to spring into vigorous existence whenever the repressing circumstances are removed. Men in whom this is not so, are the exception to the universal rule. Take the Senior Wrangler from his college, and put him down in a pretty country parsonage; and in a few weeks he will take kindly to training honeysuckle and climbing-roses, he will find scope for his mathematics in laying out a flower-garden, and he will be all excitement in planning and carrying out an evergreen shrubbery, a primrose bank, a winding walk, a little stream with a tiny waterfall, spanned by a rustic bridge."

"You look with indescribable interest at an acre of ground which is your own. There is something quite remarkable about your own trees. *You have a sense of property in the sunset over your own hills.* And there is a perpetual pleasure in the sight of a fair landscape, seen from your own door. Do not believe people who say that all scenes soon become indifferent, through being constantly seen. An ugly street may cease to be a vexation, when you get accustomed to it; but a pleasant prospect becomes even more pleasant, when the beauty which arises from your own associations with it is added to that which is properly its own. No doubt you do grow weary of the landscape before your windows, when you are spending a month at some place of temporary sojourn, seaside or inland; but it is quite different with that which surrounds your own home. You do not try *that* by so exacting a standard. You never think of calling your constant residence dull, though it may be quiet to a degree which would make you think a place insupportably dull, to which you were paying a week's visit."

"I know a man—an exceedingly clever and learned man—who in town is sharp, severe, hasty, a very little bitter, and just a shade ill-tempered, who on going to the country becomes instantly genial, frank, playful, kind, and jolly: you would not know him for the same man if his face and form changed only half as much as his intellectual and moral nature."

Here is our author's description of his return to his own parsonage, after a little absence:—

"You see the snug fire: the chamber so precisely arranged, and so fresh-looking: you remark it and value it fifty times more amid country

fields and trees than you would turning out of the manifest life and civilisation of the city street. You are growing cheerful and thankful now; but before it grows dark, you must look round out of doors: and *that* makes you entirely thankful and cheerful. Surely the place has grown greener and prettier since you saw it last! You walk about the garden and the shrubbery: the gravel is right, the grass is right, the trees are right, the hedges are right, everything is right. You go to the stable-yard: you pat your horse, and pull his ears, and enjoy seeing his snug resting-place for the night. You peep into the cow-house, now growing very dark: you glance into the abode of the pig: the dog has been capering about you all this while. You are not too great a man to take pleasure in these little things. And now when you enter your library again, where your solitary meal is spread, you sit down in the mellow lamplight, and feel quite happy. How different it would have been to have walked out of a street-cab into a town-house, with nothing beyond its walls to think of!"

Such a writer has a healthy, happily constituted mind; and his book may help to make men more rural, happier, and better. And so adieu and all luck to the "Country Parson!" If he is still a country parson, may his lawn and his shrubbery be ever green; may his manse be bright without and within, and his Yule log burn cheerily; may his parish love and value him! But if they have lured him to serve a town cure and to dwell in towered cities and the busy hum of men, may he be as "jolly" as such adverse circumstances will allow!

If a man is to devote his life to sport, there is no country where he can have sport so continuously as in Britain. Horace's usurer, who would give up his Lombard Street and lead an Arcadian life, anticipated some sport among the pleasures of his retirement. In winter, he was to drive the covert for wild boar; but though he beat the wood with many dogs—*hinc et hinc multo cane*,—it was only to drive into snares or traps the tusked pig whom our Indian youth sticks with the spear. The Roman wished to net hares, and thrushes, and cranes—let us hope the birds were ortolans and woodcocks in spite of "Riddle"—at any rate, they were for the pot—those *jucunda præmia*. In spring, summer, autumn, poor Alphius looked for no sport. Not so the English sportsman. Witness the columns of the newspaper, whose title we have joined with worthy company at the head of this Article. What country but Britain could furnish subjects or readers for the weekly sheet devoted to rural pleasures! Under its present management, and showing everywhere the genial influence of Mr. Frank Buckland, and occasionally the curious research of Mr. Pinkerton, *The Field* comes very near to all we desire in a rural paper. It has

shaken off the occasional coarseness that offended us in our old friend *Bell's Life*, and without altogether renouncing the old manly prize-fight, and the thoroughly English race-course, it finds room, and turns the attention of its readers—town readers as well as rustics—to the more elegant and civilizing pursuits of natural history and gardening. To one who, like ourselves, does not habitually receive it, a file of *The Field* opens up unexpected enjoyment. It is not any of the subjects of sport or exciting amusement—the hunting, racing, coursing, yachting—that strikes us most. It is the wide-spread interest the paper proves in subjects of natural history—in times and habits of animals, from deer to snails—in farming and gardening—in all plants and fruits—in everything rural,—by people of all ranks and in every situation. It seems as if every village, from Cornwall to Caithness, had a naturalist who communicates his local observations, or states his puzzles, either honestly signing his name, or modestly veiling it under initials. In a late number (5th December), we observed notices of dilatory migration of swallows from Littlehampton, Sussex; from Burton-on-Trent; from Rochester; from Weston-super-mare; from Hastings: Of uncommon birds, from Camden-town; from Colchester: Of the shrew mouse and frogs, from Marlborough: Of the robin's migration to Malta!—Of the unconjugal fight of the white-headed eagles who reverse our human customs, for the wife gets in a rage and kills the husband, from Dr. Bree of Colchester: Of black-cap warblers, and golden-crested wrens, and Bohemian waxwings, from Wick,—alas! what did they there in December? These trifling notices open scenes of rural occupation, of intelligent enjoyment free to poor and rich. Were we to make a tour through England—and where will the tourist find so enjoyable a route as that despised one of home-land?—we should seek out these correspondents of *The Field*, and place ourselves under their guidance, each in his own parish.

With the help of *The Field*, a stranger might form some idea of country life among us. The character of the man who can enjoy the whole cycle of its sports is, we fear, beyond foreign comprehension. We would gladly lay aside our editorial impersonality for a page, to make our readers a little acquainted with a real living sportsman, in company with whom we poor scribbler have sometimes lived.

Our friend—we may call him so, without naming him—is high-born, and not being born to estate or wealth, he is free of the entanglements which beset the great, much more than men of low degree will believe. But our friend's birth and connexions give him the *entrée* to some of the best sporting quarters in England and Scotland; and his experience and

knowledge and hearty love of sport, not to mention the unselfish nature of the true sportsman, make him a welcome addition to any sporting party. Take the manner of his life then, as he has described it to us while we ate our luncheon together by the moorland spring, and while the gillies were emptying the bags on the heather beside us:—"In November, at my brother-in-law's, who keeps foxhounds, but hardly hunts, and leaves their management to me, we have the kennels and drafts to put in order; to see the young hounds out; to enter them with a little cub-hunting; and as the weather gets wintry, and the grass well down in the ditches, we get into the full swing of the hunting season. If frost sets in steadily, the young fellows are off to town, but one or two old ones like myself, who don't care for London drawing-rooms and clubs, find the country still pleasant. We steal quietly through the covers for a pheasant or a cock—enough for our own larder and for presents to neighbours—but battues are not in fashion with us. When the weather is open we hunt thrice a week, and on the idle days I tie a few salmon flies, read *The Times*, or a good novel, when so rare a thing is to be had."

We discovered later that his reading is more extensive. He is Eton bred, and didn't he surprise us once with a pretty *jeu d'esprit* in Latin, in good set longs and shorts, right in quantities and in sense! But we must not interrupt our friend:—"As the hunting-season draws to an end, and the birds begin to sing, I am off for the North; for above all sport, far above any other amusement, stands salmon-fishing. I am an old fellow, and I tell you the most exciting moment of my life is when I strike the first fish of the season, and he makes the reel scream as he takes off thirty yards of the line at a dash. For two months of spring I spend most of daylight in the Spey,—not fishing it, as the luxurious Southerners do their Tay and Tweed, from a boat, but on foot; from the bank where it is deep, and wading where it gets wade-able."

We have sometimes watched our stalwart friend stalking through the quick streams below the Cruives of Spey, and throwing a long straight line from that huge rod of his, while the bits of floating ice popple harmlessly against his well-cased legs (*εὐκνήμιδας*). But thus he went on:—"In midsummer time there is a space of two months when there is really nothing to do, and I often spend the months of June and July at a pretty German watering-place. I like that country and the people, and it is amusing to figure what might be made of such materials for sporting purposes, if the people were but awake to the capabilities of their country. When the cherries are over, and Baden is getting too hot, it is time for Scotland again; and I am *here*

always before the 12th, with the excuse of something to do in the way of preparation, however well M'Bean looks after his kennel. Grouse-shooting is the perfection of steady autumn amusement. No day without a bag! The autumn months are pleasanter in Scotland too than anywhere else I have tried in Europe, and the sport suits the season; nice easy work, with exercise enough to brace and bring the constitution up to its highest health. One might tire, indeed, of the unceasing repetition of good grouse-shooting, such as we have it here, varying only in a few birds more or less in the bag, as the day has been wet and windy, or too hot and still, or just the light breeze that bears the scent to the dogs, and keeps them and us cool. This work might at last tire one, were it not for that dear deceitful river which lures me out day after day to whip its streams, and at this season rewards me only with the sight of a big tail, as the monster flounders through the water beside my fly; or if I do hook him by chance, and succeed in landing him through all that broken water and rock, I find him a black-a-moor, such as we were condemned to eat yesterday." Reader, the fish of yesterday was an excellent new-run salmon, in good condition. The cook had dressed it in slices, as salmon should be dressed, and we approved even of its rich colour, though inclining to copper. The dark river soon gives that colour.

"But it is neither the shooting, nor that pretence of fishing, that makes this season and this place the best of my year. It is the fresh, brisk air—the beautiful hill and glen—the solitude of this wild scene; for why need a man shut out a bit of poetry when it runs against him?" Little thought our friend that his whole yarn rung in our ears like an idyl of the most genuine poetry. "Add to all that, the free life we lead at the shieling. Am not I right, that, after a day's shooting, a dinner in our shooting-jackets, with the deal table and the sanded floor for all splendour, with fresh-killed salmon, a leg of that dwarfy mutton, some grouse, a dish of potatoes bursting their brown jackets, for viands,—all dressed by Mrs. M'Bean and her neat-handed Phyllis, with the permitted pipe, and the tumbler of four-year-old Brackla after,—is far above the most careful feast at the 'Trois frères,' or even under the hospitable roof of the 'Père Philippe!' I really don't know why we leave this place so soon as we do. I suppose the weather gets disagreeable to some of the party. For my part, I don't dislike the rough weather of autumn; the fire of peats, with a topping of birch billets, makes a good addition to our evening enjoyments; and for sport, it gets better to the last. Grouse-shooting in the end of September and October is much finer and more exciting sport than the first of the season. A dozen brace then are worth having, and take some skill and patience to bag them, very different from

the unfledged chickens of the 12th. But, like everything else that is good, this life comes to an end, and next week we are to have our two days' final driving of the wood in the glen for vermin and roe and fox. It seems against nature with me to shoot a fox, but the farmer's joy when he sees one rolled over, and carries him home for skinning, reconciles one to the atrocious deed. Last of all, we have our day of the white hares; all the guns along the tops, and the school-children, with whom this is an annual holiday, scattered about the lower grounds to keep the hares moving, who move upwards and meet their fate. The boys have a brace of hares a-piece, and after that distribution there are more than the keepers and gillies can carry away. That is the last scene here, for which reason I mention it; but I have known it occasionally, when the snow was well-baked, and the air still and bright, a very pleasant, lively day.

"The next scene of my life is in a midland county, among muddy turnip-fields, and covert sides. Partridge-shooting is the prose of gun sport. It is a pity the season for it and the grouse-time could not be reversed. One might enjoy English shooting *before* a day like this. But even a little partridge-shooting is amusing. The abundance of game is pleasant, coming after the wild season of grouse; the working of the high-bred dogs with their English keeper is a beautiful thing; and as October brings rough weather as well as pheasant-shooting, the change from this stormy hill-side and the sanded floor of our bothy, to the shelter and comfort of an English country-house and ladies' society, is not an unmitigated evil.

"A very small change takes me on from the partridge ground to the kennels and the fox-hounds again, and so I have gone round the dial of my year!"

"Thus sang the swain:

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.

At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue,

To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!"

Our friend, this noble sportsman, chose to measure and mark the circle of his year by the succession of his sports; but that was a fancy, like the shepherd's, who marks the time of day by the little flowers that blow at certain hours. No one who bore him company in sport; no one who had the privilege of smoking a pipe with him after a day of cheerful exercise, could set him down as a mere hunting, shooting, fishing machine. There is a fund of pastoral feeling, of unconscious poetry, that underlies the character of every sportsman worthy of the name. Very different, to be sure, was the sportsman whom St. John has somewhere mentioned:—C.'s whole occupa-

tion was sport. He shot or fished, he said, every week-day, all daylight. "But what of Sunday?" asked St. John. "Oh! on winter Sundays I tie flies, and in summer there are the wasps to kill in the drawing-room windows." C. *did* live a long way from church.

But cases like these are quite exceptional; and for the most part, be it well understood, it is not he who lives for sport alone that enjoys sport most; it is not the man who hunts six days out of seven, like "Tom Smith," that has most pleasure in fox-hunting. The man who really enjoys a run with the hounds is the tired merchant or student; the overworked lawyer, provided he can still sit a horse across country; the squire whose squireship brings duties and obligations that leave only a little time for sport. Let sportsmen, even of the higher class of mind, remember how St. John regretted being an idle man.

"Sport," however, is emphatically for the rich. *Non cuivis homini contingit*; few can afford Melton, or a deer-forest in Scotland. For this, among other reasons, we welcome another occupation of the rising generation. In our own time a pastime has come in which promises to be for our people what archery was of old. The Rifle requires a good eye, steady hand, nerve, coolness. To have these in perfection supposes vigorous health, the fine condition of the old athlete. Intemperance is fatal to the rifle shot; even the minor intemperance of tobacco is injurious. These are circumstances which should make favour for this pastime as a pastime. But it has other advantages. We do not speak of its military and political effect at present. Rifle contests, like Cricket in England, like Curling in Scotland, mix all classes in friendly trial of skill, where skill alone wins. The gentleman learns to respect the yeoman who can beat him at the target. The tradesman who is beaten bears no ill will to the gentleman whose better eye or nerve, perhaps his greater sobriety, gave him a higher score. He even insinuates that he could have beaten the squire if it had not been for that confounded ale-house. We sincerely hope, on all accounts, that the "Rifle movement" may be general and permanent.

With all these inducements to rural pleasure, we are not afraid of our countrymen becoming too fond of sport,—making it too much their chief object of life, and roughening into Nimrods and "Tom Smiths." The pressure of business and of society is sufficient counterbalance; and with many natures indulgence begets satiety. We have said that our idea of an English country gentleman is somewhat different from that of the biographer of "Tom Smith." But setting aside our *beau idéal*, the usual average every-day English country gentle-

man is something altogether different from the "Squire Westerns" and "Harkaways" of last century, and, we believe, equally different from the landed proprietor of any other country in the world, in habits and occupation. Look what he is and what he has to do. Our average country gentleman has been educated at a public school and a university, and has brought away some Latin and Greek, and a taste for literature as well as for the classical institutions of cricket and boating. His boyish sports gave him the manly tastes and habits of a sportsman, patient of fatigue, cold, and hunger. Now of middle age, he has duties which fill a great deal of his time. His family, his neighbours, the superintendence of his farm and his whole estate, claim his attention by turns. He is a magistrate (unpaid), and he does duty at Quarter Sessions. He must attend vestry and parish meetings, road meetings, and numerous boards for the local affairs of his district, especially the administration of the poor-law. Then he has some pursuits not of such rigorous duty, and some hobbies. From the general progress of the country he is much richer than his forefathers, who lived roughly on the same land; and with wealth comes luxury. He loves to adorn his place. He has a taste for gardening and such knowledge of art as education and travel give a man. The house of his forefathers—a square ugly edifice of Queen Anne's time—is capable of improvement, and, bit by bit, he breaks it with gables and oriels, dormers, and garden stairs, into a nondescript but very picturesque mansion. The formal old garden and orchard he has to change and diversify with shrubberies of evergreens and glades of green sward, without spoiling the spacious terrace, and the straight avenue of noble elms. Then there is the library to keep up. It is not like the one at Althorp, for our country gentleman is an average one, but it goes back a few generations, and has a sprinkling of Cavalier pamphlets, and a fair representation of the literature when Pope sang and Addison supplied the want of *The Times* and *Saturday Review*. It is a pleasant occupation for time and money to keep it up as it should be, and be assured it requires some judgment and accomplishment. The squire is no deep scholar, but he can correct his boys' exercises, and has even a weakness for Latin verses, and sometimes throws off such jingle as the following:—

" Rideant vernæ attonitusque pagus	
Saxa tollentem nitidos per agros,	<i>picking stones.</i>
Sarculo aut herbis metuenda pravis	<i>spudding thistles.</i>
Bella minantem.	
.	

Liber horarum dominus mearum
 Indoli moremque gerens, honestis
 Temperem ludum studiis, honesto
 Seria ludo ;
 Quo libet solus vager, ambulansque
 Verba connectam socianda chordis
 Rustico plectro numeros secutus
 Vatis Horati." ¹

Thus done into English by the young Etonian :—

" Let them still stare and laugh, the village clowns,
 As, picking stones, I wander through the park,
 Or, with my spud in hand, right o'er the downs,
 Death deal to thistles.

Lord absolute of my own acts and hours,
 Humouring my wayward fancy, let me mix
 Study with sport ; and when the work-cloud lowers,
 Find light for play.

Let me at will, alone, still wander forth,
 Weaving the words to suit some favourite air,
 Or murder, in the jargon of the North,
 Horace's sapphics."

The old family pictures, though not of high merit, are to be preserved, and the walls of the new rooms require some good specimens of modern art. Mamma must have her children's pictures by Frank Grant and James Swinton, and a few costly miniatures of Thorburn and Ross, but the squire has a longing for a landscape of Callcott, or a scene by Phillip to remind him of an early ramble in Andalusia.

The yearly visit to Town may be put down as a sacrifice to fashion. But it is not for fashion that the family move in autumn to Scotland. The squire calls that his holiday. He has formed a second home in the glen where his boys have grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing, and the girls, if they don't make much of trout-fishing, at least learn to walk. They go down without equipage or horses, and live that free simple life which makes the month at the Glen the happiest of their year. They are getting very fond of half a dozen shepherds' families near them, and pretend that the Highlanders are more gentle, as well as more intelligent, than the sturdy clod-hoppers of their English valley.

Returning from Scotland—business has accumulated, and the

¹ The "English country gentleman" who penned these rustic rhymes was Robert Viscount Hampden. His collected poems—altogether delightful, if the shape and type were not too magnificent, were published at Parma—*typis Bodonianis*—by his son.

squire has not time for partridge-shooting but as needful exercise. A day of pheasant-shooting is hardly sport; but when his duties and occupations leave an idle day, with what pleasure does our squire mount his favourite old horse for a near meet of the Duke's hounds! Perhaps he might not have believed he had leisure, if the young Etonian who is at home for Christmas did not convince him. Together they ride out, and the boy admires "the Governor's" straight riding and knowledge of country. The frost comes just in time, for the full moon has brought a new flight of woodcocks, and the squire makes a holiday to show the young fellow some covert shooting, and make him admire the thriving new plantation and the rides he has cut through the old wood; and to be sure they are admired as only a son can admire a father's work and his own place.

Our English country gentleman unlike his forefathers is quite temperate. The "October" of his grandsire and his father's bottle of Port are fined down into a glass of sherry and a pint of claret. His health is good, because mind and body are sufficiently occupied with cheerful and varied work. He is a good parent, master, landlord, neighbour. His people have always been so in worse times, and he is not to degenerate. It is a slander to say he prefers his pheasants to his tenants, and the cottages on his estate are in good repair as well as his kennels. He is a churchman, of the Established Church, and never thought of any other. The parish living is in his gift, and will be enjoyed by any one of the younger sons who takes to learning and shows a vocation. In politics the family have always been Tories, but our squire has outlived the delusion of "Protection to native industry" from finding that industry thrives best unprotected, and that his rents are rising under free trade. He confesses that the Reform Act was a bitter pill, but it has brought him and the neighbouring farmers to a kindlier understanding, and he is becoming quite acceptable on the hustings and at election canvasses. His son, the young Etonian, who is popular as the captain of the Volunteer Rifles, and leader of the village eleven at cricket, is even getting up some topics for a *concio ad populum* when he shall be old enough to stand for the neighbouring borough, and thinks of enrolling himself as a follower of Lord Stanley.

We feel what we have written is a rough and unworthy sketch of the country life of England. It may serve our present purpose, which is partly to tell foreigners how we live. When any country can show the proprietors of its soil so occupied, so amused, it will have secured one element of the greatness and the happiness of Britain.

- ART. II.—1. *Exposé de la Théorie Mécanique de la Chaleur.*
Par M. VERDET. Paris, Hachette et Cie., 1863.
2. *Heat considered as a Mode of Motion.* By JOHN TYNDALL,
F.R.S. etc. London, Longmans, 1863.

VARIOUS considerations appear to render it desirable that we should attempt to give a popular account of modern discovery with regard to the nature, and the mode of action, of Heat. And it will be peculiarly gratifying to our readers to find that to this country, which has so far outstripped the rest of the world in the development and use of machines in which heat is the motive power, is also mainly due the credit of having produced those philosophers who have traced to its origin the vast mechanical effect which is everywhere derived from the combustion of coal through the agency of the steam or the air engine. The only *popular* treatises on this important subject, with which we are acquainted, are indicated above, and will be examined briefly towards the close of the Article.

What is Heat?—We have no wish to stupify our readers with the metaphysical arguments on this question, which, in countless heaps, encumber the shelves of mediæval libraries; nor do we think that if we had ourselves attempted their perusal, we should now be able, with a clear head and unpuzzled mind, to sit down to our work. From the earliest times man's apprehension of the connexions and bearings of natural phenomena has been rendered uncertain and imperfect by his wilfully ignoring the great fact that Natural Philosophy is an *experimental*, and not an *intuitive*, science. No *d priori* reasoning can conduct us definitely to a single physical truth, and what has been called the Principle of Sufficient Reason has led to numberless mistakes in science, of the most pernicious character. Hence it matters not to us what Aristotle or Bacon may have laid down, Locke and Descartes imagined, or Leibnitz stolen, with regard to the nature of heat. Locke, it is true, was correct in his *results*, so far at least as our present information enables us to judge, but his *method* will not bear a moment's scrutiny. Let metaphysicians keep to their proper speculations, about mind and thought, where they are, at all events, safe from being proved to be in the wrong, however extravagant their conclusions may appear to the less presumptuous, and therefore (if on no other account) less fallible, student of the laws of matter.

We shall not waste much time in a preliminary sketch of the early history of our subject. It might, perhaps, be made very attractive, but the materials for it have not yet, to our knowledge, been collected. The rapid march of modern discovery

renders it not only useless, but destructive, to the progress of the Natural Philosopher to endeavour to explore the beginnings of his science. While he gropes about, seeking the source, his contemporaries are borne, with ever-increasing swiftness, along the broadening and deepening current of the river, to the "great ocean of truth which lies unexplored before them."

In the physical world we are cognisant of but four elementary or primordial ideas besides the inevitable *Time* and *Space*. They are *Matter*, *Force*, *Position*, and *Motion*. Of these, motion is simple change of position; and force is recognised as the agent in every change of motion. Till we know what the ultimate nature of matter is, it will be premature to speculate as to the ultimate nature of force; though we have reason to believe that it depends upon the diffusion of highly attenuated matter throughout space. But, keeping to the four elementary ideas above, it is evident that to one or other of these every distinct physical conception must be referred. To which does Heat belong? The old notions of heat were that it was *Matter*; or, according to some philosophers, *Force*. It is only within about a century that proofs have been gradually arrived at that sensible, or thermometric, heat consists of *Motion*; while the so-called "Latent Heat" of Black may possibly not be heat at all, but may consist of *Position*. These are startling statements, as we have made them, but they will be fully explained, and to some extent developed, in the course of the Article.

Thus it appears, that of the four available hypotheses as to the nature of Heat the *two necessarily erroneous* ones have, till lately, been almost universally adopted. So much for the trustworthiness of the metaphysical treatment of a physical question! Such a lesson should never be lost sight of; so deserved and so complete a refutation of the sophistical nonsense of the schoolmen, and so valuable a warning to the Natural Philosopher who is disposed to *à priori* argument as more dignified and less laborious than experiment, can scarcely occur again. Even the despised perpetual-motionist has more reason on his side than the metaphysical pretender to discovery of the laws of nature; he, to his cost—but to his credit also—appeals to experiment to test the validity of his principle; but the mighty intellect of his rival scorns such peddling with apparatus, to *it* all truth is intuitive; nay more, what *it* cannot comprehend cannot be truth. But the days of its authority have nearly expired—luckily for human progress.

When heat was considered to be matter, under the name of *Caloric*, it was regarded of course as uncreatable and indestructible by any process at the command of man. And we cheerfully allow that many very plausible explanations of curious physical

phenomena were arrived at by the labour and ingenuity of the partisans of this theory. Thus it was natural to suppose, that when caloric entered a body, or rather combined with it, the body should in general expand; and even when heating produced contraction there were analogies, quite sufficient to bear out the theory, supplied by such mixtures or alloys as alcohol and water, or copper and tin; where the bulk of the compound is considerably less than the sum of the bulks of the components. Conduction of heat, or transference of caloric from one body to another, or from part to part of the same body, also presented no difficulty. So it was with the experiments which led to what was called (from the principles of this theory) the *specific* heat of bodies; it had merely to be assumed that different bodies required different proportions of caloric to be mixed with them to produce equal effects in the form of change of temperature. Thus, the specific heat of water being called 1, that of mercury is .033, *i.e.*, a pound of water requires 30 times more caloric to be mixed with it to produce a given change of temperature (measured by the thermometer), than a pound of mercury. The fact that in heating ice no rise of temperature is observed, however much heat may have been applied, until the whole of the ice is melted—and similar phenomena observed in every case of melting or liquefaction, as well as in boiling or vaporization—led Black to propound the doctrine of Latent Heat. The fundamental ideas of this doctrine, that water differs from ice at the same temperature simply by the admixture of a definite equivalent of caloric; that the steam which escapes from boiling water, though showing the same temperature to the thermometer, contains a vastly greater amount of caloric; and similar ideas for all similar cases, were thus easily and directly reduced to the caloric theory. The additional quantity of caloric in such cases was supposed simply to change the molecular state of the body, without altering its temperature: hence the name. In all this there need be no hesitation, so far as we can see, in pronouncing the explanations given by the material theory of heat quite satisfactory, although in many cases they are certainly cumbrous, and difficult of application.

But another class of common phenomena afforded no such easy application of the theory, namely, the development of heat by friction or concussion; and it must be allowed that many of the warmest supporters of the caloric hypothesis frankly admitted that their explanations of these effects were not quite satisfactory. The general tendency of these explanations was towards assuming a change in the capacity for caloric to be produced by the disintegration caused by friction or by the compression caused by impact—though it was excessively diffi-

cult to see how two such opposite processes could *each* produce a *diminution* of the capacity. And although the difficulty is *lessened* by considering a change in both capacity and latent heat to be produced by attrition or condensation, it is by no means *removed*.

The mischievous consequences of long persistence in a false theory were perhaps never better exemplified than in the case of this supposed materiality of heat; for so completely were the scientific men of last century imbued with it, that when Davy gave a conclusive proof of the *actual creation of heat* in a very simple experiment, his consequent argument against the materiality of heat (or the existence of caloric) attracted little attention, and was treated by many of those who condescended to notice it as a wild and extravagant speculation. It is certain that even Davy himself was led astray in his argument, by using the hypothesis of change of capacity as the basis of his reasoning, and that he might have been met successfully by any able Calorist who, though maintaining the materiality of heat, might have been willing to throw overboard one or two of the less essential tenets of his school of philosophers.

But Davy's experiment, rightly viewed, is completely decisive of the question; and, in spite of the imperfection of his reasoning from it (due entirely to the prevailing sophisms of the Calorists), was perfectly satisfactory to himself. He developed, in a singularly brief and lucid form, the fundamental principles of the true theory, in a tract, forming part of the *Contributions to Physical and Medical Knowledge, principally from the West of England, collected by Thomas Beddoes, M.D.*, published at Bristol in 1799.

Davy commenced by causing two pieces of ice to rub against each other, until both were almost entirely melted by the friction. Here water considerably above the freezing point was produced, and as the capacity of ice for heat was known to be less than that of water, it followed at once from this experiment, that the ice contained more caloric after being melted than before, because—(1.) Its temperature was raised, and its capacity for heat increased; (2.) It had in addition the latent heat of fusion. Unless, then, it had drawn caloric from surrounding bodies there must have been creation of caloric, a result perfectly inadmissible to supporters of the material theory. To show that no heat was abstracted from surrounding bodies, he proceeded to cause two pieces of metal to rub against each other by means of clockwork, the whole apparatus being placed on a block of ice, which had some unfrozen water in a canal on its surface, and enclosed in a very perfect vacuum, produced by the now well-known application of carbonic-acid gas and caustic

potash. Here again heat was developed by the friction, but it did not come from the ice (for the water in contact with it was not frozen), nor from surrounding bodies (for in this case it must have passed through, and melted, the ice, but the ice remained unaltered). From these perfectly conclusive experiments, Davy proceeds thus :—

“Heat, then, or that power which prevents the actual contact of the corpuscles of bodies, and which is the cause of our peculiar sensations of heat and cold, may be defined a peculiar motion, probably a vibration, of the corpuscles of bodies, tending to separate them. It may with propriety be called the repulsive motion.”

“Bodies exist in different states, and these states depend on the differences of the action of attraction, and of the repulsive power, on their corpuscles, or in other words, on their different quantities of attraction and repulsion.”

Let us here remark, incidentally, what an immense simplification is at once introduced into our conception of the laws which regulate the intermolecular forces in bodies. Davy, by a single sentence or two, thus demolished for ever the ingeniously unnatural speculations of Boscovich and his school, who represented the law of the force exerted by one molecule or particle of a body on another, by a most complex alternation of attractions and repulsions, succeeding each other as the distance between the two was gradually diminished, a law so inconsistent with the simplicity of that of gravitation, as to lead us to wonder that it was ever seriously propounded.

Davy, in fact, makes this very application, and illustrates the effect of the repulsive motion in balancing the attraction of cohesion in bodies by the very apt comparison of the orbital motion of a planet preventing its being drawn nearer to the sun. We shall not attempt to follow his further development of this discovery, where he falls into an ingenious mistake in consequence of his belief in the corpuscular theory of light. It has nothing to do with our subject ; yet, though now known to be erroneous, it is worthy of its author.

The rest of this short tract, so far as it relates to heat, is concerned with the laws of communication of heat, which he shows to be quite analogous to those of the communication of motion. It was not, however, so far as we know, till 1812 that Davy distinctly laid down, in a perfectly comprehensive form, the law of the phenomenon. In his *Chemical Philosophy*, published in that year, he enunciates the following perfectly definite and most important proposition :—

“The immediate cause of the phenomenon of heat, then, is motion, and the laws of its communication are precisely the same as the laws of the communication of motion.” The im-

mense consequences of this statement we shall presently consider, after we have briefly described the labours of a contemporary of Davy, who *almost* succeeded in 1798, in demonstrating the immateriality of heat ; but whose work is especially valuable as containing the first recorded approximation to the measurement of heat in terms of ordinary mechanical units, which, singularly enough, does not appear to have been attempted by Davy.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for the last-named year, there is a most instructive paper by Count Rumford, entitled, *An Inquiry concerning the Source of the Heat which is excited by Friction*. The author's experiments were made at Munich while he superintended the boring of cannon in the Arsenal ; indeed, he remarks, that " very interesting philosophical experiments may often be made, almost without trouble or expense, by means of machinery contrived for the mere mechanical purposes of the arts and manufactures." He was struck with the very great heat developed by the friction or attrition of the steel borer on the brass casting ; and especially, in comparing it with the very small quantity of chips or powder removed from the metal, justly observing that it was inconceivable that a mere *change* of the capacity for heat in so small a relative quantity of brass, could develop heat sufficient in some cases to *boil* a large quantity of water.

" In reasoning on this subject," he says, " we must not forget to consider that most remarkable circumstance, that the source of the heat generated by friction in these experiments, appeared evidently to be *inexhaustible*."

" It is hardly necessary to add, that anything which any *insulated* body, or system of bodies, can continue to furnish *without limitation*, cannot possibly be a *material substance*, and it appears to me to be extremely difficult, if not quite impossible, to form any distinct idea of anything capable of being excited, and communicated in the manner that heat was excited and communicated in these experiments, except it be *MOTION*."

We shall have occasion again, more than once, to make valuable extracts from this extremely lucid and philosophical paper ; meanwhile we may merely observe, that Rumford has pointed out other methods to be employed in determining the amount of heat produced by the expenditure of mechanical power, instancing particularly the agitation of water or other liquids, as in churning.

It may be well to pause for a moment at this stage, and carefully consider to what extent the true theory of heat had really been advanced about the commencement of the present century. And it is easy to see from the preceding pages that the

following important facts were then completely acquired to science:—

- I. That Heat is Motion ; or rather, in strict modern phraseology, Energy.
- II. That the laws of its communication are the same as those of the communication of Motion (or Energy).
- III. Hence that the laws of the communication of Heat are those laid down by Newton with such expressive brevity in the Scholium to his Third Law of Motion.
- IV. Hence, that Heat has a definite mechanical value, and may be converted into mechanical effect, and *vice versa*.
- V. That the determination of the accurate value of the mechanical equivalent of a given amount of heat, is a question to be resolved by experiment.
- VI. That Rumford had obtained an approximation (a pretty close one, as we now know) to the value of this equivalent.
- VII. That this equivalent may be determined by expending work in the boring or friction of solids, or in agitating liquids.

For the benefit of such of our readers as may not have read the elements of mechanics, it will be useful to give a few explanations of some of the preceding statements, especially with the view of showing their logical sequence. I. and II. are simply Davy's own expression of his experimental conclusion. As to III., Newton shows, though not in precisely the same words, that when work is expended solely in setting a body in motion, the *energy* of the motion is the measure of the work expended. Work is here used in the ordinary engineering sense of so many "foot-pounds," *i. e.*, so many pounds raised one foot. From this it follows that the sensible heat present in a body is really a certain definite amount of energy of motion, which is equivalent to a certain definite amount of mechanical effect or work. This is statement IV. With reference to VI., which is the only other requiring explanation, it is easily calculated from the data of one of Rumford's experiments (*viz.*, that the work of one horse for 2h. 30m. raised, by 180° Fahr., the temperature of a mass equivalent in capacity for heat to 26·58 lbs. of water), that it requires about 940 foot-pounds of work to be expended to raise the temperature of a pound of water 1° Fahr. We have somewhat altered the result first deduced by Joule from this experiment ; for we have used 30,000 instead of 33,000 foot-pounds per minute as the value of a horse-power—the latter, or Watt's estimate, being now allowed to be too great.

No account was taken of the heat lost by radiation, which must have been considerable from the high temperature produced, and the duration of the experiment ; so that, as Rumford himself noticed, this value must be too high. We now know that it is about 20 per cent. too great ; still it is a most remarkable result.

It does not follow that, if the chief fundamental laws and principles of a science are known, the *development* of them is an easy matter. Take, for instance, the law of gravitation. It is scarcely possible to conceive a simpler expression than this for the mutual action of two particles ; yet, even for the simplest possible application, the motion of one *particle* about another, the numerical details are very troublesome ; and when we have three mutually attracting particles, the problem (so far as *exact* solution is concerned) completely transcends the power of known mathematical processes. It is, of course, infinitely more formidable when we consider the mutual action of the particles of a body ; and without the aid of hypotheses, suggested by experiment, such a case would be incapable of even *approximate* treatment. Thus we are prepared to find that for the practical application of the above facts regarding heat, hypotheses (of a kind suggested by experiment) will always be required until we know the nature of matter, and have immensely improved our mathematical methods.

For a considerable portion of the present century, Davy's discoveries about heat were neglected, or only casually mentioned ; but this was of comparatively little consequence, as their early reception might have kept back for a time the grand developments which we have next to mention—immense strides in the theoretical and mathematical treatment of the subject, and to a great extent independent of the nature of heat. These are due to Fourier and Carnot, and it may well be said that it is in great part attributable to their remarkable works that the true theory of heat, when revived some twenty years ago, received so rapidly its present enormous development.

Fourier's *Traité de la Chaleur*, composed before 1812, is one of the most exquisite mathematical works ever written, abounding in novel processes of the highest originality as well as practical utility. It is devoted solely (so far as its physical applications are concerned) to the problems of the *Conduction* and *Radiation* of heat. Whatever may eventually be found to be the true laws of conduction and radiation, Fourier gives the means of completely solving any problem involving these processes only, and applies his methods to various cases of the highest interest. He works out in detail these important cases with the particular assumption that the flux of heat is proportional to the difference

of temperature of two bodies or contiguous parts of one body. It is only very recently indeed that Forbes has shown that the conductivity of a body for heat diminishes as its temperature increases; and thus that the *details* of Fourier's solutions are not strictly accurate when great differences of temperature are involved. But, besides the fact that Fourier has shown how to adapt his methods to *any* experimental data, the solutions he has given are approximate enough for application to many of the most interesting cases, such as the secular cooling of the earth, underground temperature as depending on solar radiations, etc. By this publication, Fourier has reduced the treatment of any question involving transference of heat by conduction or radiation to a perfectly definite form; and must therefore stand, in the history of the subject, as one of its greatest promoters.

Very different in form and object from the systematic treatise of Fourier, is the profound and valuable work of Carnot, published in 1824.¹ The author endeavours to determine *how* it is that heat produces mechanical effect, and though some of his assumptions are not correct, he investigates the question in an exceedingly able and instructive manner. Starting with a correct principle, which, obvious as it is, has been sadly neglected by many later writers, he is led into error by assuming the materiality of heat. But with true philosophical caution he avoids committing himself to this hypothesis, though he makes it the foundation of his attempt to discover *how* work is produced from heat. He says:—

“If a body, after having experienced a certain number of transformations, be brought identically to its primitive physical state as to density, temperature, and molecular constitution, it must contain the same quantity of heat as that which it initially possessed; or, in other words, the quantities of heat lost by the body under one set of operations are precisely compensated by those which are absorbed in the others. This fact has never been doubted; it has at first been admitted without reflection, and afterwards verified, in many cases, by calorimetrical experiments. To deny it would be to overturn the whole theory of heat, in which it is the fundamental principle. It must be admitted, however, that the chief foundations on which the theory of heat rests would require a most attentive examination. Several experimental facts appear nearly inexplicable in the actual state of this theory.”

This fundamental principle of Carnot is still evidently axiomatic, as we know of no case in which heat can be communicated to a body, or abstracted from it, without altering its

¹ We are indebted for our knowledge of Carnot to an excellent paper—“*An Account of Carnot's Theory of the Motive Power of Heat,*” etc., by W. Thomson. *Trans. R.S.E.* 1849.

temperature, its volume, its form, or its molecular constitution. In fact, it is entirely upon our confidence in the accuracy of this idea that our means of measuring temperature by thermometers depend. If we had not, for instance, experimental proof that a mass of mercury has always the same volume at the same temperature, our mercurial thermometers, supposing glass to be perfect in this respect, would be worse than useless,—they might be deceptive.

Thus, from Carnot's point of view, it is evident that the motive power of heat depends upon its being transferred from one body to another *through* the medium by whose change of volume or form the external mechanical effect is produced, as this medium is supposed to remain at the end of the operation in precisely the same state as at the commencement. Thus for the production of mechanical effect, we are to look to the successive communication of heat to, and abstraction of heat from, the particular medium employed; and to illustrate this it is natural to consider the steam-engine as the most stupendous practical application of the principle.

Carnot's reasoning may easily be made intelligible without mathematical details. In the simple case we shall take, all that is attempted is to show that in the ascent of the piston in the cylinder, *more* work is done against external forces than is required to be done by them to produce the descent and restore the piston to its first position. And in order that Carnot's axiom may be applied with strictness, and yet with simplicity, it is better to consider a hypothetical, than the actual, case.

Suppose we have two bodies, A and B, whose temperatures, S and T, are maintained uniform, A being the warmer body, and suppose we have a stand, C, which is a non-conductor of heat. Let the sides of the cylinder and the piston be also non-conductors, but let the bottom of the cylinder be a perfect conductor; and let the cylinder contain a little water, nearly touching the piston when pushed down. Set the cylinder on A; then the water will at once acquire the temperature S, and steam at the same temperature will be formed, so that a certain pressure must be exerted to prevent the piston from rising. We shall take this condition as our starting-point for the cycle of operations.

First, Allow the piston to rise gradually; work is done by the pressure of the steam which goes on increasing in quantity as the piston rises, so as always to be at the same temperature and pressure. And *heat is abstracted from A*, namely, the latent heat of the steam formed during the operation.

Second, Place the cylinder on C, and allow the steam to raise the piston farther. More work is done, more steam is formed,

but the temperature sinks on account of the latent heat required for the formation of the new steam. Allow this process to go on till the temperature falls to T , the temperature of the body B .

Third, Now place the cylinder on B ; there is of course no transfer of heat. But if we now press down the piston, we do work upon the contents of the cylinder, steam is liquefied, and the latent heat developed is at once absorbed by B . Carry on this process till the amount of heat given to B is exactly equal to that taken from A in the first operation, and place the cylinder on the non-conductor C . The temperature of the contents is now T , and the amount of caloric in them is precisely the same as before the first operation.

Fourth, Press down the piston farther, till it occupies the same position as before the first operation; additional work is done on the contents of the cylinder, a farther amount of steam is liquefied, and the temperature rises.

Moreover, it rises to S exactly, by the fundamental axiom, because the volume occupied by the water and steam is the same as before the first operation, and the quantity of caloric they contain is also the same—as much having been abstracted in the third operation as was communicated in the first—while in the second and fourth operations the contents of the cylinder neither gain nor lose caloric, as they are surrounded by non-conductors.

Now, during the first two operations, work was done by the steam on the piston, during the last two work was done against the steam; on the whole, the work done by the steam exceeds that done upon it, since evidently the temperature of the contents, for any position of the piston in its ascent, was greater than for the same position in the descent, except at the initial and final positions, where it is the same. Hence the pressure also was greater at each stage in the ascent than at the corresponding stage in the descent, from which the theorem is evident.

Hence, on the whole, a certain amount of work has been communicated by the motion of the piston to external bodies; and, the contents of the cylinder having been exactly restored to their primitive condition, we are entitled to regard this work as due to the caloric employed in the process. This we see was taken from A and wholly transferred to B . It thus appears that *caloric does work by being let down from a higher to a lower temperature*. And the reader may easily see that if we knew the laws which connect the pressure of saturated steam, and the amount of caloric it contains, with its volume and temperature, it would be possible to apply a rigorous calculation to the various processes of the cycle above explained, and to

express by formulæ the amount of work gained on the whole in the series of operations, in terms of the temperatures (S and T) of the boiler and condenser of a steam-engine, and the whole amount of caloric which passes from one to the other.

We wish to avoid formulæ as far as possible, and shall not give any here; since although the above process is exceedingly ingenious and important, it is to a considerable extent vitiated by the assumption of the materiality of heat which is made throughout. To show this, it is only necessary to consider the second operation, where *work is supposed to be done* by the contents of the cylinder expanding *without loss or gain of caloric*, a supposition which our present knowledge of the nature of heat shows to be incorrect. But it is quite easy, as we shall soon see, to make the necessary corrections in accordance with the true theory of heat; and it is but bare justice to acknowledge that Carnot himself was by no means satisfied with the caloric hypothesis, and insinuates, as we have already seen, more than a mere suspicion of its correctness.

But we owe Carnot much more than this, as we proceed to show; and we shall defer to a later portion of our article an examination of the curious particulars in which his results for the steam-, or air-, engine differ from those now received.

If we carefully examine the above cycle of operations we easily see that they are *reversible*, i.e., that the transference of the given amount of caloric back again from B to A, by performing the same operations in the opposite order, requires that we expend on the piston, on the whole, as much work as was gained during the direct operations. This most important idea is due also to Carnot, and from it he deduces his test of a *perfect* engine, or one which yields from the transference of a given quantity of caloric from one body to another (each being at a given temperature) the greatest possible amount of work. And the test is simply that the cycle of operations must be reversible.

To prove it we need only consider that, if a heat-engine M could be made to give more work by transferring a given amount of caloric from A to B, than a reversible engine N does, we may set M and N to work in combination, M driven by the transfer of heat, and in turn driving N, which is employed to restore the heat to the source. The compound system would thus in each cycle produce an amount of work equal to the excess of that done by M over that expended on N, without on the whole any transference of heat, which is of course absurd.

The remarkable consequences deduced by Thomson, by a combination of the methods and results of Fourier and Carnot, with reference to the *dissipation* of heat, and the final trans-

formations of all forms of energy, though properly belonging to this part of the development of our subject, are left to a future page, so that we may keep as closely as possible to the chronological order, in presenting the most important additions to the science.

A little before the publication of Carnot's work, a second method of procuring work from heat was discovered by Seebeck. It consists in the production of electricity by the action of heat on heterogeneous conducting matter, and the employment of the current to drive an electro-magnetic engine. It is not alluded to by Carnot; and it will tend greatly to the simplicity of this explanatory narrative if we defer to a second article the consideration of the other physical agents which the grand principle of conservation of energy has shown to be so intimately related to heat. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves as strictly as possible to the relation between heat and mechanical effect, which is, however, only one branch of the dynamical theory.

For nearly twenty years after the appearance of Carnot's treatise little appears to have been done with reference to the *theory* of heat. Clapeyron, in 1834, recalled attention to Carnot's reasoning, and usefully applied the principle of Watt's diagram of energy to the geometrical exhibition of the different quantities involved in the cycle of operations by which work is derived from heat by the temporary changes it produces in the volume or molecular state of bodies.

Then there appeared, almost simultaneously, a group of four or five speculators or experimenters whose relative claims have been since pressed, in some cases, with considerable violence. The work of one of these, Rebenstein, we have not seen; that of another, Colding, is in Danish. Of the others, Séguin and Mayer, it seems not very difficult to estimate the claims so far as the discovery either of the true theory, or the mechanical equivalent, of heat is concerned. Séguin in 1839, and Mayer in 1842, gave as values of the mechanical equivalent, the first 363 kilogrammètres, or in terms of the ordinary British units, 660 foot-pounds; the second the almost identical numbers 365 or 663. It is curious also to observe that the methods employed were almost identical: that of Séguin being founded on the principle that the work given out by any body dilating, and thereby losing heat, is the equivalent of the heat lost; while that of Mayer is, that the heat developed by compression is the equivalent of the work expended in compressing the body. Neither makes the slightest limitation as to the nature of the substance to be experimented on, both their statements are perfectly general; and, we may add, not only inaccurate,

but (with certain exceptions) not even roughly approximate. Mayer professes to found his process on a species of metaphysical reasoning as to the indestructibility of force; we have already shown what value is to be attached to speculations of this nature. Besides, Mayer gives, as an analogy to the compression of a body and the consequent production of heat, the fall of a stone to the earth or the impact of a number of gravitating masses and the consequent heating of all. This, we need scarcely say, is simple nonsense. His hypothesis *might* possibly have been a law of nature, but it never could have had any analogy with the gravitation case he compares it to.

But what it most concerns us to note here is, that Carnot's fundamental principle is entirely ignored by both, viz., that no deduction whatever can be made as to the relation between heat and mechanical effect, when the body operating or operated upon is in different states at the beginning and end of the experiment. Take, for instance, the second operation in the cycle of Carnot as above explained.

The numerical data requisite for the application of either of these erroneous methods were known at the time for only one or two bodies, and, even for these, very inaccurately. So that it is not at all remarkable that the equivalents above given are far from exact. Séguin worked with steam, Mayer with air. It happens that this paucity of data led Mayer to choose a substance which Joule afterwards showed was capable of giving, even with the erroneous hypothesis, a result not far from the truth; but, even if Mayer had in 1842 possessed accurate data, and therefore been lucky enough to obtain an approximate result instead of a very inexact one, his determination could never have been called more than a happy guess founded upon a total neglect of correct reasoning. When we hear, as has lately been our lot, that Mayer is the author of the Dynamical Theory of Heat; and that he deduced in 1842, by a simple calculation, as accurate a value of the dynamical equivalent as Joule arrived at in 1849, after seven years of laborious experiment, we wonder whether language has any meaning to those who thus abuse it. Mayer enunciated and applied a false principle, and got a widely erroneous result, which was improved, not by himself but by Joule, years afterwards; when, after finding the true result by a legitimate process, he *proved* that Mayer ought to have got a good approximation, and set to work to find the requisite experimental data.

Merely premising that much of Joule's work has reference to the general theory of conservation of energy, and that his first determinations of the dynamical equivalent of heat were obtained by means of the magneto-electric machine, we shall in

accordance with the definite object we have proposed to ourselves in the present article, confine our present notice of his investigations to those strictly bearing on the *immediate* relation between heat and mechanical effect.

His earliest published experiments of this class are described in the Appendix to a paper published in 1843 in the *Philosophical Magazine*, as it had the not singular misfortune of being rejected by the Royal Society. The valuable discoveries contained in this paper do not properly belong to our present subject, but will be carefully considered in our second article. In the Appendix, however, there is described an experimental method of *directly* determining the mechanical equivalent of heat, so simple, and yet so effective, as to deserve careful consideration. It consisted simply in working up and down in a closed cylinder, filled with water, a piston formed of a number of capillary tubes bound together, so as to constitute a mass with visible pores. The friction of the water when forced to pass through these tubes of course developed heat, which, as well as the work employed in moving the piston, was carefully measured. It is very remarkable, that from the series of experiments, agreeing well with one another, which were made with this simple apparatus, Joule deduced as the dynamical equivalent of heat

770 foot-pounds,

differing by only about a quarter per cent. from the results of his subsequent and far more elaborate determinations. The close agreement of the results of successive trials, was quite sufficient to justify him in publishing this, as, in all probability, a very close approximation to the desired value of the equivalent.

Before leaving this part of our subject we shall complete the enumeration of the results of Joule's direct experiments for the determination of the mechanical equivalent, as they are certainly superior in accuracy to those of any other experimenter.

Repeating, in 1845 and 1847, his experiments on the friction of water—but now by means of a horizontal paddle, turned by the descent of known weights—he obtained results gradually converging, as in each successive set of experiments extraneous causes of error were more completely avoided or allowed for. The value of the equivalent deduced in 1847 from a great number of experiments with water was 781.5 foot-pounds, and with sperm oil, 782.1. In the paper of 1845, we find his first speculations as to the absolute zero of temperature, or the temperature of a body absolutely deprived of heat. The most interesting of his results are, that the absolute zero of temperature is 480° Fahr. below the freezing-point of water, and that a

pound of water at 60° Fahr. possesses, in virtue of its heat, mechanical energy to the enormous amount of 415,000 foot-pounds. Changes have since been shown to be necessary in these numbers, but they are comparatively unimportant. And it must be regarded as one of the most extraordinary results of physical science, that a pound of water at ordinary temperatures contains heat capable (if it could be applied) of raising it to a height of 80 miles.

Finally, in 1849, Joule published the results of his latest and most elaborate experiments, of which, after what we have already said, we need only give the results:—

From friction of Water,	772·692 foot-pounds.	
" " Mercury,	774·083	"
" " Cast-iron,	774·987	"

The conclusions of this valuable paper, after all allowance is made for slight but inevitable losses of energy, by sound and other vibrations, are thus given:—

1st, *The quantity of heat produced by the friction of bodies, whether solid or liquid, is always proportional to the quantity of work expended.*

2d, *The quantity of heat capable of increasing the temperature of a pound of water (weighed in vacuo, and taken at between 55° and 60°) by 1° Fahr., requires for its evolution the expenditure of a mechanical force represented by the fall of 772 lbs. through the space of one foot.*

It is only necessary to observe, that the determination is for the value of gravity at Manchester, and must of course be diminished for higher, and increased for lower latitudes, according to a well-known law.

As no one has pretended to rival in accuracy the experiments of Joule above mentioned, and as his celebrated result of 1843, so very close to the truth, preceded all other sound attempts at the determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat, we may pass over the results of *direct* methods employed by other observers, with the remark, that they agree more or less perfectly with those of Joule.

We now come to the consideration of the method suggested by Séguin and Mayer, with which Joule seems to have occupied himself experimentally in 1844. We shall briefly describe his experiments, though not in the order in which they were made, this change being required for the continuity of our article. Joule compressed air to twenty atmospheres or so in a strong vessel, which was afterwards screwed to another previously exhausted. A very perfect stop-cock prevented all passage of air from one to the other until it was desired. The whole was placed in a vessel of water, which was stirred to bring it to a

uniform temperature. On opening the stop-cock, the air rushed from the first vessel to the second, so that in a short time the pressure was the same in both. On measuring the temperature of the surrounding water again, *no change was perceptible*, at least after the proper corrections, determined by separate experiments, had been made for the amount of heat produced by the stirring, etc., during the operation. This is a *most important* result, as we shall show immediately, though it is as well to say at once that it is not absolutely exact, as is shown by subsequent experiments capable of even greater accuracy than that just described. The condensed air has been allowed to expand without doing work on external bodies, and though its volume has been greatly increased, no heat has been lost, though we might have imagined such would be the case. From this we are entitled to conclude, that the heat developed by compressing a gas is (to the amount of approximation already mentioned) the equivalent of the mechanical effect expended in the compression, and thus that Séguin's and Mayer's unwarranted assumption is very nearly true for air. Why, then, was Mayer's value of the mechanical equivalent so erroneous? Simply because the direct determination of the specific heat of air is an exceedingly difficult and delicate operation, and had been only very roughly effected before 1842. Rankine and Thomson first theoretically assigned the true value, founding their calculations on Joule's experimental results from the friction of fluids. Joule, by a direct process, obtained a closely accordant value; and finally Regnault, also by direct experiment, obtained *exactly* the number predicted from theory.

What actually took place in Joule's experiment was, the air in the first vessel, suddenly expanding, produced mechanical effect in forcing a portion of its mass with great velocity into the second vessel; this it did at the expense of its store of energy in the form of heat. Thus the first vessel was *cooled* to a certain extent. The air rushing into the second vessel produced, by friction against the connecting tube and the sides of the vessel, and amongst its own particles, a development of heat. Thus the second vessel was *heated*. But it is obvious that we are not at liberty (without experimental proof) to assume that the loss of heat in the first vessel will be exactly, or even nearly, equal to the gain in the second. But as experiment has shown them to be almost equal, either the heat produced by condensing air, or the cold produced by its expansion from a condensed state, may legitimately be taken as one of the data for a determination of the mechanical equivalent. The last cited paper of Joule's contains five sets of careful experiments made for this purpose by one or other of these

methods. The extreme results are 823 and 760 foot-pounds respectively; the mean of the last three sets, chosen as the most likely to be correct, giving the number 798 foot-pounds—only about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. too great.

It may now be asked, does the dynamical theory of heat necessitate any serious change in the important results deduced by Carnot from the caloric hypothesis? This question was answered with greater or less detail in 1849, 1850, and 1851 respectively, by Rankine, Clausius, and W. Thomson.

Rankine's treatment of the subject is based on what he calls the hypothesis of Molecular Vortices. He considers the motions of which we know heat to consist, to be of the nature of vortices or eddies in the ether atmospheres which he imagines to surround, in a condensed state, each particle of matter. From this he has deduced many useful results, but the theory itself, though skilfully developed, can scarcely be considered as a very probable representation of the actual thermal motions in bodies.

Clausius also, while adapting successfully Carnot's method to the true fundamental propositions in Thermo-dynamics, has somewhat confused his reasoning (instead of simplifying it) by introducing at once as a hypothesis Mayer's unwarrantable assumption, so far as regards the development of heat by the compression of a gas. In this he was, no doubt, justified by Joule's experiments last mentioned, but he missed in consequence some valuable results which, though discoverable in permanent gases, become especially prominent in liquefiable gases, such as sulphurous acid and carbonic acid; but it is to be observed to his credit, that he does not assume any such extension of the hypothesis to solids and liquids as was contemplated by Mayer.

One of the most valuable of the results thus deduced by Rankine and Clausius is as follows:—If saturated steam at any high temperature is allowed to expand, pressing out a piston, in a vessel impervious to heat, it cools so as to keep always at the temperature of saturation; and, besides, a portion of it liquefies. This result appears at first sight inconsistent with the paradoxical experiment long known, that high-pressure steam escaping into the air through a small orifice does not scald the hand, or even the face, of a person exposed to it; while, on the contrary, low-pressure steam inflicts fearful burns. W. Thomson has explained the difficulty thus: The steam rushing through the orifice produces mechanical effect, immediately wasted in fluid friction, and consequently *reconverted into heat*, from which, by Regnault's numerical data, it follows that the issuing steam (in the case of the high-pressure, but not of the low-pressure, boiler) must be over 212° Fahr. in tempera-

ture, and *dry*. Clausius has objected to this explanation, but has, we believe, been satisfactorily answered.

In its new form, the theory of the motive power of heat is based upon the two following propositions: the first of which, though really announced by Davy, was only definitely received in science in consequence of Joule's experiments; the second is the axiom of Carnot (already given, with its demonstration on the caloric theory), as adapted by Clausius to the dynamical theory.

I. When equal quantities of mechanical effect are produced by any means whatever from purely thermal sources, or lost in purely thermal effects, equal quantities of heat are put out of existence, or are generated.

II. If an engine be such that, when it is worked backwards, the physical and mechanical agencies in every part of its motions are all reversed, it produces as much mechanical effect as can be produced by any thermo-dynamic engine, with the same temperatures of source and refrigerator, from a given quantity of heat.

In order to prove the second proposition, we must consider in what respect Carnot's proof has become inapplicable, and we find it to be this: we have no right *now* to assume, as he did, that in a complete cycle of operations in which his fundamental condition is satisfied (*i.e.*, the medium brought exactly to its primitive state) as much heat has been given out to the refrigerator as has been absorbed from the source; because the first of our new propositions shows that this is only true when the medium has had as much work done upon it as it has exerted on external bodies. Clausius proved the proposition in 1850, by a process strictly analogous to that of Carnot already given; but based on the additional axiom, that "*It is impossible for a self-acting machine, unaided by any external agency, to convey heat from one body to another at a higher temperature.*" Thomson, from one of whose papers¹ we have taken this notice, gives the above not very evident axiom in the more convincing form: "*It is impossible, by means of inanimate material agency, to derive mechanical effect from any portion of matter by cooling it below the temperature of the coldest of the surrounding objects.*"

Carnot showed that, on his principles, the amount of work done by transference of a given amount of heat increased indefinitely with the increasing difference of temperatures of the source and refrigerator; and of course it follows from this that the air-engine, in which a much greater range of temperature may be employed with safety than in the steam-engine, should

¹ *On the Dynamical Theory of Heat, etc.*, by W. Thomson, *Trans. R.S.E.* 1851.

be the more effective of the two. The introduction of the true theory leaves this result unaffected except in *degree*; in fact it shows that the work to be derived from a given amount of heat leaving the source increases indeed with the excess of temperature of the source over the reservoir; but, far from increasing indefinitely as Carnot's theory showed, it has as a superior limit, which it never reaches, the mechanical equivalent of the heat which leaves the source. In fact, the ratio of the heat taken in to that ejected is that of the *absolute* temperature of the source to the *absolute* temperature of the refrigerator.¹ Thus, in the most favourable circumstances, the steam-engine, and even the air-engine, are exceedingly imperfect; giving at most only about one-tenth of the mechanical equivalent of the heat spent. The theory of what have been called Caloric Engines, where ether, or chloroform, or some such easily vaporized liquid is used in connexion with air or steam to utilize as much as possible of the applied heat, has been given by various investigators, including those last mentioned, but it appears that in practice the method has not realized the anticipations of its proposers.

A most remarkable result of the application of Carnot's reasoning was given by J. Thomson in 1849.² From this reasoning it is obviously demonstrable, as shown by W. Thomson, that *water at the freezing-point may, without any expenditure of work on the whole, be converted into ice by a mechanical process.* For a mass of water retains the temperature of freezing unchanged, until it is all converted into ice, and according to Carnot's, and even to the dynamical, theory, no work is required to make heat pass from one body to another at the same temperature. J. Thomson, seeing that this result, if correct, involved the possibility of producing work from nothing (since water *expands* with great force in the act of freezing), was led, by carefully scrutinizing the assumptions on which it depended, to find that all were correct with the possible exception of the temperature at which water freezes; which he then showed must depend, as the boiling-point had long been known to do, upon the pressure; and he showed that the freezing point of water must be *lower* by 0.0135° Fahr. for each additional atmosphere of pressure. This very curious theoretical deduction was verified, to its numerical details, by means of Ørstedt's Piezometer, by W. Thomson.³ Hopkins and Bunsen have since verified, experimentally, that, in cases where bodies contract on solidifying, as is the case with sulphur, wax, etc., the melting-point is *raised* by increase of pressure.

The complete theory of all such cases was, however, pre-

¹ W. Thomson, *Trans. R.S.E.* 1851.

² *Trans. R.S.E.* 1849.

³ *Proc. R.S.E.* 1850.

viously given by W. Thomson in his (already cited) paper of 1851 on the Dynamical Theory of Heat. Without encumbering himself with, or limiting the generality of his results by, any hypothesis, he applies the fundamental propositions of the dynamical theory (already given) to all bodies, and deduces many very curious and important results regarding the specific heats of all substances; with special conclusions agreeing with those of Rankine and Clausius for "perfect" gases, and for mixtures of portions of a body in different states but at the same temperature, as ice and water, or water and saturated steam. Among these we may mention the following:—When a substance contracts as its temperature rises (as is the case, for instance, with water between its freezing-point and its point of maximum density), its temperature will be *lowered* by a sudden *compression*. In two most valuable experimental papers by Joule,¹ Thomson's formulæ are completely verified (within the limits of experimental error) for substances of the most dissimilar qualities. One very curious result is afforded by india-rubber, which, when suddenly extended, becomes warm: and, in agreement with Thomson's conclusions, is found, when stretched by a constant weight, to contract on being heated, and to raise the weight.

We have several times alluded to the fact, that the amount of heat developed by the compression of air is only *approximately* equal to the equivalent of the work expended in compressing it, although in Joule's experiment of 1844 it appeared to be *exactly* equal to it. There is, as before observed, no *a priori* reason for the existence of any such proportionality, for it is quite conceivable that a gas might exist in which the whole work expended in compressing it, is employed in overcoming repulsive forces among its particles, and would therefore be wholly stored up as mechanical power in the compressed gas, without any change of temperature whatever. That heat, nearly equivalent to the work expended in compression, is actually developed, shows us that the mutual molecular forces among particles of a gas are exceedingly small, and that the pressure of a gas is due almost entirely to the "repulsive motion" of Davy. Clausius, Maxwell, and others, have lately made some very beautiful investigations into the laws of gaseous pressure, diffusion, etc., on the supposition that a gas consists of free elastic particles, exerting no molecular action on each other, but moving in straight lines with immense velocity, until they impinge on each other or on the sides of a containing vessel, when they rebound according to the known laws of impact of spheres.

¹ *On some Thermo-dynamic Properties of Solids, and On the Thermal Effects of compressing Fluids.*—*Phil. Trans.* 1859.

The time has hardly yet come, however, in which much is to be expected from such hypotheses ; we are as yet almost completely ignorant of the ultimate structure of the molecules or particles of matter.

A method of experimentally discovering, with very great accuracy, the relation between the heat produced and the work spent in the compression of a gas, was suggested by Thomson in 1851,¹ and employed with some modifications in a series of experiments, which he has since carried on in conjunction with Joule, and whose results have been from time to time published in the *Philosophical Transactions* during the last ten years, with the title *Thermal Effects of Fluids in Motion*. The principle of this method is excessively simple ; it consists merely in forcing the gas to be experimented on through a porous plug, and observing its temperature on each side of the plug. These temperatures should (theoretically) be exactly equal if the heat developed by compression is equal to the work expended, and not unless. By this process it is found that no gas perfectly satisfies the criterion ; and, as we might expect, the liquefiable gases are those which most diverge from it. By means of a sufficient series of such experiments, carried on at different temperatures and pressures, complete theoretical data for a gas-engine have been obtained ; and the extensive and valuable experiments of Regnault (with additions, as to the density of steam at high pressures, supplied by Joule and Thomson) have furnished corresponding data for the steam-engine ; so that the theoretical treatment of these important instruments is now at all events approximately complete. But it is no part of our plan to enter into details of *application*.

As already mentioned, we have tried to keep to the *direct* relation between heat and mechanical effect, leaving to another occasion the far more extensive results which have been arrived at with reference to *indirect* relations ; and we have refrained from entering upon the consideration of the relations which have been proved to exist between heat and all other forms of energy. What we have given is almost entirely confined to the subject of the thermo-elastic properties of liquids and gases. W. Thomson² has published an extremely general investigation of the laws of this subject, including crystalline solids ; but to give a satisfactory account of it would lead us into details and difficulties far too great for any but a *very* small class of readers.

There remains, however, one interesting portion of our subject, which, though having most important bearings upon the subject of energy and its distribution through the universe, is in part a branch of Thermo-dynamics. This is the consideration,

¹ *Trans. R.S.E.*

² *Quarterly Math. Journal*, 1857.

already alluded to, of the *Dissipation* of Energy.¹ But in accordance with our plan, we shall only consider it at present as regards heat and mechanical effect. In the first place, heat in a conducting body tends to a state of dissipation or diffusion, never to a *concentration* at one or more places. This is a direct consequence of the laws discovered by Fourier for the motion of heat in a solid. Their mathematical expressions point also to the fact that a uniform distribution of heat, or a distribution tending to become uniform, must have arisen from some primitive distribution of heat of a kind not capable of being produced by known laws from any previous distribution. When Carnot's method, as adapted to the dynamical theory of heat by Clausius, was applied by Thomson to the transformations of heat into work, and work into heat, it led him to the following amongst other propositions.

When heat is created by a reversible process, there is also transference, from a cold body to a hot one, of a quantity of heat, bearing to that created a definite ratio depending on the temperatures of the two bodies.

When heat is created by an irreversible process (such as friction) there is a dissipation of energy, and a full restoration of it to its primitive condition is impossible.

From these it follows that any restoration of mechanical effect, from the state of heat, requires the using of more heat than the equivalent of the work obtained, this surplus going into a colder body. We make no further comment on this at present, but in our complementary article it will form a most important feature.

We have, as yet, said nothing of *Radiant* heat, of which the Caloristic idea seems to have been exactly analogous to the Corpuscular Theory of Light. Davy coolly speculates on the combinations of light and oxygen, in the very paper in which he destroyed the notion of the materiality of heat! The first really extensive, and on the whole trustworthy, experiments on radiant heat are those of Leslie, but we need not trouble ourselves with his theoretical speculations. The experiments of Forbes and Melloni showed so complete a resemblance between the laws of reflection, refraction, polarization, absorption, etc. of light and radiant heat, that no doubt could remain as to their *identity*. And as light had, chiefly by the theoretical and experimental investigations of Young and Fresnel, been shown to consist in the undulations of some highly elastic medium pervading all space; it followed that radiant heat also is *motion* and not *matter*. Radiant heat differs from light merely as a grave note does from a shrill one, or as the Atlantic roll differs

¹ *On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy.* By W. Thomson. *Proc. R.S.E.* 1852, and *Phil. Mag.* 1852, n.

from the ripple on a lake. Light was shown by Leslie to heat bodies which absorb it, and on this principle he constructed his photometer.

The law of exchanges, as it was called by Prevost, who first enunciated it, explained what was erroneously called the radiation of cold, *i.e.*, that a piece of ice brought near the bulb of a thermometer cooled it, with other more complex but perfectly analogous experimental results. He considered that all bodies radiate heat, but the more the higher is their temperature, so that, in the simple case above mentioned, the thermometer gave more heat to the ice than it received from it—a perfectly satisfactory explanation. This theory has since been greatly extended by Stewart, Kirchhof, and De la Provostaye, who have independently arrived at the conclusion that the radiating power of a body for any definite ray of heat is equal to its absorbing power for the same. Light and radiant heat being only different forms of the same phenomenon, we may (with Melloni) speak of the colours of different kinds of radiant heat, and then the analogy with corresponding phenomena in the case of light becomes at once evident. A very curious example of the truth of this proposition, noticed by Stewart, is furnished by heating to whiteness a willow-pattern plate, and looking at it in the dark, when we see instead of a dark pattern on a white ground, a white pattern on a dark ground; those parts which, when the plate is cold, appear dark, do so in consequence of their absorbing the incident light more freely than the white parts, and, when heated to whiteness, they appear bright because they radiate better. Kirchhof derived from his investigation, and verified by conclusive experiments, the explanation of the physical cause of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, which had, however, been previously suggested by Stokes. The very amazing results which Kirchhof and others have recently arrived at by the application of this principle, must be familiar to many of our readers, so that we have the less hesitation in passing over this beautiful part of our subject with so brief a notice.

Leslie's result, that a body, such as coloured glass, is heated by absorbing light, has recently received a most interesting extension from the discovery by Stokes¹ of the physical cause of certain curious phenomena observed by Brewster and Herschel, in solutions of quinine and certain kinds of fluor-spar, from the latter of which the phenomena have been called by the general name *Fluorescence*. The physical fact is simply this, that these and other bodies, especially the green colouring matter of leaves and "canary" glass coloured with Oxide of Uranium, radiate as

¹ *On the Change of the Refrangibility of Light.*—*Phil. Trans.* 1852.

light instead of heat, part of the light which they absorb. This is, properly speaking, identical with Leslie's result, because the light radiated is lower in the scale than that absorbed, and is in general most freely produced from light so high in the scale as to be invisible to the eye (just as very shrill sounds, such as the chirp of the cricket, are inaudible to many ears). The most important application of this discovery has been to the rendering visible these invisible rays, and thus studying through a wider range of refrangibility the radiations from any source. Unfortunately, the principle of dissipation forbids us to anticipate any similar method of studying radiant heat by changing it into light, so that here we are literally obliged to grope in the dark for our results. The phenomena of *Phosphorescence*, when not traceable to chemical combination, evidently belong to the same class with those of fluorescence, and have been recently studied with great care by Becquerel, who has obtained many remarkable results.

We shall now, taking for granted the dynamical theory of heat, consider very briefly the explanations which it furnishes of many important phenomena, not alluded to in the preceding semi-historical sketch, because their explanation is very evident as soon as the true theory has been found.

Thus, for instance, Heat of Combination, as it is called, is obviously now to be explained as arising from the mechanical effect of the force of chemical affinity—whatever may be the nature and origin of that force—just as a stone falling to the ground under the action of the earth's attraction generates heat by the impact. From this explanation also follow as obvious truths, the laws of this subject, experimentally arrived at by Andrews, Hess, and others; of which one,—viz., that the cold produced in the decomposition of a compound is exactly equal to the heat produced by the combination of its elements,—may be taken as an instance.

When a salt is deposited in crystals from a supersaturated solution, we have, in general, evolution of heat; formerly this was attributed to the latent heat of solution, it is now easily seen to be, like ordinary latent heat, dependent on the change of relative position of the molecules involved. The contrary effect is of course produced when a salt is dissolved, and even when two crystalline solids, as ice and salt, liquify in the act of combining. Hence the justice of the popular outcry against the common process of destroying ice on the pavements by sprinkling salt upon it; as, though the ice is melted, a great additional lowering of temperature is produced. Hence also the effect of the combinations called "freezing mixtures," which are of many kinds; from the simplest, such as the solution

of nitrate of ammonia in water, to the most complex, such as the mixture of solid carbonic acid and ether in vacuo.

As was cursorily noticed at the commencement of this article, the so-called latent heat probably depends upon molecular arrangement; the heat, which is lost to the thermometer, disappears in producing, or is transformed into, the work of tearing asunder the particles of a solid or liquid, and placing them in the positions of less relative constraint which they occupy in a liquid or a vapour respectively. It is conceivable, however, that it also may be *motion*, but of a kind not tending to diffusion. But it is too early to speculate, with any prospect of useful results, on such a subject.

The heat of the sun, and the internal heat of the earth—both of which, by the principle of dissipation, are now far less than they were ages ago—are to be traced almost entirely to their origin in the original distribution of matter through space, at creation, and the subsequent transformation into heat of the energy with which the various portions which compose the sun or a planet impinged on each other in meeting.

But for the complete consideration of such immense and important transformations, we must refer to our second article, where they will be found to flow naturally from the known laws of transformation and transference of energy.

Reviewing, for a moment, the path we have so far pursued, we may recapitulate briefly the details most important, in a historical point of view, of the *development* (not the applications) of the science. And we find them to be these:—

First, Newton's grand general statement of the laws of transference of mechanical energy from one body or system to another.

Second, Davy's proof that heat is a form of energy subject to these laws.

Third, Rumford's close approximation to a measure of the mechanical equivalent.

Fourth, Fourier's great work on one form of dissipation of energy.

Fifth, Carnot's fundamental principle, and his cycles of operation.

Sixth, Joule's exact determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat, and the general reception of the true theory in consequence of his *experiments*.

Seventh, The adaptation, by Clausius and Rankine, and subsequently, with greater generality and freedom from hypothesis, by Thomson, of Carnot's methods to the true theory; with Joule's experimental verification of Thomson's general results.

Eighth, Thomson's theory of dissipation.

As regards the true theory of the connexion of heat with mechanical effect, this list contains all the most important direct steps, nearly in chronological order; but it is to be remembered that experimental investigation, mainly due to Joule, has indissolubly connected by laws of equivalence *all* forms of energy, including even such mysterious forms as are observed in electro-chemistry and electro-magnetism; and that a complete account of the dynamical theory of heat necessarily involves, what we propose to give on another occasion, an account of the *one* grand law of natural philosophy—the CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

In the brief sketch we have given, a vast amount of valuable matter has been of necessity omitted, but we are not conscious of having left unnoticed any direct step of real consequence to the development of the true theory of heat. Where the results of early experiments were sufficiently accurate, we have not alluded to subsequent more perfect ones; and many curious, but not very important, points have not been mentioned. The details of such a history as this would fill volumes.

The work of M. Verdet consists of two lectures delivered in 1862 to the Chemical Society of Paris, and is evidently intended for an audience already well acquainted with the fundamental principles of natural philosophy. Like all the works of the most distinguished of French scientific men, it is clear and distinct almost to a fault; the author has evidently not only read deeply, but carefully arranged his ideas, before writing his lectures; and the consequence is the production of a little treatise, brief but comprehensive, in which every sentence has its meaning and its definite bearing on the development of the subject. We shall not consider the mathematical developments which are interspersed through the text, and which occur freely in the notes, further than to remark that they show how extensive is the author's acquaintance with all that has been done in the extension of the theory. Nor do we profess at present to review even the *popular* portion in all its details, because M. Verdet has considered in his lectures, not merely the direct relation between heat and mechanical effect, to which our article has been limited, but has included in his comprehensive sketch the *indirect* developments of heat from work by the intervention of electrical currents, etc., and has, in fact, treated of the whole theory of energy. To some of his remarks on this subject, we may take exception in our next article; but so far as our present subject is concerned, we consider that M. Verdet has on the whole fairly represented its history, and that he has put it

before his readers in an extremely clear and impressive form. More could hardly be said of an essay which does not in any way pretend to novelty. Since a critic can hardly be supposed to have done his work properly unless he find *some* fault, we are tempted to express our opinion that M. Verdet would have done wisely in devoting much less space to the consideration of Hirn's errors as to the actual amount of heat put out of existence in the working of a steam-engine. Not that we object to the introduction of the *results*, but there appears to be no necessity for such an elaborate refutation of conclusions known to be wrong, especially as M. Verdet tells us that Hirn has renounced his erroneous opinions.

As to the history of the science, we are astonished that M. Verdet should say of Mayer's method of determining the equivalent of heat that it is "*parfaitement exacte quant au principe*"! We have already shown that this idea is untenable. Besides, we can hardly reconcile this statement of M. Verdet's with the last clause of the following sentence, which occurs in the very next page of his work, with reference to Joule: "C'est à ses expériences de 1845, sur les effets calorifiques de la dilatation et de la compression des gaz qu'il appartenait de donner droit de cité dans la science aux idées nouvelles; ce sont ses expériences sur le frottement qui ont donné de l'équivalent mécanique de la chaleur la première détermination digne de confiance; ce sont ses vues sur la constitution des gaz qui ont donné le premier, et jusqu'ici le seul exemple d'une explication complète d'un phénomène dont la théorie fait prévoir les lois sans en indiquer le mécanisme." Nothing could be more candid than this, nor could more have possibly been expected, as M. Verdet has evidently overlooked Joule's friction result of 1843, which was unfortunately only mentioned, in few words and without any details, in an appendix to a paper devoted to a totally different class of experiments. In our second article we shall recur to M. Verdet's very interesting lectures.

Dr. Tyndall's volume contains a series of lectures delivered in the Royal Institution in London, which of course are much more *popular* in form than those of M. Verdet. We wish we could call them as clear and definite. Unfortunately they are deficient in the precise qualities which the French philosopher possesses so completely. Grandiloquence, especially when rising almost to the style of the modern sensational school of fiction-writers, is not adapted even to popular science; true scientific language is ever calm and dignified, and we fear the worst when we hear of magnetic needles moving as if "inspired by a sudden affection" for the audience, medals "struck dead by the excite-

ment of the magnet," and other catastrophes too numerous to mention. In another sense, also, the language employed is bad; it is ambiguous, and this is utterly indefensible in a scientific work. Examples of such ambiguity can be quoted almost without number, but we shall confine ourselves to one or two of the most important. Thus, the words "force," "strength," and "energy," are sometimes used as antagonistic, and anon as synonymous terms. Energy, again, is confounded with "moving force," which has a perfectly definite meaning in no way related to energy. In collisions, we are told, "the heat generated *increases as the square of the velocity*." This is a palpable mistake, evidently arising from the confusion in the author's mind of the phrase A varies as B (or is proportional to B) with the very different one, A increases as B (*i.e.*, the rate of change of A is proportional to B). Again, what *can* be the meaning of such a sentence as this: "Let me now pass from the sun to something less—in fact, to the opposite pole of nature"? Or this: "as we proceed light will gradually appear, and irradiate retrospectively our present gloom"! It is needless to collect further examples of this constant perversion of the common meanings not only of scientific, but even of popular, words.

With the exception of these blemishes, and of other more serious faults which we shall presently consider, the volume, so far as it goes, is creditable enough. Many experimental novelties, well suited to the lecture-room, are carefully described; and, on the whole, the work is calculated to prove exceedingly interesting even to the scientific reader. But we look in vain through its pages for so much as a mere mention of Carnot; and, beyond a few casual remarks about the disappearance of heat in the production of mechanical effect, there is nothing to give the reader even a hint, that the laws which regulate the production of work from heat are now as well known and as capable of being popularized, as anything in Natural Philosophy. That radiant heat and light are identical, and that there are many peculiarities in their radiation and absorption by matter, which require only patient experiment for their discovery, was known long ago; and though the new results obtained by the author are curious, and in some cases even startling, they can scarcely, even if completely verified by other experimenters, claim anything like the comparative value which has been assigned them in this work, to the exclusion of so much that is of vital importance.

But the dissipation of energy is not even alluded to; and many other remarkable branches of the subject, due as much to the mathematician as to the experimenter, are alike ignored; though, in a volume with such a title as this, they might be expected to

have found a corner. They can be made intelligible to any educated reader, and *ought* to have a place in every work, especially a British work, in which the subject is treated with any detail.

But what we most object to in Dr. Tyndall's volume is his erroneous history of the development of the subject. His errors in this way are numerous and great. Thus he says, "Dr. Mayer enunciated the exact relation between heat and work, *giving the number which is now known* as the 'mechanical equivalent of heat.'"—(The italics are our own.) Compare this with the facts as recorded above; first as to the value of Mayer's statements, and second as to the number which Mayer *did* give. Again, "Mr. Thomson suggested that the stretched India-rubber might *shorten*" when heated. We cannot fancy that any one would consider this a fair representation of a prediction mathematically deduced, without hypothesis, as a result *necessarily* following from known facts. The beautiful reasoning of J. Thomson, about the lowering of the freezing-point of water by pressure, is introduced in such a manner that any uninstructed reader would fancy Dr. Tyndall had the chief merit, Messrs. Hopkins and Fairbairn a secondary position, and Thomson merely the credit of making a happy guess, in the establishment of this most important result. For the credit of British science, we hope that Dr. Tyndall will, when a second edition of his really interesting work is called for, pay some attention to the by-no-means microscopic faults which it possesses in such rich profusion.

[*Note.*—Since the above was put in type we have seen in the *Philosophical Magazine* (Jan. 1864) a brief account of the work of Colding. So far as this enables us to judge, he appears to have been led by a species of metaphysical reasoning to the idea of the conservation of energy; but, unlike other speculators, to have appealed to experiment before publishing his views. The value (350 kilogrammètres) of the equivalent of heat which he thus obtained in 1843 from friction experiments, is not much more accurate than that deduced from Rumford's data,—and is not to be compared with Joule's of the same year. Still Colding evidently went to work in the right way, and deserves an amount of credit to which Séguin and Mayer have no claim.]

ART. III.—1. *Mémoires d'un Bibliophile*. Par M. TENANT DE LATOUR. Paris, 1861.

2. *The Book-Hunter*. By J. HILL BURTON. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1863.

NOTHING, we suspect, is less intelligible to the uninitiated than the sort of pleasure which the inveterate book-collector derives from his peculiar pursuit, or than the intense eagerness which he often displays in it. One of the fraternity—a man of vast knowledge, and of great power as a thinker and a writer—after having followed the "business," as he calls it, from early youth to well-nigh fourscore, lately declared that it "had never palled upon him for a single moment."¹ Yet, to most persons, this amassing of literary treasures is simply a "mania;" even Mr. Burton, who ought to know better, has thought proper, in his very pleasant and witty *Book-Hunter*, to affect the satirical and depreciatory strain; and whether he intended it or not, the impression left on the minds of his readers is, that a collector is a poor lost creature who greatly needs to be taken care of by his friends; an office, by the way, which these same friends (particularly if they happen to belong to the female order), are always very ready to perform. The great Lord Bacon too once threatened Sir Thomas Bodley, whom he found slow to appreciate his new philosophy, with "a Cogitation against Libraries," to be added to the *Cogitata et Visa*. And we all remember Sir Walter's quiet quizzing of the book-collecting race in the mock heroics which he puts into the mouth of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck: "Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davie; and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!"

But notwithstanding our having such high authorities against us, we are about to venture a word or two in defence of this much misunderstood and much calumniated class. And we shall attempt to show that even what are commonly regarded as the oddest and most fantastic of their proceedings, often possess a foundation of intelligent interest which the very dullest must comprehend as soon as it is pointed out to them. To most persons, for instance, the fastidiousness of a genuine book-lover about the editions which he admits into his library; his frequent preference of an old and dingy copy, to the finest modern reprint; and above all, his anxiety to have two or three different editions of the same work in his possession, are quite unaccount-

¹ Preface to Catalogue of Books, the Property of a Political Economist [J. R. McCulloch, Esq.], with Critical and Bibliographical Notices. Lond. (privately printed) 1862.

Authors' Editions—Paradise Lost.

able. To a great many even of those who have a tolerably wide acquaintance with literature, a Baskerville and a Bungay edition are all one. Or if they do get the length of preferring the exquisite beauty of the former to the utter ugliness of the latter, this is the utmost stretch to which their discrimination attains. The only idea they have as to the superior intrinsic value of one edition over another is, that it should be "the latest." And hence, in buying a copy of Jeremy Taylor's Sermons, for example, they would probably turn with contempt from the finest old folio of 1668 or 1678, and select, with unhesitating preference, the smug octavo edition of Mr. Thomas Tegg, in which we lately noticed one of the noblest passages of the great preacher disfigured and rendered unintelligible by having "spritefulness of the morning," converted (no doubt after grave consultation among the collective wisdom of the printing-office, and much turning over of Johnson) into "spitefulness."

Charles Lamb declares that he could never read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio, and that he did not know a more heartless sight than the octavo reprints of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. And, as generally happens with a saying of Lamb's, his remark, though given as mere matter of sentiment, has an excellent basis of common sense in it. What do our readers think of the fact that, since Milton's own time, there has not been a single edition of the *Paradise Lost*, in which the text is given strictly as the author left it, and in which the language has not been tampered with in a way that would have given Milton himself (could he have become cognisant of it) the greatest annoyance and vexation? The author of *Paradise Lost*, let it be remembered, besides being a man of the loftiest genius, was also one of the most profound scholars of his day. From his earliest youth he had "applied himself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art he could unite to the adorning of his native tongue."¹ And although he disavows, as "a toylsome vanity," making "verbal curiosities his end," it is evident that not only in the formation of his vocabulary, but even in the most minute points of orthography, he was singularly careful and solicitous. The minute lists of errata at the end of some of the original editions of his prose tracts furnish curious illustrations of this. And in several copies of the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* (the edition of 1644), which lately came under our eye, we noticed that a number of errata had been carefully corrected with a pen. The corrections were the same in each copy, and the handwriting was also the same; so that there could be hardly any doubt that they were made under the immediate super-

¹ *The Reason of Church Government*, Book second.

intendence of the author himself; a striking instance, as it seemed to us, of his close and anxious attention to typographical exactness. We should be sorry to believe the reports of Milton's cruelty to his daughters, but we have a strong suspicion that he was a terrible torment to his printers.¹

It is well known to all who have examined the early editions of the *Paradise Lost*, that Milton had made the attempt, altogether singular in his day, to introduce regularity and system into English orthography. He was the first Englishman, so far as we know, who did so. Many of his words and modes of spelling, too, are peculiar to himself, and many of them also not only indicated scholar-like knowledge and precision of view on etymological questions, but were adopted by him with a curious attention to musical effect, and with a most felicitous recognition of the close relation between sound and sense. Yet strange as it may seem, every trace of this phase of Milton's mind has been obliterated from his works. In every modern edition all speciality in his language has disappeared. The orthography is carefully toned down to the tame uniformity of present usage, and from no edition published since his own time, is it possible to discover what were Milton's ideas on the subjects referred to, or even that he had any idea upon them at all.² As an instance

¹ Perhaps, however, this may be a failing common to the whole of the "irritable race." We have now before us a copy of the *Sibylline Leaves*, which seems formerly to have belonged to Mr. Evans, its printer. It is entitled "Waste Office Copy," and has a marginal note, rather strongly indicative of a row in the printing-office. On the poem called "The Nightingale," at the line "And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all," the insulted and indignant printer has written, "See the proof returned by Mr. Coleridge, for the justice of his charge of 'gratuitous emendation' on my part." "Gratuitous emendation!" what a fine, thundering, many-jointed missile, a sort of verbal chain-shot, to discharge at the head of a printer. It is clear to us that Mr. Coleridge must have been a practised hand at this sort of work, and we do not wonder that Mr. Evans held his breath, and had to content himself with confiding his wrongs in silence to his "Waste Office Copy." The line complained of will be found altered in the later editions. In addition to the above, the volume before us contains several various readings, none of them, however, of any great importance.

² Perhaps an exception ought to be made in favour of the beautiful edition of the whole works of Milton, published by Pickering in 1851, 8 vols. 8vo. The editor, at least, professes to have followed strictly the author's own editions, and as far as we have examined, the profession seems to have been honourably fulfilled. But as experience has bred in us considerable distrust of Mr. Pickering's editions in general, we must hesitate to guarantee his Milton. A beautiful duodecimo edition of the *Paradise Lost* was published by the Foulises of Glasgow in 1750 (reprinted in a smaller size, 1761), which bore on the title-page to be "According to the Author's last edition in the year 1672." But, though probably the best edition of the text of *Paradise Lost* printed in last century, we regret to say that it cannot be relied on for absolute accuracy.

of the manner in which the language of the *Paradise Lost* has occasionally been emasculated by the liberties taken with it by later editors and printers, take the touching passage in the beginning of the third book, in which the author, alluding to his blindness, says—

“ But thou
Revisit'st not these eyes that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.”

Now, can any one inform us what possible reason there could be for diluting the full, rich, passionate resonance of *rowle* into the thin prosaic feebleness of *roll*, as has been done by Newton, Todd, and all the rest of the tuneless rout of Milton's editors?

As to the great majority of Milton's orthographical peculiarities, it may or may not be of any very great consequence that he chose to write *sovrán* instead of sovereign, *perfel* instead of perfect, *thir* instead of their, *voutsaft* for vouchsafed, *fluts* instead of flutes, *intrans't*, *glimps*, *hight*, *maistring*, *anow* for enough, etc. etc. But it is, at any rate, worth knowing that he did so. Even the crotchets of such a mind are of interest to us—a mind so widely informed with learning and subtile thought,—and possess a value very different to that which belongs to those of the mere shallow and fantastic crotchet-monger. The question, too, as to preserving the orthography of Milton's works, is one altogether distinct from that which is sometimes canvassed among mere antiquaries, of following the old spelling of other writers either of the same period or of an earlier time. For in their case no uniform rules of orthography were observed, and they thought nothing of spelling the same word in half-a-dozen different ways in the same number of consecutive lines; while he, on the contrary, practised a regular unvarying system deliberately formed by himself, and adopted upon choice and afore-thought. Besides, it is evident that, to some at least, if not to all of his peculiarities of language and orthography, he himself, with all his indifference to “verbal curiosities,” attached considerable importance. At the end of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, we meet with the following singular item among the errata:—“Lib. ii. v. 414. For *we* read *wee*.” Even a tolerably attentive student of the early editions of Milton, might be at a loss what to make of this. It is certain that *we* is to be met with in the *Paradise Lost* quite as often, or rather much oftener, with a single than with a double *e*. It occurs as *we* in the very next line to that referred to above in the list of errata. What then could be Milton's object in desiring its correction in v. 414, while he leaves it unaltered elsewhere? The explanation is simply this, that although in ordinary cases he is accustomed to spell the pronouns *we*, *me*, *he*, *ye*, with a single *e*,

wherever special emphasis is intended to be put upon them he makes a point of writing *wee, mee, hee, yee*. At the end of book ix., for example, we find the following passage thus given in the early editions :—

" Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman ever trusting
Lets her will rule : restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Again, Book x. line 1 :—

" Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
Hee in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband *Shee*," etc.

In the same Book, line 137 :—

" This woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justify the deed ;
Shee gave me of the tree, and I did eate.
To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied :—
Was *shee* thy God that her thou did'st obey
Before his voice, or was *shee* made thy guide
Superior," etc.

Now, all this may not be very important, but it is at least worth knowing as one of the characteristics of Milton's mind, that he was thus curiously ingenious and solicitous about orthographical minutiae. Yet no one could discover the fact from the modern editions of his works. And it would almost appear that, whether an author was, like Shakspeare, utterly careless about the accurate printing of his works, or, like Milton, painfully and laboriously attentive to the correction of the press, in either case he was equally sure of having his text depraved and mutilated by his ignorant and presumptuous commentators and editors.

Take another great author of the seventeenth century—Jeremy Taylor. There is no reason to think that the question of fixing English orthography had engaged his attention, and the later editions of his works which modernize his antique spelling, have therefore done him no wrong thereby. But any one who wishes to read the pure text of Taylor will find just as little reason to trust to the "latest edition" of any of his works, as we have shown he can do to the modern copies of

Milton. If we wish to obtain any certainty as to what he really wrote, we must, quite as much as in Milton's case, have recourse to editions published in the author's lifetime. His singular phraseology (as odd often as that of Thomas Carlyle in the present day), the unexpectedness of his turns of thought, and the not unfrequent obscurity of his language, are constantly apt to throw out the printers, and a fine muddle they occasionally make of him. In any ordinary copy of the *Holy Dying*, for example, on turning to chap. i. sect. 3, § 2, 3, we meet with the following passage:—

“ And let us a while suppose what Dives would have done if he had been loosed from the pains of hell, and permitted to live on earth one year. Would all the pleasures of the world have kept him one hour from the temple? Would he not perpetually have been under the hands of priests, or at the feet of the Doctors, or by Moses' chair, or attending as near the altar as he could, or relieving poor *Lazarus*,” etc.

Now, it might surely have occurred to any one that as *Lazarus* is represented in the Gospel narrative as having died *before* Dives, and as Taylor's supposition does not include his coming to life again along with the latter, there is something like absurdity in the idea of one of the engagements of his renewed life being that of “relieving poor *Lazarus*.” But if we refer to the edition of 1652, we shall find that the absurdity in question does not belong to Taylor, and we shall also have the satisfaction of lighting on one of those quaint felicities of thought which are so characteristic of this divine, and which in all probability would never have occurred to any other writer but himself. The true reading is *Lazars*, not *Lazarus*. And yet in every edition we have happened to look into, ranging from about 1704 downwards to the present time, the absurd and nonsensical reading *Lazarus* occurs. Thus it is given in an exquisitely printed edition published some years ago by Parker of Oxford; thus also the late Mr. Pickering has given it in all his beautiful editions; and even in the copy of Taylor's whole works, published by the Longmans a few years ago, with lofty pretensions of being founded on a careful collation of the early copies, the same stupid blunder is repeated. As a specimen of the careless way in which Taylor has been reproduced for modern readers, we may give the following results of a comparison of a few pages taken quite at random, between the second edition of 1652, and Mr. Pickering's elegant reprint of 1840, which most of its possessors probably regard as all but immaculate. In chap. i. sect. iii. § 5, line 4, *casuality* is printed for *causality*; sect. iv. § 3, third last line, *infinities* for *infinites*; sect. v. § 1, a whole line left out; § 2, line 6, *nor* for

not ; *ib.*, ten lines from the end, *unable to eat* for *enabled to eat* ; same place, *mariners* instead of *many mariners*. Chap. ii. sect. i. § 2, line 20, *resolved* for *revolved* ; § 3, *Bonadventur* for *Bonaventure* ; sect. ii. § 1, *signs and tangents* for *sines and tangents*. Now some of these may be mere trifles, others of them, however, seriously affect the sense of the passages in which they occur, and the whole of them together are more than enough to destroy all confidence in the accuracy of an edition in which they are to be found.

Lord Bacon is another great author whose fate it has been to suffer somewhat severely in the reprinting of his works. What are we to think of such an editor as Mr. Basil Montagu, and such a publisher as Mr. Pickering, setting forth a magnificent edition of his works, and in printing many of his letters, never to have examined the only reliable copies of them, viz., those published in the *Resuscitatio* by his chaplain and literary executor, Dr. Rawley, but to have indolently contented themselves with the inaccurate and worthless transcripts contained in the *Cabala*, in which not only many passages have been left out, but in which Bacon's memory has been insulted, by having attributed to his pen a rude and brutal letter to the illustrious Sir Edward Coke, upon the occasion of his falling into disgrace at Court, although it had been pointed out, years before Montagu's edition appeared, that the author of the *Novum Organon* had nothing whatever to do with its composition ? Again, it is surely rather hard upon Bacon's fame, that though separate editions of his *Advancement of Learning* have been reprinted times without number during the last two hundred years, it has scarcely ever occurred to any publisher that it would be desirable to incorporate the large additions which Lord Bacon made to the work shortly before his death. Almost every edition published during that time contains nothing more than the two books published in 1605, and no one would discover from the common modern copies, that the work was afterwards extended to more than double its original size, and issued in the form of nine books in 1623.¹ It is true that

¹ We believe that the only edition of the entire work (in English), apart from his collected works, since 1674, is one published by Bohn in 1853. In the *Philosophical Works of Bacon* (3 vols. 4to), published by Dr. Shaw, an English version of the *Instauratio* is introduced, but not only has Bacon's arrangement been absurdly altered, but many important passages are actually excluded altogether. The admirable edition of Bacon's whole works, still in course of publication under the editorship of Mr. Spedding, contains of course a translation of the *De Augmentis* (no doubt incomparably superior to any other that has appeared), but our reference at present is more especially to separate editions of the book in which Bacon's thoughts would be readily accessible to the mass of English readers. It is greatly to be desired, that

Lord Bacon, in his final recast of the work, thought proper to adopt the Latin instead of the English tongue, but this need have been no obstacle in the way, as a fair enough translation by G. Wats had been published in 1640 (2d edition 1674). Nothing was more easy than to have incorporated the additional matter with Bacon's own original English. But for what reason no one can tell, the *Advancement of Learning* in its perfect state has been as carefully kept out of the hands of the English public as if, instead of containing some of the finest philosophical thought to be found in all literature, it had been filled with matter as perilous to the health of souls as David Hume's long suppressed *Essay on Suicide* and *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*.

So much, then, for the necessity of having recourse to editions published during an author's lifetime, if we wish to ascertain with absolute certainty what he really wrote.

In addition to this there is often great interest in ascertaining the gradual stages by which a great work has been brought to its ultimate form of perfection; and a good deal is often to be learned on this point by comparing the earlier with the later editions issued by the author. Hence the eagerness with which intelligent book collectors seek to assemble these in their libraries. The later editions, for example, of Jeremy Taylor's *Life of Christ* differ most extensively from the first, and show the most minute and careful correction both of the thought and language. The various editions of Hume's *Essays* also vary most materially from each other. Large retrenchments have often been made from the earlier copies, curious changes of opinion, particularly on political questions, are manifested, and the utmost diligence has been expended in the removal of careless or awkward expression, and in the modification of strong or exaggerated sentiment. In Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* the number of verbal changes made by the author, when he collected the separate papers into volumes, is said to have been not less than six thousand. Bacon's *Essays*,¹ Thomson's *Seasons*, Aken-side's *Pleasures of Imagination*, Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, and Burnet's *Own Times* (the curious suppressions in the earlier editions of the two last of which were brought to light a good many years ago by Dr. Routh), are works which will probably occur to every

the version contained in Spedding's edition should be printed in a volume by itself. That published by Bohn cannot be spoken of with much commendation. We greatly prefer to it the old translation by Gilbert Wata.

¹ See the valuable little edition of Bacon's *Essays*, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright (Macmillan, 1863), in which the variations of all the early copies are exhibited with great care and minute accuracy.

one as exhibiting the most remarkable variations between the earlier and later editions. It is difficult to conceive any exercise of greater practical utility to the student, who aims at making himself a master of correct thought or of English style, than the minute study of the process, as exhibited in these variations, by which great authors have brought their works to their most finished and perfect state.

Another source of interest in books is that which frequently arises from their association with those in whose possession they may have previously been. Some of our readers may perhaps recollect a fine passage in one of the late John Foster's Essays, in which a train of reflection, founded upon associations of this kind, is pursued with that sort of intensity and terrible earnestness which characterized this great master of meditative thought. The kind of interest, however, to which we are now referring, is generally founded upon indications of former possession considerably more special and overt than those which Foster had in his eye; indications which not merely impart a fanciful interest, but often add a palpable value to the volumes which contain them. Let us give a few examples of what we mean from a small pile of relics now lying before us.

The first is a copy of "*The Battaille of Agincourt, and some other poems. By Michael Drayton, Esq.*" London, 1627. Small folio. On the top of the fifth page we meet with the autograph "W^m. Wordsworth, Rydal Mount;" at page 117, where the poem "Nimphidia, the Court of Fayrie," begins, another poet, "Leigh Hunt," has written his name. And on one of the fly-leaves is a memorial of what must surely have been some pleasant social gathering. First, "Leigh Hunt" has inscribed his clear business-like autograph, and then follows, not immediately below his brother poet, but apart by himself, as if he disdained to concede precedence, "W^m. Wordsworth," who is succeeded by "R. H. Horne," "T. N. Talfourd," and "Southwood Smith." The volume has been carefully read, as the frequent pencil-marks on the margin indicate, and, oddly enough, the mode of notation adopted is precisely that described in *The Doctor* as having been practised by Dr. Daniel Dove of Doncaster. "My friend," says Southey, "has noted in it, as was his custom, every passage that seemed worthy of observation, with the initial of his own name [D]. Such of his books as I have been able to collect are full of these marks. These notations have been of much use to me in my perusal," etc. Whether this was really "the Doctor's" copy or not we don't know, but here at least is the "D" occurring over and over again.

Our second example is of somewhat higher interest. It is a copy of the first edition (in 4to) of "*Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem. By Robert Southey.* Bristol, 1796." It had formerly belonged to S. T. Coleridge, and is, in fact, the identical copy mentioned in a note to the last edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 31. No notice, however, is there taken of the most material and curious part of its contents. It is, in fact, one of those volumes of which Lamb speaks, "enriched with S. T. C.'s annotations, tripling their value." Coleridge, like most men of genius, had caught the trick of speaking out exactly what he thought, without much regard to conventional proprieties, and he has here set down some rather hard truths about Southey's early poem, with a degree of plain-speaking which had evidently greatly shocked his own family, who have made an amiable attempt (though happily not a perfectly successful one) to obliterate his just, though unsparing criticisms on their uncle Southey. We shall give some extracts.

In the preface to the poem, Southey; speaking of Statius and Lucan, mentions that "the French court honoured the poet of liberty by excluding him from the edition *in usum Delphini*;" adding, "I do not scruple to prefer Statius to Virgil; his images are strongly conceived and clearly painted, and the force of his language, while it makes the reader feel, proves that the author felt himself." Against this Coleridge has written:—"The proper petulance of levelism in a youth of two-and-twenty. I will venture to assert Southey had never read, or more than merely looked through, Statius, or Virgil either, except in school lessons."

Again, "The lawless magic of Ariosto," says Southey, "and the singular theme as well as the singular excellence of Milton, render all rules of epic poetry inapplicable to these authors." On this Coleridge remarks:—"N.B.—It is an original discovery of Southey's that the excellence of an epic poem should render the rules of epic poetry inapplicable to it. The Yorkshire pudding [has] been made with consummate culinary art; the art culinary is therefore inapplicable to the making thereof. There is just the same difference between a poet, the most thinking of human beings, and a mock poet, as between cooks in egg skill."

"So likewise," continues Southey, "with Spenser, the favourite of my childhood, from whose frequent perusal I have always found increased delight." "The marvellous egotism," subjoins Coleridge, "in the curt *ipse dixit* of this Epician!"

Coming to the poem itself, Coleridge sets down the following list of abbreviations, which he proposes to use in his marginal notes:—

N.B.—S. E. means Southey's English, i.e., no English at all.

N. means nonsense.

J. means discordant jingle of sound—one word rhyming or half-rhyming to another, proving either utter want of ear, or else very long ones.

L. M. ludicrous metaphor.

I. M. incongruous metaphor.

S = pseudo-poetic slang, generally, too, not English.

Following this notation, Coleridge proceeds with his criticism on Book First. We print Southey's lines in the first column, and Coleridge's marginal notes in the second. The words in *italics* have been underlined by Coleridge:—

Line 5. Or slept in death, or <i>lingered</i> ^A life in chains.	S. E. <i>^out</i>
L. 6. I sing: nor wilt thou, Freedom, scorn the song.	I really can't promise that tho', quoth Freedom.
L. 7. Sunk was the Sun: o'er <i>all the ex- panse of air</i>	N.
The mists of Evening deepening as they rose <i>Chilled the still scene; when thro' the forest gloom</i>	J. ¹
<i>Rapt on</i> with lightning speed, in vain Dunois	S. E.
Now <i>checked</i> with weaker force the un- heeded <i>reins</i> .	S. E. Mercy on us, if I go on thus I shall make the book what I suppose it never was before, <i>red² all thro'.</i>

¹ Any jingle of this kind seems always to have struck offensively on Coleridge's quick ear. In a copy of Whistlecraft's (Hookham Frere's) "Prospectus and specimen of an intended national work," which formerly belonged to Mr. Gillman, we find a curious note, in Coleridge's handwriting, on the tenth stanza of the second canto.

"He found a valley closed on every side
Resembling that which Rasselas describes;
Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
Where the descendants of the giant tribes
Lived in their ancient fortress undescried:
(Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)," etc.

Over-against this Coleridge has written, "I have ever found an unpleasant effect where the consonances A, C, and E are assonant to the consonances B, D, and F." And the remark having probably long afterwards caught his eye, he then wrote below it in pencil, "What can I have meant by this?" The reader will perhaps be inclined at first to sympathize with his perplexity. Nevertheless, his words are both perfectly intelligible and perfectly well founded. The letters A, B, C, D, E, F are evidently intended to indicate the lines in their order as they stand in the verse. A, C, E and B, D, F severally rhyme together, and are therefore called by Coleridge "consonances." But they are also said to be "assonant" to each other, because the vowels in both series of rhymes are the same, as side, describes, wide, tribes, etc. And any one who attends to the effect of the final words upon the ear in reading the stanza, will at once be sensible of some confusion in the harmony, and will understand the nature of the "unpleasant effect" of which Coleridge complains.

² Coleridge writes his remarks with a red pencil.

- N.B.—Puns are for the ear.
Punning by spelling are (*sic*)
natural enemies.
- L. 22. The new-born Sun
Refulgent smiles around. Why refulgent? A polished
mirror, if put in the sun, is re-
fulgent. The sun is fulgent, if
there be such a word.
- L. 24. In dubious life Dunois *unseals* his
eyes,
And views a form with *mildly melting*
gaze. L. M.
- L. 27. And on her *rubied cheek*
Hung Pity's crystal gem. S.
- L. 30. Silent he gazed,
And gazing wondered. Gaze *versus* gaze.

Then follows a passage from line 34, "When soft as breeze," etc., to line 51, including also line 59, against which Coleridge has pencilled his own initials, indicating that its authorship belonged to him. It, however, did not reappear among the fragments contributed to the "Joan of Arc," which he afterwards printed in the collected edition of his poems, under the title of *The Destiny of Nations*. On this passage, at line 37, "His eye not slept," is corrected into "slept not;" line 39, "Volleys red thunder," is pronounced to be S. (pseudo-poetic slang); and line 46, "*Firm* thy young heart," is declared to be "not English."

- Line 84. As down the steep descent *with many a step*
They urge their way.
- L. 89. Softened her eye, and *all the woman reigned*.
- L. 92. ——— and the rising smoke
Slow o'er the copse* that floated on the breeze.
- L. 94. She *dried* the tear.
- L. 95. ——— Where rolls the Seine
Full to the sea his *congregated* waves.
- L. 118. The mother's *anguished* shriek.
- No doubt—unless they rolled down.
- S.
- * A striking instance of the utter unfitness for the English language, which has no *cases*, of this dislocation of words. Who would not suppose it was the copse that floated; but that it would be nonsense?
- S. E., to dry a cloth, to dry up the moisture on it.
- An important epithet, proving that the Seine rolling seaward showed no partiality to any particular wave.
- Not English. A participle

sublime Dante declares to be the first duty of a poet. It is this conviction more than any other which actuates my severity toward Southey, W. Scott, etc.,—all miserable offenders.

- L. 124. For scarce four summers o'er my head had *beamed their radiance*. S.
 L. 127. Too fondly *wished*, too fondly deemed secure. Wished for.
 L. 129. Heedless of death that rode the iron storm, S. E., N., L. M.
 Firebrands, and darts, and stones, and javelins. Verse !
 L. 133. — have not *effaced* the scene From *bleeding* memory. I. M.
 L. 148. behold thine orphan child, She goes to *fill* her destiny. S. E.

The following words, at line 221—

" The groves of Paradise
 Gave their mild echoes to the choral song
 Of new-born beings,"

are marked with the initials S. T. C. So also are the passages from l. 269, beginning, "Dispeopled hamlets," to l. 280; and from l. 455, "From a dark lowering cloud," to l. 460. And against l. 485 to 496 on p. 33, beginning, "Down in the dingle's depth," Coleridge has written, "Suggested and in part worded by S. T. C."

The greater part of Book Second was written by Coleridge himself, and is marked on the margin as his composition. A long note on l. 34 has not been reprinted in *The Destiny of Nations*. At the long passage beginning, "Maid beloved of Heaven," he has written—"These are very fine lines, tho' I say it that should not: but hang me if I know or ever did know the meaning of them, tho' my own composition."

At the passage beginning l. 398—

" Guiding its course Oppression sat within,
 With terror pale and rage, yet laughed at times,
 Musing on Vengeance," etc.

he has written—"These images imageless—these small capitals constituting personifications I despised even at that time; but was forced to introduce them to preserve the connexion with the machinery of the poem previously adopted by Southey. S. T. C." The passage, we may mention, is left out in *The Destiny of Nations*.

At line 420—

" Shrieked Ambition's ghastly throng,
 And with them those, the Locust Fiends that crawled
 And glittered in Corruption's slimy track,"

he writes—"If locusts, how could they *shriek*? I must have

caught the contagion of *unthinkingness*." The lines are accordingly altered in *The Destiny of Nations*.

On the words *σπενδοις ὑποζευχθεν*, in the quotation, in the notes, from the Greek Prize Ode on the Slave Trade, he remarks: "ο before ζ ought to have been made long—*δδως ὑπὸ ζ* is an Amphimacer, not (as the metre here requires) a dactyle. S. T. C."

To the following lines in the concluding paragraph of his contribution—

"Nature's vast ever acting ENERGY!

In will, in deed, IMPULSE of All to all,"

he appends the following curious note:—"Tho' these lines may bear a sane sense, yet they are easily, and more naturally interpretable into a very false and dangerous one. But I was at that time one of the *mongrels*—the Josephedites [Josephides = the son of Joseph, a proper name of distinction from those who believe *in*, as well as believe, Christ, the only begotten Son of the living God, before all time.]" The lines were allowed to stand, as originally written in *The Destiny of Nations*, the only change made being, that "Energy" and "Impulse" were not printed in capitals. In the line which immediately follows, "Whether thy *Law*," was changed to "*Love*."

In Book Third only two marginal remarks by Coleridge occur. On the following lines, at p. 107,—

"So have I seen the simple snowdrop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so seen its gentle bend
Of modest loveliness amid the waste
Of desolation,"—

Coleridge writes—"Borrowed from the *Sacontala*, a Drama translated from the Sanscrit by Sir Wm. Jones."

And a little further on, at p. 110, in the maiden's speech, beginning—

"Father,
In forest shade my infant years trained up,
Knew not devotion's forms," etc.,

Coleridge remarks—"How grossly unnatural an anachronism thus to transmogrify the fanatic votary of the Virgin into a Tom Paine in petticoats, a novel-palming proselyte of the Age of Reason."

Here, we suppose, Coleridge got weary of his work of annotation. Enough, however, has been done by him to show the remarkable soundness of his critical judgment, and his singularly quick insight into whatever was false in thought or impure in English diction. The slight appearance of petulance or ill-nature in some of the remarks, no one who really comprehends

Coleridge's character will for a moment misunderstand. It was simply, we believe, the almost unconscious outcome of a perfectly natural person, not caring to put any restraint on the full and distinct utterance of the idea or impulse of the moment,—a characteristic not by any means peculiar to Coleridge,—but common to him along with almost all men who think clearly, feel strongly, and are perfectly in earnest in the opinions or principles which they hold. A nature of this sort is almost always deficient in what is called tact, and in stating what it regards as truth is ever apt to be betrayed into forgetfulness of how extraneous persons or things may be affected thereby. But all the while no law of kindness has been violated, no part of the moral being has been impaired, simply because all personal considerations were absolutely and entirely out of view. Coleridge's remarks on Southey's early work form, we think, a very good supplement to the first chapter of the *Biographia Literaria*, and are throughout illustrative of the principles of composition there laid down. We do not think therefore that we overrate their value when we venture to commend them to the attentive study of any one who wishes to acquire good habits of thinking, or a sound and correct English style.

No. 3 is a copy of the *Scriptores de Re Rustica*. Paris, ex officina Roberti Stephani, 1543. In 2 vols. small 8vo. On the fly-leaf is the autograph "Wm. Wordsworth," and the volumes throughout are extensively marked and annotated by his venerable hand. At first, one wonders a little what there could have been attractive to Wordsworth in these old writers on agriculture. Books of any kind were not exactly his speciality. Practical, matter-of-fact books, probably least so.

"A poet, one who loved the brooks
Far better than the sages' books."

And yet, from the traces which have been left by his pencil on these pages, there is reason to think that he had read every word of Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius, and did not even omit the "Ennarrationes priscarum vocum per Georgium Alexandrinum," or the "Philippi Beroaldi Annotationes in libros xiii. Columellæ." On second thoughts, however, it is easy to see that the fresh glimpses of ancient out-of-door life, and of those simple scenes, "tasting of Flora and the country green," which these volumes bring before us, could not but have had a powerful interest for the author of "The Excursion." His notes, as might be expected, are totally different in character from those of his friend Coleridge on the "Joan of Arc." They show no critical acuteness—scarcely any attempt at criticism at all—no

flashes of shrewd, biting, sarcastic wit. Taken individually and apart from the thought of who wrote them, they hardly give the impression of possessing interest or value of any kind. And it is only when, ceasing to expect anything marked or special in them, we are content to follow Wordsworth in his perusal of the book, "pausing where he had paused, observing what he had noted, and considering what to him seemed worthy of consideration," that we begin to see the kind of interest which they possess. We find that we have got completely upon the track of Wordsworth's thoughts, as he read these singular old treatises, and upon the vein of feeling which they awakened within him. And in turning over the pages of this old book, we discover everywhere the characteristic tendencies of his taste and genius with as much distinctness as we do in perusing his poetry. The points which he has chiefly noted are—anything peculiar, uncommon, or specially felicitous in word or phrase—anything beautiful, simple, tender, or poetical in thought or expression—strange or fantastic beliefs—curious out-of-the-way notions or observations about natural processes—or anything else, in fact, that helps to indicate the ways, customs, or modes of thinking prevalent in the ancient world. When Cato, for example, uses the expression *naves ambulantes*, Wordsworth notes the oddness of the phrase, and remarks that "*hujus vocabuli* (his annotations are chiefly written in Latin) *usum notavit Gellius*." When the same writer tells us that, in removing dung, it is of great importance that the work should be done *silenti luna* (when the moon is not shining) Wordsworth not only underlines the exquisite words, but carefully writes them out on the margin; such a pearl was too precious to be left upon the dunghill. When you are informed that if your wine contains too much water you should put the liquid into a vessel made of ivy wood, and that then the wine will flow away while the water will remain, *nam non continet vinum vas ederacæum*, the singular fact is noted with a cross. When you are told, in selecting your pigeons for slaughter, to drive those you wish to kill out of the dovecot into the *secluserium*, and there put them to death secretly out of sight of the others, lest the latter, *si videant, despondeant animum*, the whole passage is underlined, and the delicious recognition of the capacity of doves for grief and sad foreboding, in the words *despondeant animum*, is written out on the margin. When Varro gives the remarkable reason for the greater longevity of those who live in the country than of people bred in towns, *quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes*, the singular thought you may be sure does not escape him, and he quotes Cowper's version of the

sentiment, "God made the country, but man made the town," at the foot of the page. When Columella tells us that if a mouse or a serpent falls into the wine-vat, we must, in order to prevent it from affecting the flavour of the wine, burn the dead body, pour the ashes when cool into the wine, and stir the liquid well with a rake or ladle, and that *ea res erit remedio*, Wordsworth gravely remarks, that it is "*remedium Catone dignum*;" meaning, we suppose, that he expected something better from the more advanced intelligence of Columella, but that his *remedium* is no better than some of the absurdities to be found in the earlier treatise of Cato. When Varro tells us of his going to visit Appius Claudius, the augur, at his country place, and finding him seated at table along with Cornelius *Merula*, a man of good consular family, and Fircellius *Pavo* on his left hand; and Munitius *Pica* and Marcus Petronius *Passer* on his right; and how Axius Appius (who accompanied Varro) smiled (*subridens*), and said, "Why, you receive us in your aviary where you sit among the birds,"—Wordsworth, no doubt, thought how English-like the whole scene was,—the company the very same you might meet anywhere,—Mr. Merle, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Pye, and Mr. Sparrow; and the thin jest, exactly the sort of thing that tells so well and goes so far in kindly English country-houses; and so he fondly underlines all the points of the story. We might go on for pages noticing Wordsworth's curiously characteristic markings, but our rapidly decreasing space warns us to forbear. The condition of the volumes is also characteristic of Wordsworth, at least it confirms Mr. De Quincey's account of his utter indifference about the misusage of books which came into his hands. The binding of both volumes is loose and broken, the body of the book separated from the back, many of the leaves torn out and lost, the whole of the pages pervaded by a deep yellow stain, and a large portion of the work so utterly rotten, that it can hardly be moved without scattering about mealy flakes, of what once was paper. Horace speaks of the infamy of him *qui in patrios cineres minxerit*; we wonder what is to be thought of a poet who performed the same office upon one of his favourite books.

No. 4 is a copy of Dr. Carlyle's translation of the Divine Comedy (out of sight, by the way, the best rendering of Dante in the language. Why has it never been completed?) The former possessor has carefully destroyed all trace of his identity. But the volume contains a note which we think ought to excite some curiosity as to its authorship, because it suggests, we believe, a perfectly original and, we are persuaded, a perfectly correct explanation of a very obscure passage in the *Inferno*,

on which no commentator hitherto has been able to throw any satisfactory light.

In the third canto, Dante, speaking of those who lived without either blame or praise (*senza infamia e senza lodo*), says, "and I saw the shade of him who from cowardice made the great refusal:"

"E vidi l'ombra di colui
Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto."

The common interpretation is, that Celestine the Fifth, who abdicated the Papacy in 1294, is the person indicated. But we may safely conclude that Dante knew better than to consign a man to eternal pain for having declined the path of ambition. Our ms. annotator has written on the margin: "The reference is probably to Matt. xix. 22." And there cannot be the slightest doubt of it. A young man came asking our Lord, "What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." It is the only instance recorded in the Gospels in which "Jesus looking on a man and loving him," asked him to become his friend and companion, but the glorious invitation was declined. Certainly nothing that ever happened in this world could so justly be called "the great refusal." And it is touchingly characteristic of the deep purity and spirituality of Dante's mind that he so regarded it.

No. 5 is the *Biographia Literaria* of S. T. Coleridge, 2 vols. 1847, with the autograph of "Sara Coleridge," on each of the volumes. It contains a considerable number of corrections for a new edition, and also several ms. notes by that admirable and accomplished woman; one or two of them to us of much interest. If our readers turn to p. 135-6 of the second volume of the *Biographia*, they will find a printed note, by Mrs. Coleridge, in reference to Wordsworth's *Blind Highland Boy* in which she expresses, what many besides herself have felt, considerable regret that Wordsworth should have destroyed the simplicity of the original incident, by substituting the foreign shell for the "household tub," as the vessel in which the Highland boy sailed away. The chief objection, she thinks, to the first form of the poem was, that Wordsworth had introduced the tub in a way so awkward as almost inevitably to suggest a feeling of the ridiculous—

"A household tub like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes."

And in her MS. note, she suggests that this should be altered into

"A tub of common form and size,
Such as each rustic home supplies;"

adding, "Mr. W. might recast the whole stanza, so as to avoid the sudden jerk downwards into the mean and trivial, still keeping the original incident. The nine new stanzas might be preserved in an appendix. This I ventured to suggest to the venerable author at Bath, March 1847. He did not reject the notion altogether. S. C." Another note also refers to a poem of Mr. Wordsworth, "The Gipsies." It occurs at p. 154 of the same volume. In a printed note here, Mrs. Coleridge says: "I hope it is not mere *poetic* partiality, regardless of morality, that makes so many readers regret the sublime conciseness of the original conclusion:—

"Oh better wrong and strife,
Better vain deeds or evil than such life."

And at the foot of the page she has written as follows:—"Mr. Wordsworth promised me that this should be restored, at Bath, March 1847. He said that he had made the alteration against his own judgment, in deference to an objection of Charles Lamb's. S. C." Both of these are interesting little bits of literary history. The other notes are principally mere verbal corrections of the text, and could scarcely be of much interest to the reader. They ought all, however, to be used in the event of a new edition of the book being called for.

No. 6 is a copy of the poems of the Rev. John Logan, which formerly belonged to John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. Over against the "Ode to the Cuckoo," Mr. Miller has inserted a slip of paper containing the following curious piece of information:—"The following note relative to the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' was found among the papers of Dr. Grant, one of Logan's executors:—

"Alas, sweet bird! not so my fate:
Dark scowling skies I see,
Fast gathering round and fraught with woe
And wintry years to me."

"I find that after the stanza 'sweet bird!' he had written the above, but as he did not express a wish to have it inserted, I have omitted it. And it is perhaps too solemn for the tone of the rest of the poem, but it is expressive of that predictive melancholy which was with him constitutional."

Now, of course, Dr. Grant must have been much better qualified to judge than we are as to Logan's disposition to "predictive melancholy." But it is at least remarkable that the "Ode

to the Cuckoo" should thus be ascertained to have included a stanza so strikingly characteristic of Michael Bruce, who is, on other grounds, strongly suspected to have been the real author of the poem. The singularly close parallelism of the above with the well-known lines—

"Now spring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known," etc.

must necessarily strike every one. The stanza we have now given has never, so far as we know, been printed before, and it is a little unaccountable that it should not have reached the hands of Dr. Mackelvie, who published a carefully edited edition of Bruce's poems about thirty years ago, and who, as we remember, mentions that he had applied to Mr. Miller of Lincoln's Inn for any information that might be in his possession, bearing upon the question as to the authorship of the several poems which have been variously attributed both to Bruce and Logan.¹

One other example of the curious value and interest often attachable to books, in consequence of their association with

¹ In this and the previous instance (of the *Biographia Literaria*) we have examples of new and interesting information being sometimes obtainable from the *ms. notanda* of previous possessors of a volume. Another curious case of the same kind is given by Dr. John Brown in his letter to Dr. Cairns, published as a supplement to the life of his father. A copy of Richard Baxter's *Life and Times* belonging to the late Rev. Dr. Brown, contained the autograph of Anne Countess of Argyll, the widow of Archibald Earl of Argyll, who died on the scaffold in 1685, together with a most affecting note by her, on that passage in Baxter (p. 220), where he brings a charge of want of veracity against her eldest daughter who had unfortunately been perverted to Popery, and carried off to a convent in France by her spiritual advisers. The note, according to Dr. Brown, is written "in a hand tremulous with age and feeling." It is as follows:—"I can say wth truth I neuer in all my lyff did hear hir ly, and what she said, if it was not trew, it was by others sugested to hir, as y^t she wold embak on Wednesday. She belived she wold, bot thy took hir, alles! from me who never did sie her mor. The minester of Cuper, Mr. John Magill, did sie hir at Paris in the convent. Said she was a knowing and vertuous person, and hed retined the living principels of our relidgon, which made him say it was good to grund young persons weel in ther relidgon, as she was one it appired weel grunded." On the volume being shewn to Lord Lindsay (whose ancestrix Lady Argyll was, by her previous marriage with the Earl of Balcarres), he wrote to say, that the information it contained was unknown to him at the time when he wrote the *Lives of the Lindsays*. "I had always been under the impression," he remarked, "that the daughter had died very shortly after her removal to France, but the contrary appears from Lady Argyll's memorandum. That memorandum throws also a pleasing light on the later life of Lady Anna, and forcibly illustrates the undying love and tenderness of the aged mother, who must have been very old when she penned it, the book having been printed as late as 1696."

some previous possessor, we must give from the little work whose title we have placed at the head of this Article. One day M. de Latour picked up at a stall in Paris a copy of Thomas A'Kempis' *De Imitatione Christi*, with the autograph of Jean Jacques Rousseau on the title-page. It contained only two marginal notes, neither of them of much interest. But it had evidently been read with extraordinary care, and more than half the book was underlined with the pencil. It bore marks too of having been the constant pocket-companion of the unhappy misanthrope. It had been read in the evenings, for there were drops of grease from the candle upon its pages, and it had accompanied him in his country walks, for there were dried flowers stuck here and there between the leaves. It became of interest to ascertain at what period of Rousseau's life he had thus given himself up to the study of the *Imitatio*; and M. de Latour, after much unsuccessful inquiry, was at last able to get some light on the point. In a letter to a Paris bookseller, written from Motiers de Travers, in January 1763, the following sentence was found: "Voici des articles que je vous prie de joindre à votre premier envoi: *Pensées de Pascal, Œuvres de La Bruyère, Imitation de Jésus Christ*, latin." The fact then was plain, that he had begun to make his acquaintance with A'Kempis shortly after he had finished his principal works, about the time he had received, through the kindness of Marshal Keith, a sort of temporary asylum in the Val de Travers in Neuchatel, and when those outcries and persecutions against him had commenced, which by and by seem to have driven him into a state of mind little removed from insanity.

It is surely most curious and interesting thus to find (and this little volume is the sole record of the fact) that at such a time poor Rousseau sought such pure and elevated consolation from his sorrows as that which is to be found in the pages of Pascal and of A'Kempis, and that the latter of these authors at least he had studied with the most devoted attention. It throws a new and tender light on the character of Jean Jacques, and revives a feeling of sympathy and kindness towards him, which his own follies and perversities had nearly destroyed in all our minds. All this was enough to give the greatest interest to the volume, but another curious mark of its old possessor was still to be discovered. In his "Confessions," Rousseau mentions the vivid delight which the finding of a flower of the periwinkle once gave him when ascending a hill near Crossier, in consequence of its recalling to him some interesting circumstance in his connexion with Mad. de Warens thirty years before, not having seen the plant during all that intervening period. His sentimental transport on the occasion forms the subject of a

well-known passage in the "Confessions," and on turning over the leaves of the *Imitatio*, M. de Latour found a dried specimen of the periwinkle among the other flowers which, as we have mentioned, the volume contained. Well, the finding of the little flower at Crossier is stated in the "Confessions" to have been in 1764, while the purchase of the *Imitatio* is proved to have been in 1763, and as it had evidently been carried about in his pocket for a long time afterwards, there was no small probability that it was still his companion when at Crossier, and that this was the identical periwinkle which so powerfully affected him, and of which he makes so much.

But there is a limit to this sort of thing, and we must now have done. We submit, however, that though we have thus touched on but a very small corner of the subject, we have sufficiently made out our case—that book-collecting really has some solid basis of intelligent interest, that it may legitimately call forth some degree of fervour and enthusiasm, that it cannot altogether be regarded as the pursuit of a mind verging on fanaticism or insanity, and that it must be classed in a totally different category from the taste for old china, old snuff-boxes, old oak chairs, or old swords and daggers. Without such knowledge as the true book-collector generally possesses, and such care and solicitude as he is accustomed to exercise, it is evident from what we have shown, that we shall be pretty certain to miss something that is best in the works of great authors of past times. And so also, the most curious information, the most solid instruction, and the most unexpected and interesting insight both into the character, habits, and tastes of men of genius, and into other matters not less important, will often be the reward of that quick scent and taste which the zealous book-collector seldom fails to acquire in the exercise of his pursuit.

Before concluding, we may refer to one great difficulty in the way of the book-collector in Scotland, which seems to us too remarkable and characteristic of her people to be passed over. All our best old books have been read nearly out of existence. Printing was not introduced into Scotland till so recently as about 1507 or 1508, but the productions of the Scottish press are infinitely more rare than books printed at a much earlier period in England by Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde. One of the earliest books published in this country was a collection of the poems of some of the Scottish "Makars" of the time. But only one copy¹ has survived the tear and wear of ceaseless turning over

¹ Even this is very imperfect. It is now in the Advocates' Library, which can boast of a noble collection of specimens of early Scottish typography, many of them beautifully executed, and in singularly fine preservation.

of the leaves by entranced readers. During the later years of the same century, the numerous works of the reformer Knox and his coadjutors, the dramas and satires of Sir David Lyndsay, the grand old national epics of "the Bruce" and "the Wallace," and others, must have been circulated by thousands through the country. But the bibliomaniac is fortunate above his fellows who can light on any chance trace of them. In the succeeding century it is little better. Calderwood, Robert Bailie, Cowper, the Bishop of Galloway, Forbes of Corse, Hugh Binning, Rutherford, Guthrie of Fenwick, Durham, Dickson, Brown of Wamphray, the authors of "Naphtali" and the "Hind let Loose," with Leighton, Henry Scougal, and many others, all published more or less extensively. But the only form in which most of their works now generally present themselves to us is in that of stained, worn, dirty, decayed fragments, one-half of the book having frequently disappeared, and often only a few disconnected leaves remaining. Even of the popular theological and other publications of the last century, nothing is more difficult than to obtain passably good copies. Thomas Boston's chief works, Willison of Dundee's, Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine's, Hallyburton's of St. Andrews, John Brown of Haddington's, and the thousand and one reprints of earlier authors which the Edinburgh and Glasgow presses poured forth, have been read and re-read, thumbed, leant on, dog's-eared, and wept over, till the paper has been fretted almost to wool by black and horny hands, and till the original shape, binding, and colour of the volumes have almost entirely disappeared. Whatever may be the value of Scottish thought as expressed in its popular literature and theology, assuredly it cannot be said that the people of Scotland have not made the most of it. All this is in marked contrast to the state of things in England where works even of the seventeenth century, intended for popular instruction or entertainment, and thoroughly adapted to their purpose, may easily be met with in perfect order, and with the leaves, to all appearance, never separated since they passed out of the hands of the old binder. Perhaps in nothing that we could adduce does the dissimilarity between the two nations more remarkably appear: the one having a peculiarly ignorant, untrained, and unprogressive peasantry; the other a singularly well-educated, thoughtful, and religious one: the one with the mass of the people extremely indifferent to literature of any kind, and with a strong and ready spirit of empirical practicality characterizing almost all classes; the other with a devotion to and belief in books rising sometimes very nearly to superstition.

- ART. IV.—1. *Det Norske Folks Historie*. P. A. MUNCH. Vols. i. ii. iii. Christiania, 1852-55.
2. *Den Danske Erobring af England og Normandiet*. J. J. A. WORSAAE. Copenhagen, Gyldendalske Boghandling, 1863.

THE thread of our story was dropped at the death of Magnus the Good (Oct. 25, 1047): we now take it up to tell how his uncle Harold ruled Norway with undivided sway.

The wailing sound of the horns came heavily over the water to the wood in which Thorir and Ref were hid, and they at once set out on their way to Sweyn. They were only just in time, for we are told that Harold sent men after them as soon as the breath was out of his nephew's body, to cut them off, and so stay the message. Next, Harold called together all the Norwegian warriors to a Thing, in which he gave it out that he would not listen to the last wishes of Magnus as to his realm, that he was heir to Denmark just as much as he was heir to Norway, and that his purpose was to make for Viborg, call an Assembly of the Danes, and have himself chosen king of Denmark. If they could only now subdue that land, the Danes would bow their heads before the Norwegians for all time. But Einar again rose to thwart Harold's plans. It was far more his bounden duty, he said, to bear the body of King Magnus, his foster-son, to the grave, and to carry him to his father Saint Olaf, than to war in a foreign land with King Harold, though he were greedy of another king's realm and rule. For his part, he would sooner follow King Magnus dead than any other king alive. Then he took the body and laid it out handsomely in the dead king's ship, and set it up so high that the bier could be seen from all the other ships in the fleet. And then all the Dronheimers, and many other Norwegians, made ready to go home with the body, and the whole host broke up and split asunder. So Harold, against his will, was forced to yield, and to go back with the rest. Off the Cattegat he ran into "the Bay," and landing went slowly up the country, passing from Thing to Thing till he came to Dronheim, and as he went he took an oath of fealty from the free-men that he was sole lawful king in Norway. Long before he reached Dronheim, Einar had got home with his mournful freight. All the dwellers in the town met the corse at the water's edge, and so it was laid in Saint Clement's Church, where his father's shrine was then kept. "Many a tall man," it is said, "stood weeping over the grave of King Magnus, and long grieved they for his loss." As soon as Harold reached Dron-

them, he called together the eight districts which were called Drontheim,¹ and there in a solemn meeting he was chosen king, and now none dared dispute his right to Norway.

Meantime Thorir and his companion had made their way to Sweyn, whom they caught just as he was leaving Denmark. They found him in Scania, which then and long after was Danish soil. He was just about to mount his horse to cross the border into Sweden, and to bid farewell for ever to Denmark. "What news from the host? what are the Norwegians about?" he eagerly asked. Ref told him that Magnus was dead, and gave him the message which made him king in Denmark; the only condition being that he should befriend Thorir. Then Sweyn answered with great feeling, "These are great tidings; as for thee Thorir, thou shalt be welcome, and we will show thee great honour, for so I trow would the good King Magnus show to my brother if so things had come about. And now I lay this vow in the hands of God, that never again, so long as I live, will I fly from Denmark." Then he sprang on his horse and rode back through Scania, and much folk flocked to him as soon as the news spread that Magnus was dead. That winter Sweyn had all Denmark under him, and all the Danes took him to be their king. The oath which he had given to Magnus was gone. His conscience was free and his people were free to choose whom they would. The struggle with Norway took a new shape, and the Danes went heart and soul with Sweyn.

And Harold though his mind was bent on war with Sweyn had enough to do at home. As the last of Harold Fairhair's race on the swordside none could challenge his hereditary right to the crown. But though he had rights he met with no love. The nation's heart was buried with Magnus. It looked for a stern and unforgiving lord in Harold, and it found one in him. Besides Norway needed such a ruler. The great chiefs and vassals were now too strong. On the ruins of the freemen's allodial rights they had risen to be a power in the State, and their houses were so many fortresses which threatened to defy the king's authority. Saint Olaf had seen the evil and fell in trying to check it. Then came a short period of national repentance, during the greater part of which the chiefs and vassals were all-powerful, for Magnus was but a child. At the end of his short reign, for he was not twenty-three when he died, the relations between ruler and ruled were hearty and loving, but still the crown was, as it were, in

¹ In those days Drontheim was the name of the district, and not of the town. Strictly speaking, the town was called Nidarós, that is, the town at the mouth of the river Nid.

commission in the hands of Einar and his fellows. Now the reign of love was over, the battle must be fought out to the last between the crown and its vassals, and Harold was just the man to win in such a struggle. "He was mighty," says the Saga, "and turned with a will to govern the land at home, and beyond measure wise and understanding, so that all said with one voice there was never a more understanding far-sighted king in the North. Besides, he was a surpassing warrior, strong and well-skilled in all feats of arms, and above all things, a man who knew how to work out his will." "Greedy he was of power, and he grew more and more greedy of it the firmer he felt himself in the land and government, and at last it went so far that most of those smarted for it who dared to speak against him, or to take other things in hand than those he thought good and right." His whole reign, as has been well shown by Munch, was one continuous effort and purpose to carry out his scheme of government with the most unbending will, to strengthen the power of the Crown, crush risings and rebellion, to stifle disturbances, and to bring the whole realm to a state of order and discipline, so that there might be one Norway under one king. Few kings could have done this in the face of strife at home and wasting war abroad; yet Harold did it so well, that he left at his death an orderly, flourishing, firmly-founded, and contented kingdom to his heirs. In him the National Church found a vigorous champion against the encroachments of the See of Bremen, and he left on it a stamp of liberty which the Papacy could not mar for centuries, if it ever quite succeeded. All this he could never have done had he not been a man of wonderful powers of mind, as well as will and daring. He must have had a good head as well as a heavy hand. As Magnus got his by-name "The Good" in his lifetime, so Harold was known almost as soon as he stepped upon the throne by a just and fitting title: Harold Hardrada (Haraldr hinn Hardráði) was what all men called him. Harold of hard *redes* as we should have said in early English; Harold "the hard-hearted," Harold the stern, a man whose terms were hard, and whose councils and conditions were hard to bear, for they looked to his profit and interest alone. This hardness was no doubt the fruit of the trials he had undergone in youth, not a little helped, perhaps, by that atmosphere of intrigue in which he had spent so many of his best years at the Greek Emperor's Court. And yet this man so hard, so stern, so greedy of fame and goods, had a heart if any one was lucky enough to find the way to it. Many stories prove that he could be affable, condescending, and entertaining, nay, more, that he could be loveable, liberal, and generous. His skill in poetry, and in all the literature of the age, showed a mind full of

taste and feeling, and a soul which, in better times, would have been capable of great things, in arts as well as in arms; but along with all those noble gifts he showed a tyrant's temper, in that he was fickle, hasty, and overbearing; none could tell how long he would be of the same mind, and, while basking in the sunshine of his favour, none knew how soon his smile would turn into a frown.

Such was the man whom Providence had pitted against the great Norwegian chiefs, who at one and the same time were vassals of the Crown.¹ They were a formidable array, even if taken chief by chief, and vassal by vassal; but there had also happened what will ever happen in such a state of things, all these chiefs were more or less bound together by ties of kinship or marriage, and a blow struck at one branch of the tree shook all the rest. Harold's difficulty was the same as that which met and overthrew King Olaf. He had to fight against the same local and personal interests with the old enemy with the old face; but he had one advantage which the Saint had not, while the heads of these great houses clung to the old system, a younger generation was springing up who felt that Norway was a whole, and not a mere gathering together of parts and provinces. The old system might be said to have held together the several atoms of the State by frost, which melted before any hot trial like that of Canute's invasion, and each atom was left to itself. Saint Olaf's system, as worked out by Harold, aimed at welding all the atoms together by repeated blows given by the strong arm of the crown, and when Harold died he left Norway quite annealed and amalgamated; one kingdom, and not a mere congeries of provinces. But besides this advantage arising out of the awaking of national consciousness, he had another in his personal power and craft. He had the end in view, and in his policy the means were hallowed by the end. We have seen

¹ First and foremost of these was Einar Paunchshaker, of whom we have so often heard. He was strong in the Drontheim district, and his wife, Bergliot, was sprung from the great Earl Hacon, so that their son Eindridi might boast of princely blood. Another great chief was the only earl in Norway Orm Eilif's son, of the Uplands, side by side with whom stood his kinsman, the young, fair, and gallant Hacon Ivar's son, whose father was the grandson of the same Earl Hacon. In Ringerike was Step-Thorir, the mightiest man in Gudbrandsdale. In the south-west was Aslak; in the Sognefirth Brynjolf, Helgi's son. In the north-west was the great House of the Arnmodings. Eystein Orri or the Gorcock, at Giske, and Finn Arni's son, brother of that mighty Kalf, who fled from Norway at the reproaches of Magnus. He lived at Austratt on Yrje, at the mouth of the Drontheim Firth. In Helgeland to the north, in the strip of land between the skerries and the Fells, Einar the Fly of Thjotta, had rule. He was Harold's vassal or lendirman, and early in the reign is named as having the wardship of the Finnskatt or fur trade.

that he was already wedded to Elizabeth. She had borne him two daughters, Maria and Ingigerd, but no son. It does not appear that Harold was ever separated from Jaroslav's daughter, and we know that she was with him at his end; but however that may be, it does appear that he strove to break up the compact array of the great chiefs by marrying a kinswoman of the mightiest of them. He turned his eyes therefore on Thora Eystein Gorcock's sister, and so became still more closely related to the Arnmodlings. This step left him with two wives on his hands, for it is certain that he was formally married to Thora, who is constantly called Queen in the Sagas, while Elizabeth is never mentioned except at the beginning and end of his reign. But two wives or one this marriage was a most politic step, for the Arnmodlings were widely connected, and by this single stroke not only Eystein Gorcock, but also Finn Arni's son, Hacon Ivar's son, and Einar the Fly, were brought over to Harold's party, for a time at least, and the stiff-necked Einar Paunchshaker, Step-Thorir, and some other Upland chiefs were his only enemies. Einar was strong, as we know, about Drontheim the old heart and capital of the country; and now as a set-off and balance to his weight, Harold made his trusty friend and old brother-in-arms, Ulf Ospak's son from Iceland, a vassal of the crown, and gave him great fiefs in the Drontheim district. At the same time he made him his marshal or master of the horse, and to crown all gave him Thora's sister Jorunna to wife, and Ulf by his faithfulness well deserved this good treatment. So Harold began his reign strong in himself and in his second marriage. Of yielding an inch to the unruliness of the freemen there could be no question. All that had been left by Magnus of the Danish imposts and injustice he rigidly maintained, and even added to. No king before or after him ever stood so stiffly for his rights, or so systematically neglected those of others. Einar, so long as he lived, often upbraided him for breaking the law, but the king, strong in his policy of setting chief against chief, turned a deaf ear to his reproaches, or if he gave way for a moment, it was only to return to his purpose with firmer will and greater force. Nor did he scorn, in his eagerness to add to his resources, to bring in a very common medieval financial operation. He struck coin so debased that scarce one half of it was silver, the rest being copper. These, almost the first coins in Norway, were known as *Harold's bits*. And now armed at all points, he made ready to fight it out with Sweyn.

This war with Sweyn lasted nearly twenty years, and we see at once why it lasted so long. Harold was never, as Magnus had been, chosen king by the Danes, who had now, for the most part, rallied round Sweyn, and who looked upon Harold

as a merciless usurper. Nor did Harold make war as a conqueror, but rather as an old Viking rover. Every year he called out his hosts, manned his fleet, and sailed for Denmark; there he harried and wasted the coasts and islands, burning, slaying, and plundering as he went, but seldom going up the country in force. So it was every year so long as the summer lasted. He spent his time in seeking for Sweyn, and sometimes met him, but as soon as winter came, he went back to Norway. He had too much to do at home to render it possible for him to leave the land for a longer time, and every winter Sweyn repaired his losses, and was ready when the spring came to make war with renewed life. Nor, though success was mostly on Harold's side, was he always successful. More than once he was nearly caught by Sweyn at great disadvantage, and only got clear off by extraordinary shifts and efforts. A war so waged might have lasted for ever and ever. Harold's stubborn nature was worn out at last, and he made peace with Sweyn. Nor was his fleet so large as those of the beloved Magnus. The freemen, headed by Einar, were not so willing to stand by him as they had been with their lost darling. Nor must we forget that Harold's policy at home tended to strengthen his foes abroad. Chief after chief fell or fled before him in Norway; but those who fled betook themselves to Sweyn, who welcomed them with open arms, and the friends and kinsmen of those who fell were not slow in following this example. So that Harold's successful efforts to strengthen the Crown in Norway, raised ever and anon new recruits for Sweyn, whose ranks were filled, and whose hosts were led by Norwegian exiles.

In the campaign of 1048, Harold took vengeance on his bitter enemy, Thorkell Geysa, whose daughters the winter before had mocked at Harold and his power, for they had carved anchors out of cheese, and said they were strong enough to hold Harold's fleet if he dared to show his face in Denmark. Now Harold steered straight for the firth at Randers in South Jutland. No long way from the strand lay Thorkell's house; he was away from home, but his sharp-tongued daughters would not listen to the warning words of the warder as he saw the hostile fleet far off upon the sea. It was only when they were told it was running up the firth that they would believe their eyes. Then it was too late to fly, and when the warder asked them: "What say ye now, ye daughters of Geysi? does Harold dare to come to Denmark or no?" all they could answer was: "'Twas yesterday we said that." Harold's men were at the gate. "Now let us show," he said, "Geysi's daughters that our anchors are not of cheese but of stouter stuff." A ring of men was thrown round the house, and Harold bade

them fire it. As it began to blaze the maidens begged to be allowed to leave it, and Harold said though they well deserved to burn along with it, still he was willing to see how Norse fetters would fit Danish legs. So they were driven down to the beach in chains. As soon as Thorkell heard what had happened he hastened to Harold, who being then in a good temper allowed him to ransom his daughters at a heavy price. That same summer Harold defeated Sweyn's fleet at Thiolarness, not far from Viborg, and when winter drew near after some other operations sailed north for Drontheim. The grudge between him and Einar's party had only slumbered during the summer to break out with fresh force in winter. Harold, who was always at work, had his hands full with building at Drontheim, where a new church in honour of the Virgin Mary was rising, but with his hands busy his mind was full of forethought and care for the behaviour of his foes. His hand was heavy on the freemen, and Einar was their champion. To such a length did their feud go, that Einar's houses both when at home in the country or in the town were filled with a little army of men. He had eight or nine war-ships, and about 600 warriors always with him. At the head of such a company he rescued a thief whom the king had ordered to be hanged, merely because the culprit had once had shelter under his roof and found favour in his eyes. On another occasion they had a worse quarrel. It happened once, as it often happened, says the Saga, that a ship came to Drontheim district and ran up to Nidarós. It was a ship from Iceland, and aboard was an Ice-lander of little goods. He had the watch by night on their ship, and when men were all fast asleep, he saw two men go stealthily up a hill hard by with spades and mattocks, and they fell a digging, and he knew they were seeking for hidden money. So he left the ship and came on them unawares, and he saw they had dug up a chest full of money. So he spoke to the man who was their chief, and whose name was Thorfinn, "How much wilt thou give me to keep your secret as to finding this money?" "How much dost thou ask?" says Thorfinn. "No more than three marks weighed, but if ever I am in need of money then thou shalt give me as much more." Thorfinn agreed to these terms, and weighed him down the three marks, but when they opened the chest, there on the top close up lay a big ring and a heavy necklace. The Icelander saw runes scored on the chest, and the writing said that Earl Hacon had owned those goods. So they parted after that. The Icelander went back to his ship, but Thorfinn became a very wealthy man in a very short time. Then he was called Thorfinn the Chapman, for he had money out in almost every voyage and venture, and he dressed

himself most gorgeously in clothes, and got to be a famous man. But the Icelander was unlucky and lost all his goods, and so some summers after he went to see Thorfinn, and begged him to give him some money, but he made as though he knew him not, and said he had no claim to any money from him. Then the Icelander went to Einar Paunchshaker, and bade him for his countenance, and said he was without a penny, as was quite true. He meant to repay him for his kindness by telling him of the treasure-trove, for he thought it only right that Earl Hacon's heirs should have the money if they got their rights. But time went on, and he did not tell, and it slipped out of his mind, but he stayed with Einar that winter. But when summer began, and men were getting ready for their journeys, Einar asked what plans the Icelander had. He said he scarce knew what was best to do. He was without a penny in the world, but what he should like best would be to fare to Iceland. "That's best, after all," said Einar; "I will give thee food to last out the voyage, and, beside, a chest full of wares; 'tis but little goods, but yet with them thou mayest buy thyself some needful things." So the Icelander thanked him for his kindness and went away, but he still said never a word about the treasure. He went down to Nidarós, and tarried there, and took a passage to Iceland. King Harold was then in the town, and one day when men came out of church the king said, "Who is yon lordly-dressed man who is walking along the street?" They told him it was Thorfinn the Chapman. Then the king went on: "Many strange things come about, and not the least wonderful is how such men get together such great wealth in so short a time, and are as rich as Jews in few years, though before they were well-nigh beggars." So the king sent after him, and bade him come and see him; and when he came, the king asked whence all that money came which he had got together in a little while. He was loath to say, and made this and that excuse how he had saved it in trading voyages; first of all by lending and borrowing, and from partnership with other men; but at last the end was that he had to tell the truth. But when the king heard that, he made them take all his goods and money from Thorfinn, which he had with him, and which he had out at venture alike, and confiscated it to himself, and after all he said, he treated Thorfinn better than he was worth, in that he was neither slain nor hanged on a tree. A little money the king left him, and so Thorfinn went away out of the land. Now it came into the Icelander's mind that he had held his peace rather too long as to the finding of the treasure, but still he went and found Einar, and told him the whole story. Then Einar said, "This matter would have taken a better turn

for thee and for all of us, if I had had the first chance of getting these goods before the king laid his hand on them; for now it is no easy thing to strive with him about it; but we should have had Thorfinn utterly in our power, and yet he would have been better off than he now is. And as for thee, Icelfander, thou canst be not at all a lucky man, so fair as thy lot seemed at first. But still thou shalt have some silver of me, and then fare away out to Iceland, and never come back to Norway while Harold is king over the land." So they parted there and then. A little while after, Einar came down to the town with a great company of his kinsmen and friends, and he made his way to where the king was in church; but when the king came out of church, Einar turned to meet him, and greeted him, and asked if he had laid his hands on those goods and money which Thorfinn the Chapman had found. He said, "So it was; for that," he went on, "is the law of the land, that the king shall own all that money and treasure which is found in the earth." "Very true," said Einar, "if men do not know who has owned it; but now, I trow, that Eindridi, my son, and Bergliot his mother, own all heritage after Earl Hacon, and that is why I think I have a right to take these goods which he owned of yore." Then Einar told the signs and tokens, both as to the runes and precious things themselves, how Earl Hacon had owned this treasure; "And," says he, "if thou wilt not give it up, then we will not spare to seek for it by main force, and do ye guard it if ye will." "Mighty art thou, indeed, Einar," said the king, "for now art thou king over the land rather than I, though I bear the king's name." Then well-meaning men took part in the quarrel, and so took care that no harm came of it, and then all the treasure was handed over to Einar; and so they parted, and they were still called friends by the good dealing of both their friends.

After this quarrel, in which the law of treasure-trove as belonging to the Crown is laid down as precisely as though it were uttered by some high prerogative lawyer of the present day, and which strongly illustrates the recent cases which have happened in England, Harold and Einar remained friends in name, but with the feud still rankling in their hearts. Against such a subject and others of his stamp Harold might well employ a little Machiavellian kingcraft. It happened that Harold had fast bound in prison some Danes, whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands. It was known to few that they were even alive—like Joseph in the Egyptian dungeon, they had gone clean out of mind, and been forgotten. To them Harold promised life and liberty if they would do his bidding. That was to go round the country with forged letters in Sweyn's name

and seal, and with a large sum of money which Harold gave them, and as they went from house to house to offer the chiefs and vassals money in Sweyn's name, as a bribe, to help him when he fell upon Norway, as he often threatened to do.¹ The Danes, for liberty, agreed to Harold's terms, and set out on their treacherous journey. It was a perilous proof to stand, and yet Einar stood it. Whatever might be his hatred to Harold he was true to Norway. His pride too was beyond a bribe. When the tempters came to him, told their errand, and showed him the money and letters, Einar said, "'Tis known to all men that King Harold is no friend of mine, while King Sweyn often speaks of me in a friendly way, and willingly would I be his friend. But if he comes hither into this land of Norway with a host to fall on King Harold, and harries his lands, I will withstand him with all my might, and stand by King Harold with all the strength I can get together and keep his land with him." With that noble answer the bribers went away to Step-Thorir in Gudbrandsdale and showed him the letter. "King Sweyn," said the fickle chief, "ever treats me in a kind and friendly way, and maybe that the spring of his bounty is not yet dry." With those words he took the money and kept it. After trying other great chiefs and vassals, some of whom stood the test well and some ill, the Danes came to the house of Högni Longbjörn's son, a simple freeman, but well-to-do, and a man of many friends. He was worth winning, but when he saw the letters and the money, he said, "Methinks 'tis likely that King Sweyn will set small store by me, in that I am but a boor of low degree; but still there is but one answer to give in this matter. If King Sweyn comes with war and strife into this land of Norway, no boor's son will be a worse foe to him than I." On the whole, King Harold should have been well content with the report of his messengers. When he heard how well Einar had behaved, he said, "It was to be looked for that he would talk like a good man and true, but still it was out of little love to me. How fared ye with Step-Thorir?" The messenger said Thorir took the money and spoke fair words of both kings. "Ah," answered the king, "he is the last man out of whom one can get his mind as to anything." But when they told him how Högni Longbjörn's son had answered, the King cried out, "There ye may see the making of a vassal." And now, says the Saga, King Harold knew where his friends lay. Against

¹ Munch, by an oversight, says the Danes had Sweyn's signet in their possession. That is at least unlikely, but the Saga says nothing of the kind. It says, "þau (bréf) voru innsiglut undir nafni Sveins Danakonúngs," which merely means that they were signed and sealed in Sweyn's name. In fact, they were a forgery of Harold's.

Einar he could neither say nor do anything. Thorir he tried to seize and punish, and even went unbidden to his house; but the wily chief met him on the way, having had a hint that he was coming. Before the King could speak a word, he bade him to a feast that night, and thrusting a great bag of money into his hands, said, "This was brought by some Danish men who brought money and letters from King Sweyn. I only took it to keep it and hand it over to you, and here it is. Now I must go to settle a quarrel which has sprung up between my people, but I shall be back by evening." With that he rode off. To the feast he never came, and Harold had to confess that he had been entirely outwitted, and went away prophesying that Thorir's fickle temper would bring him sooner or later to a bad end. When he went to Högni's house and offered to make him a vassal and give him a fief, the proud but modest freeman answered, "I thank you, lord, for your friendship, and all that I can do for you I will; but a vassal's name I will not have, for that I know that when the great vassals meet together it will be said, as is the truth, Högni must sit last, he is least of vassals, because he is of boorish race, and then my vassal's name will bring no honour with it, for I shall be their laughing-stock. So I will rather be called a freeman, as is my right, and then I shall have honour in the speech of men, for then it will be said, though it is not much to say, when freemen meet together Högni is the first of them. But all honour, goodwill, and friendship I will take with all my heart from you, and give back the same, though I be but a freeman, henceforth as hitherto." The King said that was a wise and noble answer, and so they parted with great love.

But Harold, much as he feared Einar, could not help being touched at the way in which he had withstood temptation. He sent (1049-50) and begged him to come to the town of Niðarós, and made him a great feast. Einar came, and the king made him good cheer, and bade him sit next himself. At even, after they had eaten and the tables were taken away, the king and his court sat down in a ring on the straw round the fire, and they drank and were merry. Down pillows were brought, and laid behind Einar and the king; and so they began to talk and jest, and Harold, a sure sign that he was in a good humour, fell to telling of his doughty deeds in foreign lands. Perhaps Einar had often heard them before, perhaps he only believed half of what he heard; but he was old and fat, full of meat and drink; it was not strange then that he began to nod and doze. The king went on, but he was not over-pleased. At last Einar was fast asleep. Then the fickle turn of Harold's heart showed itself, and he changed from mirth to anger, like an April day. It was

all done to show how little Einar cared for him or his exploits, and that at the very time when he had softened his heart and lowered himself to try to be friends with him. All this rushed through Harold's mind; and besides, they had all drunk deep. So there old Einar sat, propped up by his pillow, sound asleep. Harold bent towards a near kinsman of his, named Griótgard, and whispered, "Take a wisp of grass, and twist it tight, and stick it in Einar's hand, and give him a good poke in the ribs, and call out in his ear, 'Wilt thou to bed, Einar?'" Griótgard did the king's bidding, and Einar started up at the poke in the ribs and shout in his ear, and—what he did at the same time we cannot say, but it was something which, after all he had eaten and drunken, was not wonderful. Up jumped the king and left the hall, we may be sure with a laugh, and there Einar was left the laughing-stock of the court, with the wisp of grass clenched in his hand. In those days such mockery was a deadly insult, for it made a great chief a nidding, and such shame could only be washed out by blood. But Einar went first to bed. As soon as day dawned, he broke into the loft where Griótgard slept, took him out and slew him. Thus the meeting which was to make them friends only ended in making them still worse foes, and the king's wrath was hot against the slayer of his kinsman, though even he might have granted that the man had fallen in his own wrongdoing. Common friends tried to patch this fresh quarrel up, and Harold seemed to listen to their advice; but in his heart he had resolved to put an end to their strife by Einar's death, and though he bade him come and settle the terms of atonement, it was only to be sure of getting Einar into his hands. So Einar, followed by Eindridi, his son, and a great company of his followers, went down to the king's council or parliament chamber, on the banks of the river Nid. Before he came, the king had settled his plan. In the chamber he was to be with a few trusty men, the rest of his Hird were close by in the courtyard. A black deed is best done in darkness, and the shutters which closed the louvre in the roof from the rain were drawn over it. What little light was left struggled through the narrow slits in the side wall. When Einar came into the yard, he said to Eindridi, "Stay thou here outside the hall with our force, so we shall be in no danger;" for what the wary old chief most feared was that they should all be caught inside in a trap, and smoked or burnt to death. Such things had often happened, and might happen again. But Harold's plans were deeper laid. Einar went in without fear, trusting in the king's peace, and sure of retreat in case of danger. He stepped into the hall, with his eyes full of light, and, blinded by the sudden change from daylight to darkness, he cried out,

"How dark it is in the king's council-chamber!" Before the words were out of his mouth, Harold's followers fell on him cut and thrust. The old man strove to die hard. He made for the seat where Harold awaited him, and hewed at him with his axe, but here the king's wiliness foiled him. He had armed himself in two byrnies or shirts of mail, one no doubt being his darling "Emma," and the blow fell harmless. By that time Einar was sorely wounded. His last words were, "Now the king's hounds bite sharp." They were so loud that Eindridi heard them outside. Drawing his sword he rushed into the chamber only to fall by his father's side. Then the king's men outside rose up and held the door of the hall, and the freemen having lost both of their leaders at once scarcely lifted a hand. Yet they were egging each other on, saying it was a shame not to avenge their chief, but naught came of their attack. The king was not slow, he came out, put himself at the head of his men, set up his banner, and drew up his host in battle array. When he found that the freemen would not make an onslaught he made for his ships and his men with him, and they rowed as fast as they could out of the narrow stream into the broad firth.

It was a bloody deed and a shameful deed, and well it was that the king got clear off before the freemen came to themselves. He had not counted the cost of such a treacherous murder. Bergliot, Einar's wife, hastened up to the hall as soon as she heard the ill-tidings, her heart bent on revenge more than grief, but as she reached it the king's ship was running out of the river. "Now," she cried, "we miss our kinsman Hacon Ivar's son, Einar's banemen would never run out of the river were Hacon here." Then they took up both bodies and laid them by the side of King Magnus. Spite of all Einar's unruliness he was a man of noble patriotic mind. His claims as the freer of his country from foreign rule outweigh all that can be said against him, and though his fall was needful that Norway might be brought to obey her king, the base way in which he was done to death brought at once a host of enemies on Harold's hands.

Now Hacon Ivar's son, the gallant and the fair, was Einar's next of kin, and with him lay the feud of blood. Bergliot sent straight to him, and laid the claim for vengeance in his hands. Harold did not dare to show his face up the country, but made for Yrjar, at the mouth of the Drontheim Firth, where his kinsman by marriage, Finn Arni's son, the Arnmodling lived, and who had hitherto been his fast friend. Him he tried to persuade to play the part of a mediator, and to soothe the feelings of Hacon and his friends, and Finn was well fitted for the task. He was the bosom-friend of Hacon, with whom he

had been a Viking in the west; maybe too he was not sorry, as one of the heads of a great house, to hear that another great chief had been laid low. At any rate he met the king kindly, and heard his story out. Finn was a man of sharp and bold tongue, nor did he spare the king in words. "Thou art the worst man I ever knew," he said; "first thou dost all kinds of ill, and afterwards thou art so scared¹ thou canst scarce tell which way to turn." But the king knew well which way to turn when he came thither. He answered with a laugh, "My errand, brother-in-law, hither, is to get thee to go up to the town and talk the freemen over, and set me at one with them; and if that cannot be brought about, then I wish that thou shouldst go to the Uplands to Hacon Ivar's son, so that he may not stand against me." But Finn was not going on such an errand for nothing. The freemen were so enraged that it was at the risk of a man's life to take up the king's quarrel. "Only go, brother-in-law," said the king, "for I know thou wilt succeed if any man can, and choose a boon of me for going." Then Finn uttered what had long lain deep in his heart, "Keep now thy word, king, and I will choose my boon, and at once I choose pardon and peace in Norway for my brother Kalf, and that he shall have back all his land and goods, and along with them all rank and title and power that he had ere he fared out of the land." In his need, the King agreed to that, though Kalf had been a greater man in his day than Einar, and he might think he had only got rid of one enemy to bring a worse foe in his stead. So that was witnessed, and the bargain struck. Then Finn went on to ask what he should offer to Hacon to let the king have peace, for now he had stepped into Einar's place as to influence over the Drontheimers. "First learn," said the king, "what he asks, and then make the best terms for me that thou canst. If the worst comes to the worst, stand out for nothing but the kingdom." After that the king went south to the district of Møren, and waited to see what would come of it.

So Finn set out with near eighty of his household at his back, and when he came to Nidarós, he held a meeting of the householders and freemen. Then he made them a long and clever speech, and bade them think of all the trouble they had brought upon the land by killing King Olaf. As for Harold, he was ready to make handsome atonement, in fact to do all that good men and true might ask. When Finn had done speaking, the freemen said they were willing to let things stand as they were till the messenger came back whom Bergliot had sent

¹ Harold, with all his well-known bravery, had been accused of cowardice before by Haldor Snorri's son, a man more outspoken even than Finn, when he and Harold had their passage of words in Sicily.

to Hacon Ivar's son in the Uplands. Now Finn lost no time; he made Orkadale, with his men, then cut across over the Dofrafell, and so got to the Uplands. First he went to his son-in-law, Earl Orm, a great friend of Hacon, and told him his errand. Then they both called Hacon to meet them, and Finn told him that he had come on Harold's part to offer an atonement to stay the blood-feud. At first Hacon would say little but that he was bound to avenge Einar, and meant to do so. All he heard from Drontheim showed him that he should have force enough and to spare to cope with the king. "Well," said Finn, "as thou pleasest; but think how much better it will be to take as much honour from the king as thou thyself choosest to ask, rather than run the risk of raising a band to march against the king, to whom thou art already bound by ties of fealty. Thou mayest lose the day, and then both life and lands are forfeited; but even if thou conquerest King Harold, thou wilt be called a traitor to thy liege lord, and be left alone and hunted from the fellowship of all good men." Earl Orm backed Finn in all he said, and Hacon thought twice about it. At last he also brought out what lay deep in his heart, for Hacon too had his price. "I will take an atonement from King Harold, and be friends again with him, if he will give me to wife his kinswoman, Ragnhilda, King Magnus' daughter, with such dower as suits her rank, and she herself chooses." "I agree to that at once," said Finn; so that bargain was struck also. Then Finn fared back to Nidarós, having done his errand well and deftly, and took up his abode there; all that strife and feud settled down, and Harold came out of his great strait, and held his realm in peace. "And all men said that Hacon Ivar's son was a greater man than ever his father Ivar the White had been, though he had been a great vassal under Saint Olaf, who set great store by him."

Harold had now two promises to fulfil, one to Hacon in Ragnhilda's marriage, and one to Finn as to his brother's return. The first he was not able to keep at once, for the princess was yet a child. But Kalf came from Orkney, where he had stayed for years in exile with his brother-in-law Earl Thorfinn, as soon as ever he heard that the ban was raised. He was at once restored to all his rank and lands. This was in 1050 or early in 1051. The summer after Harold showed how he could keep his word to the ear but break it in deed. He sailed for Denmark, as was his wont, to waste the Danish shores. This year the island of Funen was his prey, but the islanders gathered force enough to do battle for their goods, and Harold sent Kalf, who was one of the first warriors of the time, at the head of a band up the country, telling him that he would soon

follow. Kalf obeyed, but only to meet a far greater force. Trusting to Harold's word, he fell on them, was soon overpowered, and forced to fly, for Harold never came. Driven headlong to the beach, many fell in the rout, and amongst them Kalf fighting bravely to the last. All this time Harold had never left his ships, and it looked as though he had meant Kalf to fall into the enemy's hands and had left him in the lurch. Finn raised loud complaints, and many said he must have been silly, knowing Harold's character so well, to have thought that he would ever abandon his thirst for vengeance. Harold himself let them talk on. Nor did he care to conceal his joy that another great chief had fallen. In a moment of exultation he burst out into a song, in which he boasted that thirteen of his foes had bit the dust since he came back to Norway. It was hard to be forced to kill, but the wickedness and spite of some folk left him no choice. Who the thirteen victims were is doubtful, their names are untold, but no one then doubted that Einar, Eindridi, and now Kalf were to be reckoned among them. Nor was he rid of his foes by death and murder alone. Finn the great chief, who had done him such service and got so poor a meed, enraged at his brother's death, left land and goods in Norway, and fled to Sweyn (1051), who made much of him, gave him the title of Earl, and set him to guard Halland, the border land between the two kingdoms, against his own countrymen. So it was, as we have already said, that Sweyn's strength was recruited by Norwegian outlaws, and the attempt to bring in order at home only swelled the enemy's ranks. Many others followed the example set them by Finn. "In those days," says the Saga, "the vassals in Norway were so overbearing and quarrelsome, that as soon as ever they disliked anything that the king did they fled away out of the land to King Sweyn south in Denmark, and then he made mighty men out of them, and to some he gave good gifts. Well might Skald Thiodolf sing of the faithless band, who had broken their faith and deserted their lord for Sweyn's service, and declare that their shameful deeds would long be borne in mind. But even Thiodolf when off his stilts must have owned that it was Harold's hard and overbearing system, and the merciless way in which he worked his purpose out, that drove the best and bravest of his subjects out of the country.

He was now to part with another of his friends, where the fault was certainly not on his own side. We have already spoken of his old comrade, the Iclander, Haldor Snorri's son, and of his sharp tongue. Some time before the events which have just been told took place Haldor had a fit of home-sickness. "He was," says the Saga, "a tall man in growth, and fair of face. One of the strongest and most daring of men, and best skilled in arms.

King Harold bore witness that of all men who had been with him Haldor was the one who least showed any change of feeling; whether it were risk of life or joyful tidings that came upon him he was never one whit gladder or less joyful. He never took his meat and drink more or less kindly than was his wont whatever befell, were it foul or fair. Haldor was a man of few words, short-spoken, out-spoken, sulky-tempered, and unyielding; quarrelsome in all things with whomsoever he had to deal, and that suited King Harold ill when he had men and enough to choose from, so they hit it off badly after Harold was king in Norway." At first, however, they were very good friends, but as soon as Harold was well seated on the throne, Haldor grew less and less glad, and at last the king asked him what he had on his mind. "My heart is set on going to Iceland, Lord," answered Haldor. "Well," said the king, "many a man might have longed for home sooner, but where are your goods, and how stand your money matters?" "That is soon said," answered Haldor, "for the clothes I stand in are all I have." "Little heed for long service and much risk," answered Harold. "I will get thee a ship and lading, and then thy father shall see that thou hast not served me for naught." So Haldor thanked the king, and a few days after the king asked him how many shipmates he had got. "Oh," said Haldor, "all the chapmen had already taken their passages, but as for me I can get no men, and so I fear that ship which you gave me must stay behind, for she has no crew." "Then my gift is not worth much," answered Harold, "we must wait a while and see how we can manage for a crew." Next day the horns blew to call a meeting in the town, and the news ran that the king had something to say to the townsfolk and chapmen. The king came late to the folkmoot, and drew a very long and thoughtful face when he did come, and when he came he said, "We hear that strife and war has arisen in our realm away east in 'the Bay.' King Sweyn is there at the head of the Danish host, and will do us harm and scathe, but we will by no means give up our land, and for that sake we lay a ban against all ships leaving the land before I get what I want out of every ship both in men and stores, save only one galley of no great burden, which Haldor Snorri's son owns, and which is bound to sail to Iceland. And now, though this may seem rather hard to you who have already made ready to sail, still need drives us to such imposts; but we thought it better that all should bide for better times, and then every man may fare as he likes." After that the folkmoot broke up, and when Haldor and the king met a little while after, the king asked whether he had got any shipmates. "More than enough and to spare," answered Haldor, "for many more come to me

than I can make room for, and these come so thick upon me that my house-door is almost broken in by their knocks. I have rest neither day nor night." "Keep now those shipmates with whom thou hast made thy bargain and leave the rest to me." Next day there was another blast for a folkmoot, and then the king came quickly enough. He was the first on the spot, and his face was bright and cheerful. He stood up at once and said—"Now I have good tidings. It was naught but falsehood and lies all that story about the war a day or two ago; and now our will is that every man should sail away with his ship whithersoever he likes, and so come all of ye back next autumn and bring us back costly things, and instead ye shall all have from us goodness and friendship." All the chapmen were overjoyed at that, and said he was the best king that ever lived. So Haldor fared out to Iceland that summer, and was there with his father, and he came back the summer after and went back to King Harold's Hird, and so it is said that Haldor was then not so willing to follow the king as he had been before, and he sat up on evenings after the king went to bed.

This voyage of Haldor's seems to have been in 1048, just before Harold's first cruise against Sweyn. In 1049 he came back, and now it was that his quarrels with Harold began. The winter of 1050-51 Harold spent in Drontheim, after Finn Arni's son had reconciled him with the freemen, and there in his Hall at Nidarós the king kept high state at Yule. Among the king's Hird was one Thórir Englandfarer, for he had been a chapman and sailed to many other lands, but most to England, and he had brought back the king many costly things. But he was old, and said to the king, "I am an old man, as ye know, and I am weary with years; methinks I am quite unfit to follow the customs of the Hird in drinking toasts and memories, as well as in other things that thereto belong, and so I must look out for some other home, though 'tis best and merriest to be with you." "Easy to find a way out of this strait, friend," answered the king; "stay still with the Hird, and drink no more than thou wilt, by my leave." There was another man from the Uplands, Bard by name, a good man and true, and not old. He was in great love with King Harold, and they three, Thórir, Bard, and Haldor, all sat on one bench. Now one evening, just as the king passed by them along the hall, as they sat and drank, Haldor gave up the horn. It was a big bull's horn, and well pared and polished, so that one could see clearly through it; and Haldor had fairly drunk his half with Thórir, but Thórir was long in draining the rest. The king fancied from the time the old man took that Haldor had shirked his drink, and he said sharply, "How long

it is before some men are found out, Haldor, when now thou art a dastard at thy drink against this old man, and yet runnest out late at night after light women and dost not follow thy king as of yore." Haldor gave him no answer, but Bard saw that he was hurt, and next morning he rose at dawn of day and went to see the king. "Well! thou art an early riser, Bard," said the king. "Yes," answered Bard, "I am, and I am come to scold you, Lord. You spoke harshly and unfairly yestereen to Haldor your friend, when you blamed him for drinking like a laggard, for the horn was with Thórir. Haldor had drunk his share; nay more, when Thórir was about to bear it back to the cask, Haldor took it and drained it more than half. That is also the biggest lie when ye said that he went about with light women by night; but still if his friends could choose, he would be a closer follower to you than he is." Harold said he and Haldor would soon make it up when they met. So Bard went and told Haldor that the king spoke nothing but good of him, and that he must not mind if the king threw such words about, for it was more jest than earnest. Still time went on and the feud lasted. But when Yule came then fines and forfeits were laid down as was the wont at Yule; and one morning there was a change in ringing for matins, for the king's candleswains gave the sacristan money to ring far earlier than was the wont. So Haldor was caught and many more; and so they had to sit in the straw all day, and at night were to drink out their forfeits. But Haldor would do no such thing, he sat sulking in his seat while the others were down in the straw. Still they handed him the horn of forfeit which every man that was fined had to drain, but he said he would not drink it. So the king was told. "It can't be true," said the king; "he will take it if I hand it him;" so he took the horn and went up to Haldor with it. Haldor stood up and the king handed him the horn and bade him drink it off. "As for that," said Haldor, "I think myself never a whit more worthy a fine because ye choose to play tricks, and change the ringing to matins just for the sake of making men pay forfeits." "Still drink the horn thou must," said the king, "no less than other men." "Maybe you will have your way," answered Haldor; "but Sigurd Sow would never have forced Snorri the Priest to do such a thing if it were against his will." So he seized the horn and drank it off; but the king was very wroth and went back to his seat. But when the eighth day of Yule came then men had their pay given them, and that silver was called Harold's bits, it was most part copper; but when Haldor took his pay he turned it over into the lap of his cloak and looked hard at it, and it seemed to him as though

the silver in which he was paid was not pure, and he tossed it up with his left hand underneath his cloak and down fell the silver into the straw. "Now thou hast done ill," said Bard, "for the king will think it an insult when his pay is treated as dross." "Nothing will come of it," answered Haldor; "there's little risk of that."

After Yule the king bade them get ready his ship and meant to go south, but Haldor would not busk himself for the voyage. "Why wilt thou not busk thyself?" asked Bard. "Because I don't mean to go at all," answered Haldor. "I see the king loses no love on me." "But he must wish thee to go," said Bard, and with that Bard went off to the king. He could not afford to lose such a hand at the helm, he said. "Go and tell him that I say he must go," said the king, and say besides, "our feud is all fun and there is nothing earnest in it." So Haldor went at the prayer of Bard, and took his station near the helm as pilot. One night as they sailed along, Haldor called to the man who steered the king's ship, "Down with your helm." "Keep your course," cried the king. Again Haldor called out the second time, "Let her fall off." But the king again called out, "Steady, keep straight on your course." "Well!" said Haldor, "you are steering right for a reef." He had scarce spoken when they ran so hard on the rocks that she knocked off her keel and a hole in her bottom, and they had to get her off and lay her up on shore by the help of other ships, and they lay on land in tents till the ship was repaired. Next morning Bard woke up to find Haldor busy packing up his baggage. "Whither away now, foster brother?" he asked. "I mean to get on board a trading ship that lies off here," said Haldor, "maybe our chimneys will now smoke far apart if we each go on our way, for I do not wish the king to spoil his ships or other treasures only to put me in the wrong." "Bide a while, messmate," answered Bard, "till I go and see the king." "Early afoot, Bard," said the king. "So I need to be," said Bard, "for here is Haldor going off, and he thinks you have treated him scurvily, as is the very truth, and he says he can't get on with you any longer, and so he is going back to Drontheim to his own ship, and he will sail out to Iceland in wrath. Then that will be a sorry parting, for my mind is that you will hardly get another so faithful follower as he has been." The king said he did not see why they should not still be good friends. As for himself he thought little of all that had happened. But Bard when he went back with these kind words found Haldor still stubborn; "Why should I serve him any longer, when I can't even get my pay in pure silver." In vain Bard told him he was no worse off than other vassals and

mighty men. "Well," said Haldor, "all I know is I have never been so hard to deal with in all my wanderings as the king is now about his pay." "True enough," said Bard. "Let me go to the king once more." After much trouble Bard got the king to go out of his way to please Haldor, and he soon brought him back his pay in pure silver of full weight, saying, "Now thou hast had thy wish." But Haldor had still something more to ask. He must have a war-ship to steer of his own. He would stay no longer on board the king's. "But where is a war-ship to come from?" asked Bard. "The great chiefs and vassals will not give one up to please thee. Thou art too greedy of honour." Haldor held his own, and would not sail unless he had a ship. Bard went to the king and told him Haldor's demand. "All I know," he said, "is, if all the crew are as trusty as the captain that will be great strength to the fleet." The king thought it was much to ask, but still he let Haldor have his way. But how to get the ship, for ships then, any more than "ironclads" now, were not made in a day. But Harold soon found one. He sent for Sweyn of Lyrgja, one of his vassals, and said, "Thou art a man of such mark, Sweyn, I must have thee on board my own ship." Sweyn was taken somewhat aback. He thought the king had hitherto rather taken counsel of others than of him. Besides, there was his ship, what was to become of her? "Haldor, Snorri's son, is to have her," said the king. "Well," said Sweyn, "I never thought thou wouldst let an Icelander rob me of my command." "His family," retorted the king, "is not worse in Iceland than thine is here in Norway. There are many too out there who have not to go far back in their pedigree to tell their descent from mighty and famous men in Norway; nay, it is no long time since that those who now dwell in Iceland were Norsemen." So the king had his way and Haldor got the ship, and the king steered for the Bay, and went about there to feast at his vassals' houses.

But one day as the king sat at meat, and Haldor with him, in came Haldor's crew all dripping wet. Their story was that Sweyn and his followers had boarded Haldor's ship and thrown them overboard. "Am I to own the ship you gave," asked Haldor, "or is that gift too not to be kept?" "Kept it shall be," said the king; and so he sent six ships along with Haldor to retake the ship. They found Sweyn, chased him away, and brought the ship back. Sweyn made his peace a little after by throwing the whole case into the king's hand, and by offering to buy back the ship from Haldor. When the king saw that Sweyn was willing to behave well, he bargained with Haldor for the ship, and paid him down there and then its full price in gold and burnt silver. Only half a mark of gold was left out-

standing. So the winter wore away, but when spring came Haldor asked over and over again for his money, as he said he must sail away to Iceland. The king did not deny the debt, but he put off paying it from day to day, and made no show of stopping Haldor in his voyage. And now Haldor's ship was "boun" for sea. He was only waiting for a breeze, and one evening late it came. He ran his ship at once out of the river, and then rowed back to land in a boat with a few men. He steered for the king's wharf, turned the boat and backed her in, and made one man hold her while the others lay on their oars, and so waited for him. Then he went up alone into the town with all his weapons, and so to the house where the king slept with the queen. There was a slight noise as he went in and they both started up. The king called out who it was that broke in upon their rest at night. "Here is Haldor," was the answer; "and now I am 'boun' for my voyage, and there is a rattling breeze; 'tis high time to pay that money which is outstanding." "That can't be done so quickly," said the king. "Bide till morning and then we will pay it." "I will have it now, at once," said Haldor. "I will not turn away this time on a bootless errand. I know thy temper well, and that thou wilt not like my behaviour in coming to fetch this money, however you may feign to like it now. And for the time to come I shall put little trust in thee. It is not at all clear that we shall now see each other so often that I shall ever have a better chance. The game is now in my hands and I will play it out. I see the queen has a goodly gold-ring on her arm, let me have that." "Then," said the king, "we must fetch scales and weigh the ring." "No need of that," answered Haldor, "I'll take it as it is instead of my debt; and now have done with thy prating. Hand it over at once." Then the queen said, "Let him have the ring as he asks. Seest thou not that he stands over thee with his heart full of murder." So she took off her ring and gave it to Haldor. He took it, thanked them both for paying his debt, and wished them long life. Then down he went speedily to his boat, and his men pulled lustily at their oars and rowed out to his ship. They weighed anchor at once and hoisted sail. They had hardly weathered the point ere they heard the blast of horns in the town, and the last thing they saw was three war-ships launched which stood out after them. There was a roaring breeze, and the galley soon walked over the water; and so when the king's men saw that Haldor was drawing away they tacked and turned back, but Haldor stood out to sea, and so they parted. Haldor had a fine voyage to Iceland, and he and King

Harold never saw each other again. When he got to Iceland he set up his abode at Hjarðarholt, the great house built by Olaf the Peacock, in Laxdale in the West. Some winters after Harold sent him word to come back and live with him, and gave him his word if he came that his honour should never have been more, nor would he set any man higher in all Norway of simple birth than him. Only let him come and see. But the wary Haldor knew his man and was not to be trapped so easily. His answer was, "I will not fare back to King Harold. Each of us must now hold what he has gotten. I know his temper, and I know well that he would keep his word when he said he would set no man higher in Norway than me if I would come to him; for he would hang me up on the highest gallows if he could have his way." So Haldor stayed at home. Later on when Harold's days were drawing to a close, it is said he sent word to Haldor to send him over some fox-skins to throw over his bed, for the king felt he needed warmth at night. And when Haldor heard the message, his first words were, "The old cock is getting old, is he?" But he sent him the skins. So there Haldor, Snorri's son, lived at Hjarðarholt, and died an old man.

In all this story it is plain if there was any tyrant it was Haldor and not Harold. But Haldor was an Icelanders; there lay the secret of his influence with Harold. Nor was it Haldor alone and Ulf Ospak's son whom he treated with favour as his brothers in arms. While he was stern to all his countrymen, all Icelanders were welcome. Just as in other times in other lands foreigners are often well-treated, while native talent goes unrewarded. It is true that the Icelanders well deserved all the favour that they got; none were bolder sailors, or more dauntless warriors; none had so sharp and biting wit; none had such good breeding; none such stately presence. Above all, none had such literary talent; none guarded more jealously their old songs and stories; none could clothe the gallant deeds of mighty captains in such soul-stirring verse. They had the literature of the North, and all its treasures, both in story and verse, in their keeping, and they kept it well. That was not the age of writing, but of telling and reciting, and of both arts the Icelanders were masters. So much so, that in a little while the other nations of the North stood by, as it were, and left all poetry and all saga-telling in the hands of the islanders of the West, who thus became the great depositories of the early literature of the North. This at first handed down from mouth to mouth, was afterwards handed down in books as soon as oral tradition gave way to writing. But Harold's age was still that of telling. The art of writing sagas and composing written song

only came half a century after his death. This alone was enough to make Harold, himself a great Skald, treat Icelanders well, and his history is full of striking stories about this or that Iclander. This was the best warrior, that the most amusing jester and buffoon; one refused him a white bear which he meant to give to King Sweyn; and when Harold generously forgave the slight, and allowed him free passage to the hostile land, the Iclander, not to be outdone in good feeling, brought back a costly golden armlet which Sweyn had given him, and so the story of Audun and his white bear rang through the North, and was handed down to all time, linked with the noble bearing of both the kings, who, in this case, vied with each other in generosity. Nor was it so with this or that Iclander alone. Harold was the friend of the whole island, as Saint Olaf had been before him. Olaf, indeed, tried to win them to Christianity, but Harold strove to win them for himself. No Norwegian king had ever been so beloved in Iceland, for no king ever showed more kindly feeling for them. So it was that later on, in 1056, when the great hard time and famine came upon the island, and men ate whatever teeth could touch, and many were starved to death, Harold sent four ships laden with food to Iceland, just as in Ireland's need ships came so freighted across the Atlantic, and that food was sold to all buyers at a low price. He gave them a bell for their church at Thingvellir, where the Althing was held, for which Saint Olaf had before sent the timber. On both sides the relation was a kindly one, and it was likely to last, for it was profitable to both. To Haldor, Snorri's son, Harold owed much. He not only had fought for him, but he handed down the memory of his deeds. Even when Harold was still alive he was struck at the wonderful way in which Thorstein the learned, a young Iclander, who was his guest, was able to tell the king's adventures. "It could not be truer told," said the king. "Who taught thee to tell it?" "When I was at home in Iceland," was the answer, "it was my wont to go year by year to the Althing, and there I learned it all by heart, each year a bit from Haldor, Snorri's son." "Ah!" said the king, "no wonder then thou knowest it so well; but thou shalt have thy meed of memory. Stay with us as long as thou likest." In nothing more did the sullen Haldor show the trustworthiness of his race than that Harold himself, with whom he was at daggers drawn, and whom he now no longer feared, could find no fault with the story of his adventurous life as told by his old henchman out in Iceland at the Althing.

The following little story of the king's dealing with an Iclander of another stamp is worth telling, because it shows in shorter space perhaps than many other stories of like

kind, the unbounded liberality and open-handedness which made a long chapter in the gospel of that age,—“ One summer there came from Iceland Brand the son of Vermund of Waterfirth. He was called Brand of the open hand, and that was a true byname. Brand ran with his ship right up to Nidarós. Thiodolf Harold's Skald was Brand's friend, and had often told the king of his liberality and highmindedness. So when Brand came to the town, Thiodolf told the king he was come, and spoke again of his many friendships in Iceland, and of his great gifts. ‘ We'll soon put that to the proof,’ said the king, ‘ whether he is so open-handed as thou sayest. Go and ask him to give me his cloak.’ Thiodolf went and found Brand in a store-room, where he stood measuring linen. He was clad in a scarlet kirtle, and over all he had a scarlet cloak. He had thrown the strings of his cloak up over his head to keep his hands free, while he measured the linen. In the crick of his arm, that is, in the hollow of his arm, he had an axe with gold-studded haft. ‘ The king,’ said Thiodolf as he came in, ‘ wishes to ask thee for thy cloak.’ Brand went on with his work and answered never a word, but he let the cloak fall back over his shoulders, and Thiodolf took it up and carried it to the king. The king asked what had passed between them; he said that Brand had not uttered a word; and then Thiodolf went on to tell the king about his dress and work. The king said, ‘ Of a truth this is a high-minded man, and I daresay he thinks much of himself, since he had never a word to say. Go again and tell him that now I ask of him that gold-studded axe. Thiodolf said, ‘ I don't much like going oftener, Lord, I know not how he will take it if I crave the very weapon out of his hand.’ ‘ Thou startedst this matter,’ answered the king, ‘ when thou saidst so much about his open-handedness both now and before, and so thou shalt go. Methinks he is a niggard if he denies me the axe.’ So Thiodolf went and told Brand the king wished to have his axe. He stretched out the axe at once, and still said never a word. Thiodolf carried it to the king, and told him what had passed. ‘ It looks,’ said the king, ‘ as if this man really were more open-handed than most men. See how rich I get.’ Go once more and say that I will have the kirtle he stands in!’ Thiodolf: ‘ It beseems me not, Lord, to go on such an errand, maybe he will think that I am making game of him.’ ‘ Go thou shalt,’ said the king. So Thiodolf went and told Brand the king would have his kirtle. Then Brand broke

¹ This no doubt is the meaning of the words “ ok heldr fénar nú,” which Grímur Thomsen, who has done too little in this way, translates “ se kun, hvor jeg beriges,” in his excellent little book, *Udvalgte Sagastykker. Fordanskede af Mag, Grímur Thomsen*; Copenhagen, 1846.

off his work and stripped off his kirtle, but still said nothing. He tore one sleeve off it and kept it, but the kirtle he threw to Thiodolf, who bore it to the king. The king looked at it and said, 'This man is both wise and high-minded; 'tis easy to see that he tore off the sleeve to show that I have only one hand to be ever taking but never giving, but now go and fetch him. So it was done, Brand came, and the king made him good cheer and gave him great gifts."

Not less pleasant and lively was the way in which Harold came to know Stuf, one of the wittiest of his skalds. Stuf was the grandson of the famous woman, the heroine of the Laxdale Saga, Gudrun, Osvif's daughter, the wife of four husbands, who behaved worst to him she loved best, Kjartan the son of Olaf the Peacock. His father was Thord Cat, whom Snorri the Priest fostered. Stuf was witty and learned, but like many bards he was blind. He left Iceland and came to Norway in Harold's time, and took up his abode with a well-to-do freeman in the Uplands. One day as men stood out of doors they saw a gallant company riding up to the house, and the freeman said, "I know not whether King Harold is looked for in these parts, but this band looks like his following," and as it drew near they saw it was indeed the king. The farmer went up to the king and greeted him, and began to excuse himself for not being able to treat him so well as he would have done if he had known he was coming. "How couldst thou know," said the king, "that we were coming? we ride up and down the land on our business, now here now there. My own men shall look after our horses, and I will go in-doors." The king was in one of his best moods, and the farmer showed him the way in, and sate him down in the seat of honour. "Go in and out, goodman!" said the king, "just as thou likest. Don't put thyself out about us." "Thanks," said the farmer, and went out, and then the king began to look about him, and saw a tall man sitting on the other bench, and asked him what his name might be. "My name is Stuf" (Stump), said the man. "A very queer name, scarcely a name at all," answered the king, "but whose son art thou?" "I am Cat's son," he said. "One just as odd as the other," said the king. "Pray what cat was that?" "Guess for thyself, king," said Stuf, and laughed loud, "What art thou laughing at now?" asked the king. "Guess again," said Stuf. "Methinks 'tis hard," said the king, "to guess thy thoughts, but I rather think thou wast wishing to ask what son my father was, and why thou laughedst was because thou durst not ask me that outright." "Rightly guessed," said Stuf. Then the king went on, "Sit a little further on the bench near to me, and let us have a talk." He did so, and the king found him any-

thing but a fool, and when the goodman came back and feared the king found it dull, the king said he was so pleased with his guest, that he shall sit over against me this evening when we drink and pledge me in the horn. When they went to bed the king said he and Stuf should sleep in the same room that he might amuse him. So Stuf and the king went into the room, and when the king was in bed, Stuf sang a short song, and when it was over the king begged him to sing another; and so they went on, Stuf singing and the king listening; at last the king said, "How many songs hast thou now sung?" "That I thought you would reckon," said Stuf. "So I have," said the king. "There were thirty of them, but why singest thou ditties and short pieces (*flokka*) and not dirges which are longer?" "As for that," said Stuf, "I know more dirges than ditties, and yet I have not sung half my ditties." "Thou art a learned man, indeed," said the king, "but for whose ear are thy dirges meant when thou singest only ditties to me?" "For thee, too," answered Stuf. "When so?" asked the king. "When we next meet," he said. "Why then rather than now?" asked the king. "Because in all fun and amusement that belongs to me I wished you should like me more the longer you knew me." "Well, first of all we will go to sleep," said Harold.

Next morning, when the king was going away, Stuf said, "Grant me a boon, king." "What is it?" "Pass thy word before I ask it." "That is not much in my way," said the king, "but for the sake of the mirth and merriment we have had together I will run the risk." Then Stuf said, "The reason of my journey is this, I have a dead man's heritage to claim east in 'the Bay,' and I wish you to give me your letters-patent sealed with your seal, so that I may get the money without trouble." "I will do that willingly," said the king. "Ah!" said Stuf, "but I have another boon to ask." "What is it?" "Pass your word before I ask." "Why," said the king, "thou art a strange fellow, and no man has ever so bandied words with me before, but still I will run the risk." "I wish to make a song on you." "But," said the king, "hast thou any kinship with Skalds?" "There have been skalds in my house," said Stuf; "Glum, Geir's son, was my father's grandfather." "Thou art a good skald, indeed," said the king, "if thou canst 'make' no worse than Glum." "My songs are not worse than his," said Stuf. "Well," said the king, "'tis like enough thou canst 'make,' thou art so learned a man, and so I will give thee leave to make something about me." Again Stuf said, "Wilt thou grant me a boon?" "What wilt thou ask now?" says the king. "Pass thy word to me before I say it." "That shan't be," said the king; "far too long hast thou

gone on saying the same thing; tell me now on the spot." "I will be made thy Hird-man." "'Twas well now," said the king, "that I did not give my word; for I must first take counsel with the rest of my Hird, and hear what they say. But come north to me to Niðarós." So Stuf fared east to the Bay, and soon got the heritage which he claimed, when he showed the king's seal and letters. After that Stuf struck north to seek the king, and Harold made him welcome, and with the consent of the men of the Hird, Stuf went into the king's band, and stayed with him some time. He made a dirge on King Harold's death, which is called Stufa, or Stuf's Dirge. It is expressly said in the Saga of Harold's life, that Stuf's poem was based on what he had heard of his early adventures from Harold's own lips, and those of others who had been with him in the East. He sung how the whole land of Jewry had come into his power unwasted either by fire or sword, and how the Captain offered at the Holy Sepulchre and other halidoms in the Holy Land untold wealth in gold and gems. How he put down wrong and robbery in the land, and cut off thieves and robbers, and how he fared to Jordan and bathed there as is palmers' wont.

But though there was often mirth and jollity in Harold's hall, and most of all when wit met wit, and he stood by as judge over the strife of words, we may be sure he was not idle in the darkest period of his history, that, namely, which reaches from Finn Arni's son's flight, in 1051, to when Hacon Ivar's son claimed the hand of Ragnhilda, now no longer a child, in 1061. Every year at least we know that he went out on his summer cruise against Sweyn, but besides these annual attacks he found time in 1053 to sail against the Wends, on the east coast of the Baltic. In 1054 events happened in Scotland which turned Harold's eye thither, and he plumed his wings for a wider flight. We are so apt to take our history of this time from Shakespeare that it is worth while to state the real facts. At this time Macbeth was king of Scotland, and had been king for nearly fifteen years. The later South Scottish annalists, whom Shakespeare followed, represent the North Scottish princes as rebels of transitory sway; but they were not rebels in that sense of the word. In fact they were the more national dynasty of the two. The South Scots leant on England on condition of acknowledging the supremacy of her kings, but the North Scots, led by the great Maormors of Moray, leant on the support of the Northmen settled in Orkney, in Caithness, and the Hebrides. The mightiest man in North Britain at that day was unquestionably Thorfinn, the great Orkney Jarl, who owned only a nominal dependence on the kings of Norway, and was in

other respects every inch a king. He was nearly allied to the old North Scottish dynasty, for his mother was a daughter of Malcolm Melbrigd's son, Maormor of Moray and king of Scotland, and grandson of Ruairi, the first Maormor of whom we hear. In 1029 Malcolm Melbrigd's son died. He was succeeded by a usurper, whom the Northern sagas called Karl, Hound's son,¹ but who is better known as the Malcolm Kenneth's son of the South Scottish annalists. With him Thorfinn could not live on good terms, the less because one of the first acts of the new king was to claim tribute from Thorfinn for Caithness. This county the Orkney earl thought fell to him by right of his mother, and he would not hear of tribute. Then followed bitter and bloody strife, which, after many hairbreadth escapes on either side, ended in a decisive battle on the banks of the Oikel, at Torfness, in which Karl-Malcolm was utterly routed. The South Scottish annalists say Malcolm was slain at Glammis by some conspirators, but with them all the opponents of the dynasty which ultimately won the day were rebels or conspirators. However that might be Malcolm fell in 1034, either at or shortly after the battle of Torfness, and Thorfinn now completely triumphant followed the foe all the way to Fife, burning and wasting and slaughtering as he went. Duncan Malcolm Kenneth's son's nephew, now called king of Scotland by his party, seems never to have been acknowledged in the north of the country. Under the English king he had Cumberland as a fief, and he was married to a kinswoman of Earl Sigurd, Björn's son, the Siward of Shakespeare. The death of Thorfinn's brother Brusi, who was joint-earl with him according to Saint Olaf's settlement of their claims, rendered the great earl still more mighty in the north. But just as he thought himself absolute lord of Orkney and his conquests, a dangerous rival came upon him just as Harold Sigurdson came on Magnus.

The reader will remember that tall, fair-faced man, the fairest of men, who followed Saint Olaf to Sticklestad, brought Harold out of the fight and followed him to Russia. Earl Rognvald, or Ronald, was the son of Brusi, and Thorfinn's nephew, and he was something more. Saint Olaf's settlement gave Brusi two-thirds of the Orkneys, and Thorfinn only one-third; but Brusi was a quiet easy man, and Thorfinn soon had all the islands under his rule, only undertaking to defend both his brother's share and his own. Earl Rognvald was a mighty warrior, as we have seen. He was now his father's heir to the two-thirds allotted by Saint Olaf, strong in the set-

¹ One way of reconciling the discrepancy of these names is by supposing that the Northmen in derision only called Malcolm "Karl Hound's son," that is, "The Churl," the low-born King, "the son of the Dog," whom Thorfinn *hunted to death*.

tlement and friendship of the King, and strong as being the foster-brother of Magnus. Magnus, who, besides his love for Rognvald, wished to recover the supremacy of the Crown over the islands, gave Rognvald the two-thirds as a fief, and sent him back with three well-manned ships. Just as he came new trouble had broken out with the Scots. Thorfinn was in need of help from such a warrior as his nephew. It was the case of Magnus and Harold over again, only in reverse; and the uncle gave up two-thirds of his rule to the nephew on condition that he should aid him in the war. So the two together went sea-roving, and Thorfinn's sway was soon spread over the whole west of Scotland down to Galloway, as well as over great part of Ireland. Cumberland, too, King Duncan's English fief, felt their fury, and so successful were they that Thorfinn might well call himself Lord of Scotland. This was in 1040, and just about that time an event happened which still further strengthened him, and in which he no doubt had a hand. In that year Duncan was slain by Magbjodr or Macbeth, Maormor of Moray, the son of Finnlaich, the son of Ruairi, and therefore a second cousin of Thorfinn's mother. Thus it was that the older dynasty again overthrew the younger one, and thus it was that, by the help of Thorfinn and his Northmen, Macbeth ruled in Scotland for seventeen years. As for Thorfinn, he held no fewer than nine earldoms in Scotland, all the Orkneys, Hebrides, and a great part of Ireland, from the Giant's Causeway nearly to Dublin; for Dublin itself does not seem to have fallen into his hands. No doubt he thought an alliance with the great Norwegian House of the Arnmodlings would add further strength to his dynasty; and so, just about the time that Duncan fell, he wooed and wedded Ingibjorga, the sister of Finn Arni's son. That was why when Kalf fled the land he steered straight for his brother-in-law in the Orkneys. It would be out of place to stop to tell of the quarrels which afterwards arose between Thorfinn and Rognvald. It is enough to say that the nephew was worsted and slain by the uncle, that Thorfinn in vain tried to make his peace with King Magnus, shortly after Harold Sigurdson's return; but that he was more successful with Harold, to whom the earl, now again (1053) threatened with trouble in all likelihood swore an oath of fealty. The son of "the murdered Duncan" had fled to Cumberland, and there found shelter with his kinsman Sigurd, first Earl of Huntingdon, and then Earl of Northumberland, who was near akin to King Sweyn. Trouble might always be looked for from that quarter, yet both Thorfinn and his kinsman and ally Macbeth found time for a pilgrimage to Rome about 1050, for in that year Marianus Scotus writes: "King Macbeth of Scotland gave alms to the poor in Rome,

by sowing (*seminando*) and scattering his money through the streets."

But in 1054 the storm which had been gathering across the English border burst on Thorfinn and Macbeth. The great rival of Earl Sigurd in his influence with King Edward had been Earl Godwin, who, half Saxon half Northman, tried to keep the balance between both the Northern and Saxon element of the population in his hands. With him, as we have seen, King Sweyn's brothers Björn and Asbjörn found shelter, and Björn was captain of the famous northern or Danish militia called the Thingmannalid. One of Godwin's sons named Sweyn had been cast into exile for a deed of shame. His lands had been given to his brother Harold and Björn Ulf's son, and when he returned to claim them, though neither would give up his land, Björn offered to go with the culprit to the king and try to make peace. On the way Sweyn fell on his companion and treacherously slew him at Bosanham or Bosham in Sussex. But though Sweyn had again to fly for this dastardly deed, the Danish rule and party were so hated that not only was joy felt at Björn's death, but the Thingmannalid itself was shortly afterwards abolished by the advice of Godwin, who knew his own power would increase, as the Confessor's strength, which lay mainly in that famous body guard, was weakened. With it all the Danes fell into disgrace, and Asbjörn had to fly the land, for Godwin who ruled the land had now taken part against them. This was between 1049-51, and Earl Sigurd, who, with Earl Leofric of Mercia, was Godwin's rival, had hard work as King Sweyn's kinsman to hold his own. But in 1053 Earl Godwin died suddenly, and Sigurd's power was at once strengthened. He was not slow in using it. In 1054 Sigurd crossed the Border, and defeated Macbeth in a bloody battle on the Seven Sleepers' Day, July 27th. No fewer than 3000 Scots are said to have fallen, and with them, as it seems, Dolgfinn, one of Thorfinn's sons. Sigurd advanced as far as Dundee, when news came that trouble had arisen in Northumberland, and that his son Asbjörn was slain. He turned back, but the Lothians and Fife were lost to Macbeth, and Sigurd gave them to Malcolm as Duncan's heir.¹ Shortly after Sigurd

¹ Munch (N. H. ii. 266, note) has unravelled this tangled skein. The Saxon chronicle under the year 1054, Tighernach's *Annals*, *O'Connor*, ii. 299, and the *Annals of Ulster*, mention the battle. The last speak of "Dolfinn Finntor's son" as having fallen. Finntor is plainly a perversion of Thorfinn, and Dolgfinn is an Orkney name. *Henry of Huntingdon*, p. 760, Bromton (*Twysden*, p. 946), makes Sigurd send his son to Scotland before him to subdue it. When he fell, the father, with thorough Viking spirit, asked on what part of his body he had got his death-wound. "On the breast." "Tis well," was Sigurd's answer; "else he had been unworthy of me." Fordun, v. 7, has confused the whole story, by making Sigurd slay Macbeth, and

died, 1055, and was buried, strangely enough, in a church dedicated by himself to St. Olaf, at Galmanho.¹ So far had the saint's vision been verified in twenty-five years. His successor in the earldom of Northumberland was Tostig, Godwin's son. But the war between Malcolm and Macbeth still lasted, and the North Scottish Maormor was driven farther and farther North, till in 1057 he lost his life and kingdom at Lumphanan in Mar, in August or September. His followers made his son Lulach their king, but he too was slain soon after at Esse in Strathbolgie, March 1058, and Malcolm Canmore, or Bighead, seized all that part of Scotland which Macbeth had ruled. Thorfinn suffered, we may be sure, with his ally, whose force was backed so strongly by England.² We may readily understand, therefore, why he should turn to Harold, whom for this once he was willing to acknowledge as his liege lord in the hope of help. Thus it was that a Norwegian fleet led by Magnus, Harold's eldest son by Thora, showed itself in British waters. Magnus was but a youth, but older heads led the host, which wasted the English shores, and returned without doing much hurt. It was too late to help Thorfinn or save Macbeth, but it is memorable as being the first hostile act of Harold against England. Earlier, in 1043, he had sent an embassy to Edward and offered him peace and friendship, which the weak Saxon king willingly accepted; now he had drawn the sword it is true only to sheathe it again. But it was a token that the days were coming when the scabbard would be thrown away in a death-struggle between the two kingdoms.

We must now return to Norway. There, while these things were passing abroad, the feud with Sweyn still lasted, nor were things quite quiet at home. But Harold could still find time for a voyage round the North Cape to Bjarmaland, with the view no doubt of seeing how things went on in Helgeland and Finnmark, and showing the master's eye in that outlying part of his realm. In 1061 he ran his greatest risk from the Danes,

that is how Sigurd (Siward) has come into Shakespeare's tragedy. But Macbeth, as we shall see, died on that day to fight on another, when he really fell.

¹ Sigurd bitterly lamented that he should die of a cow-sickness (issue of blood), and died clad in all his war gear. His banner, "Ravenlandeye," that is, "Rafn Landeyða," "the raven waster of lands," he bequeathed to York Minster, where it was long kept.

² The true chronology of these events is to be found in Marianus Scotus (Munch, ii. 266-7). This is his summary. Duncan reigned five years, from St. Andrew's Day 1035, and so on till the Eve of the Feast of the Virgin's birth, August 14, 1040. Then Macbeth seventeen years till the same feast, August 14, 1057. Then Lulach till St. Patrick's Day 17th March 1058, and then Malcolm twenty years. In this summary there is a confusion between the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, August 15th, and the Birth of the Virgin Mary, September 8th, so that we do not know whether Macbeth fell on the 14th of August or the 7th of September 1057.

for Harold having ventured with a small fleet into Limfirth in Jutland was shut up in it as in a trap by Sweyn's ships, who blockaded the narrow gut at its mouth. But the old sea-rover was equal to the danger. Instead of trying to force his way out he ran his ships right up into the very bight of the firth. There there was but a narrow strip of sandy shore between him and the North Sea. Over this he drew his lightened ships in one dark night, and next morn was sailing on the west coast of Jutland, while his foes were waiting for him on the east. As he had in his youth escaped over the Greek Emperor's chain, so in his older days he got clear from King Sweyn and his ships.

But while all these things were happening Ragnhilda had grown to womanhood, and Harold's promise to Hacon Ivar's son was unfulfilled. Now Hacon pressed his suit, but Harold answered that his word indeed was pledged to give Ragnhilda to Hacon, but it could only be with her own good-will. That Hacon must first secure. When Hacon pressed his suit, the haughty maiden answered, "Now I feel well that King Magnus my father is dead and buried, when I am to be forced to wed a boor's son, however handsome and brave he may happen to be. Were King Magnus alive he would never give me to any but one of princely birth, and I too will have none other for my husband." Hacon went to Harold and said that as Ragnhilda must have a title, and the king was bound to keep his word, he ought to make him an earl, to which rank he had every claim. "Saint Olaf my brother," answered the king, "and Magnus the Good too, laid down the rule never to have more than one earl at a time in their realm." That rule he meant to keep as well as his word, and so long as Earl Orm of the Uplands lived he would not make another, for he could not rob him of his rank to give it to Hacon. Hacon in a rage followed the example set him by so many others, and betook himself to Denmark, where Sweyn made him welcome with the rest, and gave him the rank he coveted on the Wendish border, giving him at the same time great fiefs. But his service was to be rendered rather by sea than on land.

So things stood in the winter 1061-62, when Harold grew weary of the war, and, determined to try and fight it out once for all, sent and challenged Sweyn to mortal combat in a sea-fight. He fixed the place of meeting at the mouth of the Gottenburg river, and the winner of the day was to be king over both realms. We hear nothing of Sweyn's answer, but Harold made him ready in earnest. Some time before he had laid down a huge ship, and early that summer she was launched. The king's Skalds were warm in her praise, and no doubt she was a wonder of strength and speed. In her Harold embarked, and with him went his Queen Thora; both his sons Magnus

and Olaf were in the fleet; Magnus, we know, sailing his own ship. Many great chiefs were with him. First and foremost Ulf his trusty marshal; Eystein the Gorcock and Thorolf Mostrarskegg. When they reached "the Bay," the fleet was scattered by a storm, but they joined company again without much loss. So they made for the Gottenburg river, and there at Thumla near Hisingen the sea-fight was to be. But no Sweyn was to be seen. Still Harold knew that he was not far off. The crafty Dane was waiting till the half month was over during which the freemen's levy was only bound to serve; and as soon as Harold found himself forced to send home those who came from the farthest north, the whole Danish fleet set sail to fall on him. The Norwegian fleet was only 180 ships strong, mostly made up of vessels belonging to the king's vassals, the rest being the levies raised in the south of Norway, whose time was not yet up. When off the Bay of Laaholm, on the coast of Halland, where the river Nizza runs into the sea, and just as Harold was harrying the coast, there came the Danish fleet, 360 ships strong, steering up to them. But just when Harold seemed so overmatched that to fight seemed madness, they saw another squadron come sailing up, and this was Hacon Ivar's son with his ships, who, in that hour of trial, could not find it in his heart to fight against his countrymen. He had come to do battle for Sweyn, with Finn Arni's son, and went over to Harold, Finn staying with the Danes. Harold, it need scarcely be said, was overjoyed to see him, and thanked him heartily, saying, that he had heard much of his bravery, which would soon be put to the proof. Then he called his captains and their crews together, and said, "Now King Sweyn is come upon us with a great host, as you see, and so I would take counsel with the chiefs and the whole host, whether we shall fight them though they are twice as strong as we." Then many were for flying, King Sweyn's fleet was so strong it was no use fighting them. Others were silent. Then Earl Hacon spoke and said: "It seems to me, Lord, though the Danes have a large host, still their ships are smaller than ours, and I trow their men will once again be proved to be less trusty than Norwegians. It is so with the Danes that they are no laggards at the first onset, but they soon grow cool if they have a bold face shown them. As for you, Lord, you have often fought against great odds, and yet won the day, and so it will be now." The king was glad at that, and spoke in great glee: "I dreamed a dream last night, methought I and King Sweyn met and both had hold of a hank and coil of rope and tugged at it, and methought he drew the hank away from me, and at that I woke." This dream did not help much to cheer up the hearts of the force; for most read it so that Sweyn would keep what they fought for. But

Earl Hacon spoke again and said, "Maybe, Lord, they read this dream aright, but I think it much more likely that King Sweyn will be hanged in this hank, and caught in this coil himself." "So I think," said the king, "and that's the best way of reading the dream; but now we will talk no more about it, but say outright that we will all fall across each other's bodies ere we fly before the Danes without striking a blow." Then Harold drew his sword and went forward to the bow, and hewed thrice straight before him in the air down the wind, and when Hacon asked why he did so, the king answered, "This men call a token of victory in foreign lands, when a king points thus which way his wrath lies." After that Harold drew up his fleet, with his own wardrake in the midst, the inner wing touched the Danish shore, the outer was toward the open sea, and in the same array the Danes came on to the attack, with Sweyn's ship in the midst. On his side the number of the fleet was too great to allow of their being moored and bound together in the usual way. Only those in the centre were so bound, on both wings were many ships free to sail about as they chose. On Harold's side Hacon expressly begged leave that his ships might not be bound to the rest, but that he might turn from time to time whithersoever he chose as the fight went on. In Sweyn's host it is said there were no fewer than six earls, counting Finn Arni's son as one. But the day, St. Lawrence's Eve, August 9, 1062, was far spent before all this talking and array was over, and night was falling ere battle was joined. Still the long northern night left time to fight, and indeed at that time of the year there is little darkness in the Danish waters. When all was at last ready, Harold's horns sounded for the onslaught, but the Danes were quicker and rowed up fast with a great blare of trumpets and a loud roar of cheering, for they thought at last they had got their old foes on the hip. Sweyn ran his ship towards Harold's, and bade his crew remember what they had suffered from the Norwegians. "Let it now be seen how bravely we can fall on our foe. We have here many great lords and brave lads. If we win the day we shall live in rest and peace ever after." Then the fight began and soon waxed hot. It was now nearly dusk, but King Harold stood at the bow of his ship and shot all through the night with a bow. The first onslaught of the Danes was very hot, as Hacon had foretold, and in the centre they seem to have had some success; but on the wings Hacon Ivar's son had a great advantage from his unfettered ships. First he fell on the outlying ships of the foe who seem not to have had much heart in the struggle. These were soon worsted, for Hacon's big ships ran them down and cleared their decks one after the other and put the rest to flight. Then came tidings that Harold's other wing was hard pressed,

and Hacon, the hero of the day, flew thither also, and there too the Danes were forced to fall back. Still the Danes fought well and the day might have been theirs had not the men from Scania when the night grew dark cut their hawsers in a panic at Hacon's valour, and stole away from the fleet. They made for the river where they left their empty ships and skulked away to their own country as fast as they could. "Shame upon them and their offspring for all time," says Saxo, with honest indignation at their dastardly desertion. So Hacon the whole night through rowed round the fleet, bringing help wherever it was needed, and scattering the enemy's ships. But now the first streaks of dawn showed themselves, and Sweyn found to his amazement that the Scanians were gone. He soon had to think for himself, for Harold now boarded his foeman's ship, hewing with both hands as he went with his native axe, and the crew either fell before him or leapt overboard. Sweyn held out to the last man, but he was no match hand to hand for Harold with his huge strength. The last of his crew he jumped into a boat which lay alongside and rowed off while it was still dusk. The other vessels of the fleet saw his banner fall and the rout became general. In their fear they would not stay to cut the hawsers in many ships, but the crews leapt from ship to ship and so to land or overboard, so that in a little while seventy Danish ships were left without a man on board them. All these fell into Harold's hands. But one man refused to fly. Harold's old friend Finn Arni's son now old and almost blind, still sat on the poop of his ship, while every one else fled, and so was taken. Harold was eager to follow the fugitives, but it was no easy matter to make his way through the scattered hosts on either side, nor had Hacon any better success on his side of the battle. Just as he was trying to push through, a boat came alongside pulled by a single man. He was very tall, and had a broad flapping hat over his brows. This man hailed the ship. "Where is the Earl?" he asked. Hacon was standing forward stanching a wound which one of his men had got, and when he heard the voice he looked at the man in the hat and asked him his name. "Here is Wanhope,"¹ said the man, "come and speak with me, Earl." The Earl bent over the bulwarks towards him, and he said, "I will ask my life of thee, Earl, if thou wilt grant it." Earl Hacon stood up straight and called two of his men, who were both dear to him, and bade them put that man on shore. "Many

¹ "Wanhope," an old English word for Despair. "Now cometh *Wanhope*, that is, despeir of the mercy of God,"—Chaucer, *The Persones Tale*. The Norse word is "*Vandráðr*," "one reft of plan," "who knows not which way to turn." It was a name taken by Odin in his wanderings, and now by King Sweyn in his hour of need.

good turns has Wanhope done me," he said, "guide him to my friend Karl, and bear Karl these tokens that I sent him thither, in that I beg him to let Wanhope have that horse to carry him which I gave Karl yesterday, and his saddle too, and his son besides as a guide." This was just before daylight. Then they stepped into the boat and took to their oars, but Wanhope steered. That was just when the greatest throng of ships was, and some of the runaways were rowing for the land and some out to sea, both in small ships and great. Wanhope steered as he thought was safest through the ships, but whenever a Norwegian ship rowed up to them the Earl's men said who they were, and so all let them pass as they pleased. Wanhope steered straight along the strand, and did not put in till they had passed out of the fairway of the ships. After that they went up to Karl's house, and then it began to be light. They went into the sitting-room, and there was Karl up and just dressed. The Earl's men told him their errand, but Karl said they must have a snack first, and with that he brought in the board, and gave them water to wash their hands. Then the gudewife came into the room and said at once: "This is a great wonder that we get never sleep nor rest this night for shouting and whooping." "Knowest thou not," asked Karl, "that the kings have fought to-night?" "Who got the better?" she asked. The Norwegian won the day, said Karl. "Then our king must have run away," she said. "We know not," said Karl, "whether he has fallen or fled." "We are wretchedly off with a king," she said, "who is both halt and a coward." The stranger Wanhope said, "Let us rather think, carline, what is more seemly, that the king is no coward but not very lucky in battle." Wanhope began to wash his hands, and when he took the towel he dried his hands in the middle of it, but the gudewife snatched the towel out of his hands and said, "Thou hast not learnt much manners, it is like a ploughboy thus to wet all the towel at once." "Well," said Wanhope, "the day will come by God's leave that we shall be thought worthy to dry ourselves in the middle of a towel." So they sat down to the board and ate and drank a while, and went out afterwards. Then Karl's horse was all ready, and his son to follow Wanhope on another horse. They rode into the wood, but Earl Hacon's men went to their boat and rowed back to the earl's ship. The Saga goes on to say, that some time after Sweyn sent for Karl, and gave him lands and goods in Zealand; but he would not hear of his wife's coming too. They had to part, and Karl got a richer though we cannot agree with Sweyn in calling her a better wife, than the old lass who called the king a coward because he ran away, and scolded him for wetting their single towel all over when he washed his hands.

- Divorces must indeed have been easy at King Sweyn's court, as was likely, if we remember that, according to the Icelandic annals he was much smitten by woman's love, and left many pledges of it behind him by his three wives and many concubines.

While Sweyn was thus escaping in the grey dawn, Harold and his men were chasing the flying host. After following them a little way out to sea, the Norsemen turned back to count the ships they had taken, and to "ken" the dead. Sweyn's ship was thickly strewn with corpses, but among them his body was not to be found, though all were sure he must have fallen. Some time was spent in stanching and binding wounds, and in burying the slain on both sides. After that a great booty was shared among the victors, and the prisoners were brought before Harold. First of these was Finn Arni's son. Harold was joyous at his victory, and said, as soon as he saw his kinsman, "Well! Finn, here we meet again. Last we met in Norway; but how was it that thy Danish bodyguard stood not better by thee? 'Twill be hard work for Norsemen to drag thee blind along with them." "Norsemen," answered Finn, "have now to do many bad things, and, worst of all, when they do what you bid them." "Wilt thou take peace and pardon, though thou art unworthy of it?" asked the King. "Not from thee, thou hound," was the answer. "Wilt thou take it from thy kinsman Magnus, then?" asked the King, for Magnus was steering the ship. "What should such a whelp as that know about peace?" At that, the King laughed, and thought it great sport to taunt him. "Wilt thou take it, then, of thy kinswoman Thora?" "Is she here?" asked Finn. "Yes." "Ah," said Finn, "no wonder thou foughtest well when the grey mare was with thee."¹ At last the king's peace was granted to the blind old man, but he was still unhappy and quarrelsome. In a day or two the King said, "I see thou wilt not be good friends with me or thy kinsfolk, and so I will give thee leave to go to thy King Sweyn." "That offer," answered Finn, "I gladly take. I shall be all the better pleased the sooner I get away." So he was set on shore in Halland, and soon found his way to King Sweyn.

Before this, Harold had heard of his rival's escape, and that it was useless to seek for his body among the slain. With Sweyn's usual activity he was rallying his scattered forces in the island of Zealand, and in a few days was at the head of a powerful fleet; with this he hovered about the host of Harold, ready to cut off any stragglers that he might find, while on shore the

¹ An allusion to the horse fights, a darling amusement of the northern nations.

woods were filled with levies to ward off any hostile landing. In spite of Harold's orders to his captains to keep close, his own son Magnus and Thorolf Mostrarskegg left the fleet, and landed in the night to seek for glory. The two brothers-in-arms had not gone far into the country before the Danes fell upon them in overwhelming numbers. All their followers were slain, and Magnus only escaped by the great strength and endurance of Thorolf, who bore the boy on his back through the woods, and so gave his foes the slip. Next morning they were missed by Harold, and shortly mourned as dead. With a heavy heart at the loss of his son, Harold gave orders to break up the host, and steer for "the Bay." His hard-fought victory had not won him one inch of Denmark. Honour and booty were all he gained, and so, with a large addition to his fleet in Sweyn's empty ships, he made his way back to his own land. But in "the Bay" a welcome surprise greeted him. He had landed his wounded men, and one day when he was on shore looking after their hurts, he saw Thorolf coming down to the strand, with Magnus on his back. He had made his way across the country. The Saga may well say "they were much wasted for want of food." Harold scolded them for the fright they had given him, and asked if they thought themselves men enough to beat the whole Danish host, that they went up so unwarily with such a scanty force. They might have been content with the glory the whole fleet had won in common; as it was, they had much minished his victory. The wary king looked upon the exploit in the light of a Balaclava charge, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. After praising Thorolf for his hardihood and faithfulness in helping Magnus, his speech took a more general tone, and he added: "And so, too, must I thank my kinsman Earl Hacon first and foremost; and after him all my liegemen for their good following and daring which they have shown in this battle." These words pleased all who heard them. Thorolf and Magnus were properly fed and cared for, and the freemen's levies were sent home, while the King made ready to pass the winter at Oslo in "the Bay."

As was natural enough, the late battle was the common talk of men that winter, and "every man," as the Saga says, "had something to say about it." So one day as many men were sitting round the fire in a room in the king's palace, the battle was again brought forward, and one asked who had gotten most fame on that bloody day. With one voice all said, "There was none like Hacon Ivar's son; he was the boldest and keenest and luckiest. His help was worth most, and he won the victory." All this time Harold was out in the yard, and heard what was said; he went at once to the door of the room,

looked in and said, "No doubt every man here would wish his name were Hacon." He said no more and went his way. As for Hacon the hero of the day, he went in the autumn to his home in the Uplands. Though jealous Harold still made much of him; he talked over Ragnhilda to marry Hacon, promising to raise him to the rank of earl in the Uplands, to which there was now no hindrance in the way as Earl Orm was dead. On this understanding the marriage actually took place at Yule, but after it was over the King put off from day to day the fulfilment of his word, and at last he told Hacon right out that it could not be. In fact he dreaded his popularity in the Uplands, and feared to raise a rival near his throne. The same day as Hacon went home, Ragnhilda believing that he had gained his end met him at the door, and greeted him with "Welcome home my Earl." But Hacon, noble-hearted as he was, told her the bitter truth, adding that, as the King was faithless to his word, he would not have her hand on false pretences. He was ready to give her up, to allow her to have a divorce, and at the same time to give up to her all his goods. But Ragnhilda, who now really loved the chivalrous Hacon, would hear of nothing of the kind. She had taken him for better for worse, and would cling to him to the last. While things were in this doubtful state, fresh fuel was found for the King's jealousy, and the breach between him and Hacon became complete. Later on in the spring one day as men sat at drink, their talk again turned to the battle, and again Hacon was much praised, though some held up others who had behaved as well. At last one man said, "May be other men fought as bravely as Earl Hacon at Nizza, but still no man there had as much luck as he." The rest said, "That was his greatest luck that he put to flight so many of the Danes." "Ay," said the man, "but it was greater luck when he gave King Sweyn his life." "Come," said another, "thou canst not know for a truth what thou now sayest." "I know it for the very truth," he answered, "for I heard it of the man who put the king on shore." "Now," says the Saga, "the saw was proved which says 'many are the king's ears,' for this was carried and told to King Harold on the spot." No wonder he was wroth when he heard it, and planned revenge on his faithless vassal. But Hacon's plans had long been made. He had gone home to his house in Raumarike, and made ready quietly to leave the land, selling his property for ready money. Harold no doubt knew what was going on, for Oslo was not far from Hacon's home, and here too the king's many ears and many eyes must have stood him in good stead. But the news of Sweyn's escape by Hacon's connivance brought their quarrel

to a head and Harold, who before might have been glad that his mighty vassal should steal noiselessly from Norway to find a shelter with King Sweyn, now thirsted for vengeance, and strove to cut his enemy off. With two hundred men¹ at his back he rode from Oslo at sunset. All that night they rode, and next day they came on men who were going to Oslo with malt and meal. In the King's company was a man named Gamal, an old friend of Hacon's. He spoke to one of the boors whom he knew, and said, "I will bargain with thee for a sum, that thou ridest as fast as thou canst by the shortest cut thou knowest, and so comest to Earl² Hacon's house, and tellest him the King means to kill him, for that he now knows that Hacon put King Sweyn on shore at the battle of Nizza." So they struck that bargain, and the boor rode as fast as his horse would carry him, and reached the Earl's house ere they went to bed, for he was still up a-drinking when he came. But as soon as the boor told his story, the Earl arose and all his men, and he made them flit all his goods and chattels to the woods, and he and all his household left the house. Next day the King came and found it empty, and the bird flown. So he stayed there the night, and then went home foiled in his purpose. But before he went, he declared all Hacon's property forfeit to the Crown.

At first Hacon betook himself across the Swedish border to King Steinkel, and stayed with him that summer. As soon as he heard that Harold had gone north to Drontheim, he crossed into Norway, fell upon the King's men who were set to keep his house, slew them, set the house on fire, launched his ships, and sailed off to King Sweyn. The Danish King received him, as he was bound, with open arms, and gave him the Earldom of Halland, after Finn Arni's son, who was just then dead. But coupled with the dignity, was the request that Hacon would curb the unruly spirit of Asmund, Sweyn's nephew, the son of his brother Björn, who, as we have seen, had been slain by Sweyn Godwin's son in England. At first King Sweyn had shown the boy all favour and brought him up at his Court, but he soon showed an evil spirit, lived by wrong and robbery, was the companion of sea-rovers, and spared neither man nor woman in his passion. The King then stripped him of the fiefs which he had given him, and ordered him to stay at Court and avoid ill company; but Asmund broke out again and again, and at last Sweyn was forced to keep him fast bound in prison. But

¹ Two hundred : these would be "long hundreds," 120 each, so that the number would be 240.

² Hacon was called "Earl" from the earldom which Sweyn had given him; in Norway it was a barren title, with no lands or rights to support it, like a Polish county in England.

fetters could not hold that daring temper. Asmund soon broke loose, joined his old brothers-in-arms, gathered ships and men, and lived a viking life, the terror of the Danish coasts. His boldness grew so great that when Finn Arni's son died, Asmund demanded his earldom of his uncle. In this strait Hacon made his appearance at Court, and was told that he might have Finn's earldom if he could catch Asmund. This quest just suited Hacon's temper; he set off at once with his six ships, refusing all other help. In a little while he heard that Asmund lay with his roving squadron of ten ships at the mouth of the Slei, where an inlet runs up from the Baltic to the town of Sleswig. Without staying to count his enemy's force Hacon at once attacked them. As the ships neared one another, Asmund hailed Hacon and said, "No wonder thou comest on so eagerly when thou hast got a promise of an earldom, but it was a shame of King Sweyn to offer it to thee, and when he did so he could not have remembered the fight at Nizza." "True it is," answered Hacon, "that I stood by King Harold at Nizza, and I felt no shame in helping my king; but as for thee, thou ever aimest at cheating and weakening thy kinsman and king; but to-day thou shalt feel that I am not afraid to cope with thee." After this the fight grew hot and furious, but Hacon won the day. He boarded Asmund's ship, and carried it as far as the bow, where Asmund was taken prisoner. By their bargain Hacon was bound to bring Asmund to King Sweyn, but at the sight of him he could not withstand his wish to rid the world of this firebrand. "Never," he cried, "could I bring to King Sweyn any better gift than this evil head;" as he said this he rushed on Asmund and slew him. But when he got back to Sweyn, the King was angry that Hacon had over-stepped his mission. The uncle seems still to have had a fondness for his scapegrace nephew. He felt for him somewhat as David felt for Absalom, and though he gave Hacon the earldom, he said, "Thou canst no longer be my bosom friend, nor can I take it upon myself to hold thee safe against all our kinsmen who may perhaps crave revenge. Thou wouldst do best, therefore, to withdraw to that side of my realm which is most exposed to hostile attacks, and content thyself with that position." So Hacon went to Halland as Earl, whence he could waste Harold's possessions in "the Bay" whenever he chose.

No sooner was Hacon firmly seated in his new province than he made his power for harm felt in Norway. He was the darling of "the Uplands," that great district in the heart of Southern Norway in which he and his family lived, and which just then felt itself injured by Harold, who, by bringing all his subjects to one level as regarded the Crown, had robbed the

freemen of the Uplands of certain privileges which had been granted to them by Saint Olaf. It added to the bitterness of the blow that Harold who inflicted it was himself an Uplander born. The Uplanders therefore were not slow to listen to Hacon's rebellious counsels, the less so when they found that he was backed by the King of Sweden, who gave him the border province of Wermeland as a fief, and allowed the men of West Gothland, another great Swedish province, to flock to his banner. Backed by this force from without, and strong in his popularity in the Uplands themselves, Hacon made an onslaught on Raumarike, where his old home had been, levying taxes and dues as if he had really been Earl of Upland, the title he had so long coveted. The freemen made no resistance, and when Harold, who returned to Oslo for the winter, sent his men to the Uplands to levy his taxes, the proud peasants sent him back word that they had already paid their taxes and dues to Earl Hacon, and meant to pay them to him so long as he was alive. "In other words," as Munch well says, "the Uplanders were in a state little short of rebellion." This outbreak in his native province, supported by a foe so dangerous as Hacon, was quite enough to alarm the politic Harold. He began to reflect on his losses and his gains during his sixteen years' weary warfare with Sweyn, and he was forced to confess that he was now not one inch nearer his object than when he began. He could not attain it when Hacon was his friend and had helped him to win a great battle; he was still less likely to subdue Denmark when Hacon was his bitter foe, raising rebellion in his native province, and when Sweyn was to all appearance as active and vigorous as ever. Harold's thoughts then turned towards peace abroad, in order that he might crush rebellion at home. Nor was Sweyn on his side unwilling for peace. He had always wished to be suffered to rule in peace; in two great battles he had been worsted, and he feared a third time to trust the issue to arms. The freemen on both sides, those warriors who, unlike the King's body-guard, not only paid for the war with their persons, but with their purses as well, they too were weary of warfare, Danes and Norwegians alike; we may therefore well believe the Saga when it says: "That winter messengers passed between Norway and Denmark, and the purport of the messages was that both sides, Norsemen as well as Danes, wished to be set at one again, and each side bade their king agree to that; and so it came about that a meeting between the kings was fixed for the Gottenburg river, and when the spring came, each king gathered a great force and manned many ships for this voyage." So there, in the spring of the year 1064, Harold and Sweyn met on the border, perhaps on the

very islands where the Treaty of the Burnt Islands had been struck between Magnus and Hardicanute. At first, says the Norwegian accounts, the Danes made such moan for all the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the Norsemen, that things for some time looked very unlike peace; but at last, by the help of wise heads and true hearts, peace was made between the kings." The terms were that each king should hold his kingdom so far as its old boundaries stretched, that neither should strive after any part of the other's realm, that there should be no claims for compensation or atonement for harm done during the war, and that each should hold the luck or scathe that he had got. The peace was to last so long as the kings lived, and it was ratified by oaths and hostages on either side. Thus this long-standing feud came to an end. Sweyn returned home, glad at heart to rule his realm in peace; Harold down-hearted at having spent so much blood and treasure in vain, and at the prospect of new strife in the heart of his kingdom with one of his unruly provinces.

After the treaty was concluded Harold returned to "the Bay," taking up his quarters at Oslo, the town which he had founded, where he spent the rest of the summer. As soon as he came back, he sent again to the Uplands to demand his taxes, but the freemen sent back much the same answer: "They had already paid their taxes to Earl Hacon, and now they would wait till Earl Hacon came, and they heard what he had to say." As for Hacon, he was not idle. As soon as he heard of the peace, he assured himself of King Sweyn's friendship, who, though he could not break the treaty just made with Harold by giving him open help, still backed his cause with King Steinkel of Sweden so well, that the Swedish monarch made him Earl of West Gothland as well as Wermeland. So that Hacon had now three earldoms, one Danish and two Swedish, besides exercising an earl's power in the Uplands. Such wide-spread influence must have gladdened the haughty heart of Ragnhilda, who brought with her, as part of her dowry, the banner of her father Magnus, well known to many of Harold's men, who had followed it under the leadership of the good and blameless king. Hacon was no despicable enemy, but Harold was more than his match. Instead of waiting, like the Uplanders, until Hacon came to him, he resolved to go to Hacon in his Swedish earldom, and stifle his force in the bud, before it had time to ripen into deadly fruit. But his plans were deeply laid. All the summer of 1064 was spent in amusement in "the Bay," but one day as winter drew on, Harold suddenly went to the King's Crag, a royal residence on the east side of "the Bay" at the mouth of the Gottenburg river. Here he seized sixty

ships of light draught, manned them with picked warriors, and rowed up the river with them; when they came to a rapid or a fall, the ships were dragged over them by a portage; and so they came safe and sound into the great Vener Lake in the enemy's country. There he crossed to the east side of the lake, where he knew that Earl Hacon lay with an army of Goths. It was cold and snowing when the King landed, but Harold thought that rather a gain, as the soft snow hindered the peasants from flying with their goods, and as the Norwegians were better able, being more warmly clad, to bear the cold than their enemy. Leaving some of his men behind to guard the ships, with the rest he advanced against the Earl. After going some way they came to a hill, from the brow of which they saw Earl Hacon's force down on the other side of a valley, at the bottom of which was a moor. Here Harold made his men sit down on the brow, and wait till Hacon's impatience or the pinching cold drove him to attack, when their favourable position would give the Norsemen a great advantage. On his side too, Hacon bade his men wait for the onslaught of their foe. He had with him Thorvid, the Lawman of West Gothland, who made a speech to his men sitting on his horse, which was tethered to a spike in the ground. "We have a great and fine host," he said, "and here are many brave men; in the Earl we have a doughty leader; let King Steinkel hear that we stood by this good earl as we ought." So he went on, but just as he was speaking, up rose all the Norwegian host and shouted their war-cry, and smote their shields with sword and axe. The Goths, who thought the foe were about to fall on them, shouted in their turn; and all this uproar so scared the Lawman's horse that he started, and pulled the spike out of the earth. It flew at the end of the tether about the Lawman's ears. As for him, he thought it was a Norse shaft, forgot on the spot all his brave words, struck spurs into his horse, and fled from the field, bellowing "Bad luck to thee for thy shot." But it had not been Harold's purpose to begin the onslaught; he only wished to scare the Goths, and provoke them to move. In this he was quite successful. As soon as he heard the war-cry, the Earl Hacon advanced with his banner and crossed the moor. When they got well under the brow of the hill, Harold and his men rushed down on them, and routed them utterly. The Earl himself, and a chosen band who had followed him from home, fought well, but the Goths fled to the woods, and at last Hacon had to turn too. Worst of all, the banner of King Magnus fell into Harold's hands, who had it borne by the side of his own, and called it the fairest prize of victory. It was now getting dark, and Harold made for his ships after following the

enemy a little way. All thought the Earl had fallen. But as they went through a narrow pass in the wood—so narrow that but one man could pass abreast of it—lo ! when they were least aware, a man leapt his horse across the path, and all at one and the same time he drove a javelin through the man that bore the banner, and clutched the banner by the pole, and rode off with it into the wood on the other side. But when the King was told this, he said, "Get me my byrnie ; the Earl lives still ! I know my kinswoman Ragnhilda's temper well enough to feel sure she would never let Hacon come near her bed, if he lost that banner." So the King rode about nightfall to his ships, and many said that the Earl had avenged himself, even though he had fled.

It was not Harold's purpose to penetrate further into Sweden after striking this blow ; but a strong frost, which came on soon after he got back to his ships, forced him to stay till he could cut them out of the lake, and get them into the river again. While he waited he made raids through the country to get food, but though, from time to time, some of his men were cut off, neither Earl Hacon nor his Goths made any serious efforts to attack him. Nor indeed do we hear anything more of Earl Hacon except that he lived long and prosperously in Sweden and Denmark.

While Harold's men were busy cutting his ships out of the ice, an event occurred which is worth telling, as showing how long a blood-feud lasted in the North, and with what stubbornness of purpose it was followed up. "King Harold lay that night aboard his ships, but next morning when it was light there was ice taken about his ships so thick that one might walk round them. Then the King bade tell the men that they should cut a way out for the ships ; and so they fell to and were busy at hewing the ice. Magnus the King's son was captain of that ship that lay outmost and nearest to the open water, but when men had nearly cut through all the ice, and there was only a bridge left, there came a man running along it to where they were hewing, and began to hew as though he were mad. Then a man spoke and said : ' Now, as oft, it is proved that no man is so good at need as Hall Kodran's bane yonder. See how he hews away at the ice ! ' But there was a man on board the ship of Magnus whose name was Thormod, he was the son of Eindridi ; but as soon as ever Thormod heard Hall called ' Kodran's bane,' he rushed on him, and smote him his death-blow ; for Jorunna, the mother of Thormod, was Kodran's cousin. Thormod was but a year old when Kodran was slain, and he had never seen Hall that he knew before that day. Just then the ice was hewn through, and Magnus ran his ship through

the break in the ice, hoisted sail and sailed west across the lake; but the king's ship lay furthest in, and so it ran last of all out. Hall had been in the King's company, and very dear to him, and the King was very wroth. When he came into harbour at night, Magnus had packed the manslayer off into the wood, and offered an atonement for him; but the King would not hear of such a thing, and was on the very point of falling on Magnus his son, if their friends had not come between them."

After this bold stroke dealt in the heart of his enemy's country, Harold had his hands free to chastise the rebellious Uplanders. At the head of a great host he marched into those provinces. First he turned to Raumarike, Hacon's country, where the chief offenders dwelt. In vain the freemen pleaded the privileges which Saint Olaf had granted them, privileges which Harold as one of themselves ought to cherish rather than lessen. "King Harold," says the Saga, "would have naught else than that all men in Norway of equal birth should have equal rights." In a word, he would hear of no privileges for this or that province; all should be equal in the eyes of the law; he had come to break down, not to build up special rights and privileges; to make Norway one country under one king. The first part of his reign had been spent in putting down the great chiefs, more especially those about Drontheim; the last two years were spent in curbing the freemen in Upland. So that chiefs and freemen alike, not in Drontheim or the Uplands alone, should feel and know that the privileges of the provinces and the private rights of the freemen must yield to the superior rights of the kingdom at large, and the prerogative of the King as Lord Paramount. But besides these theoretical questions of right, Harold had his own wrongs to avenge on those who had refused him his dues and mocked at his messengers; on the men who had waited for Hacon to help them, and on Hacon whom he had already tracked and routed in his Swedish lair. Harold did his work well. His path was marked by blood and fire. The unruly freemen paid for their rebellion by life and limb. Some were slain, others maimed, others again lost all their goods.

"Fruitless then was freemen's flouting,
Harold's 'hest they must obey,"

says Thiodolf, who went with Harold on this bloody progress as his Skald. And again,—

"Harold's liegemen learnt a lesson,
Flame leapt fierce from roof to roof."

From Raumarike he passed into Hedemark, Hadeland, and Ringe-

rike, everywhere showing the same sternness; wasting, slaying, and burning as he went.

“ Fire as judge sat on the freemen,
Ruddy featured passing sentence,
Ere to them slow leave was granted
Flame to slake or life to save.”

When Harold thought he had done enough in the way of punishment, he still stayed in the Uplands for a year and a half, passing from house to house and from feast to feast; in most cases we may be sure no very welcome guest, though Arni, a rich freeman to whom he came, declared that it gladdened all men's hearts to see the King sitting quietly among his loving friends. That this was not always the case is well shown by the following story, which adventurous as it seems may well be founded on truth. At any rate, as Munch says, it was reduced to writing a little more than a century after Harold's death, and shows the mark made by his Upland progress on the minds of the next two or three generations. “ Among the Upland freemen was a man named Ulf the Wealthy, for he had fourteen or fifteen farms in the district. His wife bade him ask the King to a feast, as many other wealthy men did. ‘ He will be sure to take it well,’ she said, ‘ and show thee honour in return.’ ‘ Well,’ answered Ulf, ‘ this king doesn't do by all men as they think they deserve. I have little mind to bid him to my house, for I think he will be jealous of my wealth and be greedy of my goods more than is right. Methinks his hand will fall heavier on me than on the rest, rather than show me favour as is meet, and that in spite of all the good-will I may show him.’ But though Ulf's words were on this wise, yet for the love he bare his wife he gave in, and bade King Harold to a feast when he left Arni's house. The King said he would come, and Ulf went home and made ready for a great feast. The King came when he was looked for, and found all of the best, furniture, hangings, and ale-stoups. In a word, everything was old and precious, and no feast could be better set out. So one day of the feast, for they lasted several days, when men had taken their seats, the King was merry and his followers, and he said it would be good if the feast were gladdened with a little fun. All said with one mouth 'twas well spoken, adding it would be great honour if such a man as he took the lead in making merriment. ‘ Well,’ said the King, ‘ I will tell you a little story, and this is how it begins :—Once on a time there was a king named Sigurd the Giant, and he was a son of Harold Fairhair. This Sigurd had a son whose name was Halfdan, and an earl under Sigurd was called Halfdan also; so there were two Halfdans. One of the King's thralls was named Almstein.

They were all much of an age—King Sigurd, Earl Halfdan, and Almstein. The king and the earl were foster-brothers, and they had all three played together as children when they were young. Well, time went on, and King Sigurd fell sick, and his heart told him that this sickness would be his death ; so he called Earl Halfdan to him, and made him guardian over all his goods and of his son too, for he thought he could trust him best of all to take care of his son, and keep the kingdom for him for the sake of their foster-brotherhood and long friendship, and so a little while after the king breathed his last.

“The Earl became a great strength and support to Prince Halfdan, got in his dues for him, and showed him honour in every way. The Earl had a son too about as old as Halfdan, and they too were very good friends. Almstein, who was now Prince Halfdan's thrall, was a tall man in stature, fair of face, strong in thews, a man who knew many feats, and in short a man of much more mark than most thralls. Of his birth and stock no man knew aught. It befell that this Almstein offered to get in Prince Halfdan's dues for the space of three years, and as he was known to be a fitting man, but more because he had been almost as good as a foster-brother to King Sigurd, who had never reckoned him on the same footing as his other thralls, this offer was agreed to. But it turned out that he behaved so in this business that little of the money came to Prince Halfdan. Then Almstein took to sailing about to foreign lands with Prince Halfdan's goods, turning it over and over again in trade, and keeping it as his own, and gaining many friends and followers by gifts both in Prince Halfdan's realm as in other parts. About that time Earl Halfdan died, but as soon as Almstein heard that when he came back, he set off at once with a great band to Prince Halfdan's house and set fire to it ; the Earl's son was inside the house along with Prince Halfdan. But when those who were inside were ware of the strife and the blaze outside, then both the Prince and the Earl's son went into a gallery underground which led out into the wood, and so they got safe off. So Almstein burned the house down, and thought he had burnt along with it both the King's son and the Earl's son. The lads were some time wanderers in the woods and wastes, but at last they came out in Sweden to the house of an earl named Hacon, and begged him for shelter. The Earl was slow to answer, and stared at them a long while, but at last he gave them food and lodging, but he showed them no honour, and they were with him three winters. As for Almstein, he seized Halfdan's realm, and made himself king over it, and no one gainsayed him or withstood him, but all thought it ill living under his sway, for he was quarrelsome, unjust, and

wanton, so that he took good men's wives and daughters from them, and kept them as long as he chose, and got children by them.

"But when the lads had been three winters in Sweden with Earl Hacon, then they went in before the Earl one day to take leave, and thanked him for their board and lodging. "This shelter Halfdan," said the Earl, "that I have given you is little thankworthy. So soon as ever I saw you, I knew who ye were. Thy father King Sigurd was my bosom friend, but why I showed you little favour was that it might not be noised abroad that ye were still alive. But now since ye wish to go away hence, I will give you three hundred men as your followers, and that may be some gain to you, though they be but a little band, if ye fall unawares on that wicked nidding Almstein, as is not unlikely; for now he must have no dread for his own sake when he weens that you have both been burnt with the house over your heads; and sooth to say it were well done if ye two could win back your power and fame." After that they set off with that band, and not a whisper was heard of them, till they came unawares on Almstein's house and set fire to it. Now when the house began to blaze, the folk went out to whom leave was granted, and then Almstein asked for peace. "Twere but right and fitting," answered Halfdan, "that the same fate should befall thee which thou hadst meant for me with thy dastardly deed; but for that we are not equals, thou shalt have thy life on these terms, that thou goest back to thy true nature, be called a thrall, and be a thrall so long as thou livest, and all thy race after thee that may spring from thy loins." Those terms Almstein chose rather than die there and then. So Halfdan handed him along with his thrall's name a white kirtle of plain shape and straight cut. After that a Thing was called, and Halfdan took a king's name, and he got back all the realm his father had before him, and all men were glad at that change.

"Now to make a long story short Almstein had many children, and I trow Ulf that thy pedigree is this:—Almstein was thy grandfather and I am King Halfdan's grandchild, and yet thou and thy kinsfolk have got into your hands so much of the King's goods as may be seen in all this furniture and these drinking vessels. Take now this white kirtle which my grandsire Halfdan gave to thy grandsire Almstein, and along with it take thy true family name, and be a thrall henceforth for evermore; for so it was decreed at that Thing of which I spoke when Halfdan got back his kingly title, that thy ancestor took the kirtle, and the mothers of his children came to the Thing with him, and they and all their children took kirtles of like hue and shape, and so shall their offspring for ever.

“So King Harold made them bring out a white kirtle, and hold it before Ulf’s eyes, and he sang these verses:—

“Ken’st thou this kirtle?
Kine are the king’s due;
An ox of full growth too
Thou ow’st to the king;
Fat geese and swine too
Thou ow’st to the king;
Offspring and all thou ownest,
Thou ow’st to the king.”

And then the king added this tag,—

“Much guile is now mingled,
The King claims thyself too.”

Then Harold went on in prose: “Take now this kirtle Ulf which thy friends owned before thee, and along with it such rights and names as they had.” Ulf thought the King’s fun most unfriendly, but could scarcely dare to say anything against it, and he hardly knew whether to take the kirtle or not, but his wife and his friends bade him never to accept such an insult whatever the King might say. Then the wife went up to the King with her kith and kin and asked for peace for Ulf, and that he might not be so shamefully mocked as looked likely, and at last the King listened to their prayer and did not force Ulf to become a thrall, and gave him back one farm out of the fifteen which he owned, but the rest the King confiscated, and all his goods and costly things, gold and silver and drinking cups and all. And so the end of the King’s dealings with Ulf was just what Ulf’s heart had told him would happen ere he bade the King to a feast. And after that the King fared back to Drontheim and took up his abode at Nidarós.”

By this story, whether he invented it altogether or merely applied a well-known tale to the case of Ulf, Harold meant to show that though all men were equal before the Crown, the King’s rights bore down all else. Against the King no lapse of time or right of property could avail anything. It was a sermon on the maxim of English law, *nullum tempus occurrit regi*, and nothing shows more how completely he had laid Norway under his feet than the way in which he now meddled with the free-men’s rights and sought his victims among the vulgar herd, after having brought down so many mighty chiefs. So there he sat at Drontheim that winter of the year 1065 at peace with all the world, enjoying for once in his busy life a short breathing space, while those mighty events were preparing in the West so full of interest for England and the North, and in which Harold was so soon to play a chief part.

ART. V.—*Publius Papinius Statius*. Recognovit GUSTAVUS QUECK. 2 voll. Leipzig, 1854.

THIS is a new recension of the text of Statius' poems, forming part of Teubner's series of Greek and Roman authors. It has no notes; but a critical preface is prefixed to each volume. We do not pretend to give any estimate of its merits, on the only ground which it assumes to itself, that of a compendious critical edition; but we may safely recommend it to our readers as cheap, convenient, and scholarlike, before we pass, as we must now do, from the editor to the poet whose text he exhibits.

There is no stronger attestation of the influence exercised by Virgil on his country's literature than the large space which the epic occupies in the poetry of post-Augustan Rome. In Greece, after the cessation of that creative activity which produced the poems of the Cycle and the legends of Heracles, the epic muse found scarcely any worshipper worthy of the name. For several centuries the hexameter had the whole field to itself; but when the territory was encroached upon by other settlers, the ancient form of composition dwindled away, like an aboriginal tribe in the presence of later civilisation. While the spirit of Grecian song was pouring itself forth in the lyric and the drama, the recollection of Homer was continued only by a few faint echoes, scarcely audible to contemporary ears, and wholly, or almost wholly, lost to modern times; and though Apollonius Rhodius is not, like Panyasis, Choerilus, and Antimachus, or his own Alexandrian brethren, Rhianus and Euphoriion, a mere name to us, we feel as we read him that he would hardly have counted as an eminent poet, among a poetical nation like the Greeks, in an age where poetry was still fresh and vigorous. But in Rome the case is far otherwise. As we pass from the golden to the silver age, we are confronted by a body of epic poetry which contains more than four times the bulk of the *Æneid*. The *Pharsalia* of Lucan and the unfinished *Argonautics* of Valerius Flaccus are indeed shorter than Virgil's poem; but the *Thebaid* of Statius, taken together with the fragment of the *Achilleid*, is considerably longer, and the Punic War of Silius Italicus is nearly half as long again. These works, in fact, constitute about a third of the extant classical poetry since the Augustan era. Nor have we any reason to think that they have been preserved to us by mere accident, while others, more worthy of being kept alive, have been left to perish. We may not value these vast heroic efforts as we value some of the less ostentatious performances of the

same period, the satires of Persius and Juvenal, or the epigrams of Martial. We may prefer, as we doubtless should prefer, the *Silvæ* of Statius to his *Thebaid*, and argue that the other three poets might have expended their powers more profitably in attempts of a less ambitious nature. But we cannot doubt that all four stood high in the estimation of their own period, the period immediately succeeding the acme of Roman culture; two of them conspicuously so; and there is certainly some significance in the fact that so much of the poetical power of a not ungifted generation should have been consumed upon a species of poetry which earlier and later ages, for very various reasons, have been equally forward to extol, and equally backward to cultivate.

Doubtless there were other influences which tended to recommend the epic to the poets of Cæsarian Rome. In the days of the intellectual glory of Athens, the real successors of Homer were to be found in the great fathers of the drama. To the public, the pleasure of listening to a rhapsodist, however skilled, must have been tame when compared with the charm of a dialogue sustained by well-graced actors, relieved by orchestral music, and set off by the accessories of scenery; while the poet would naturally prefer a field of labour, which, independently of the confessed advantages of novelty and popularity, might appear less interminable and more diversified. But the drama, the tragic drama at any rate, had never taken a thoroughly firm hold on Roman soil; and it withered rather than flourished under the imperial sunshine. The degradation of the chorus stamped it from the first with the character of comparative insignificance; it was Greek tragedy shorn of one half of its glory. Already, in the time of Horace,¹ the audience had begun to tire of the tragic dialogue, and to care only for the splendour of the spectacle; and it was not likely that under the successors of Augustus the drama should compete advantageously with the shows of the circus. The tragedy of Seneca was probably unacted tragedy; and unacted tragedy, as the public opinion of our own day tells us, is a plain confession of weakness. But there was still a field for heroic poetry; a wider one, it might seem, than it had enjoyed even in Virgil's time. The poet of the *Æneid* had read parts of his work in the presence of the imperial family; but, if we except a doubtful story of the recitation of his *Eclogues*,² we do not know that he ever appeared before a more general audience. But the atmosphere of im-

¹ Horace, *Epistles*, Book II. Ep. i. 187 foll.

² The story is that the *Bucolics* were so popular as to be recited repeatedly on the stage, and that Cicero, being present on one of these occasions, pronounced the author "*Magnæ spes altera Romæ.*" Cicero was killed before Virgil lost his farm, so the whole may be a figment.

perial Rome was favourable to recitations; and it is evident from Juvenal's language¹ that they formed a more prominent feature in his experience than they had done in that of Horace or Ovid. The same satire which complains that they did not bring money, admits that they brought fame. The poet might appear in his own person, and deliver his own verses, with no actor to intercept the rays of popular favour. The *Thebaid*, as we learn from the famous passage in Juvenal, was received with rapture by a crowded assembly. The author himself, in a poem to a friend, speaks of the day when the representatives of Rome's great founders will come to hear his *Achilleid*. We do not know what was the precise nature of the periodical contests for the crown of poetry, which formed so characteristic a feature of this, the silver age of Roman genius, and in which Statius was repeatedly successful; but we may well imagine that the poems submitted to competition would be of a more elaborate kind than the occasional pieces which make up the five books of the *Silvæ*. The Roman *Clio* had not yet abandoned faith in her origin; she still strove to execute feats which might be worthy of a goddess. In a later age, we find her contenting herself with minor epic excursions, like the Rape of Proserpine of Claudian, while she sometimes condescends, with Ausonius, to compose catalogues of words and names for grammar-schools, and celebrate the conflicting powers of Yes and No. But at present she is confident in her strength, and even fonder of exhibiting it than when that strength was really at its height. The epigram is the amusement of her leisure moments; she may give days or weeks to the composition of a satire: but it is to poems like the *Thebaid*, the product of the vigils of twelve long years, that she looks for enduring glory.²

The early Roman epic had been national in subject, if not in form. Nævius had sung of the great struggle against Carthage; Ennius had recounted the annals of the Roman people from the days of Romulus, if not earlier; Hostius had commemorated the war with Histria. The *Æneid* is the glorification of the forefathers of the imperial nation, who, though vanquished in Phrygia, had been victorious in Italy. But the *Æneid*, though national in one of its aspects, is exotic in another. It might be read by a Roman as a celebration of the antiquarian glories of his country; it might be read as a tale of the Homeric school, a sequel to the *Iliad*, a companion to the *Odyssey*. It would

¹ Contrast the early part of the first and seventh satires of Juvenal with such passages as *Hor. Sat. i. iv. 23*; *Ep. i. xix. 37* foll.

² See the concluding lines of the *Thebaid* :—

O mihi bisseuos multum vigilata per annos
Thebai.

naturally foster the love, not only of Greek mythology in relation to the history of Rome, but of Greek mythology as such ; of that wonderful body of legendary lore, by turns terrible and pathetic, sublime and grotesque, which, even in our alien atmosphere, has such a charm for the imagination of the boy, and for the intellect of the grown man. These two aspects, combined in the *Æneid*, are found separately in the epics of the silver age. Silius and Lucan choose national subjects ; the one going back on the traces of Nævius, and celebrating the Punic wars, the other treading on the scarcely extinguished embers of civil discord, and telling the story of Pharsalia. Flaccus and Statius resort to the storehouse of Grecian fable, which furnishes to the former the voyage of the Argonauts, the subject selected by the Alexandrian poet, to the latter the first siege of Thebes, the fertile theme of Athenian tragedy, and the life of Achilles, that grand whole, of which only a part had been appropriated by Homer.

The choice of such a subject as the *Thebaid* is itself a significant one. It was indeed not new to epic poetry ; it formed the subject of one of the poems of the Cycle, the substance of which modern critics¹ have apparently been able to recover by the help of Pindar and Pausanias, though the extant fragments are but few ; and it was revived some centuries later by Antimachus of Claros, whose enormous poem, twenty-four books of which were occupied in bringing the Seven Chiefs to Thebes, was listened to, Cicero tells us, by Plato, after all the other auditors had left the room, and is known to have been preferred by the imperial judgment of Hadrian to the works of Homer. Our associations with it are, of course, those of readers of Greek tragedy, in whose gallery of terrible imagery it forms so prominent a feature. There is reason to think, that as treated in the cyclic poem, it was without some of those revolting traits² which now characterize it ; but whatever may have been the condition in which the tragic poets received it, there can be no doubt about the horrors which invested it when it left their hands. As handled by *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, it pleases more than it shocks ; but it is only because we have submitted ourselves to the laws of that species of art, the object of which is to purge the passions by pity and terror. Just before Statius' time, *Seneca*, if we are right, as we well may be, in ascribing the Theban tragedy to him, had shown what might be made of the subject by a practised rhetorician who should simply abandon himself to the task of drawing out its horrible and loathsome details. Possibly, by a recurrence to the ancient severity of treatment, it might have

¹ See Mure, *History of Greek Literature*, vol. ii. pp. 269 foll.

² Such as the self-inflicted blindness of *Œdipus*.

been made enduring as a subject for narrative poetry. But such self-restraint was foreign alike to the ambition of the poet and to the taste of his age. Statius appears to have been drawn to the subject, not in spite but in consequence of the features which would have repelled a sounder and more chastened judgment. He wished to produce what, in language with which the somewhat kindred experience of our own time has made us familiar, would be called a work of the "sensation" school; and in the choice of means towards his end, he certainly showed himself not injudicious.

It is of this poem that we intend to speak for the rest of the present article. We shall give a critical account in detail of the conduct of the story; we shall indicate more briefly the principal characteristics of the poet's style; and we shall mention one special point which may seem to entitle him to the praise of incidental success, even though the final verdict should be, as we fear it will be, that the poem, as a whole, is an elaborate failure.

The *Thebaid* is contained in twelve books, the number which the *Æneid* had made classical; and the average content of each is about the same as the average content of the several books of the *Æneid*. But it is made clear at the very outset, that the spirit of Statius is not quite the same as the spirit of Virgil. Instead of the modest "*cano*" with which Virgil informs us of the subject of his song, we are told that Pierian inspiration impels the poet to sing of the strife of the brothers and the guilt of Thebes. He asks rhetorically where he shall commence; whether from the very first, the rape of Europa and the voyage of Cadmus; and concludes that such a starting-place would be too far off, and that he had better confine himself to the family of *Œdipus*. He invokes his *Cæsar*, Domitian, remembering that Virgil had invoked Augustus, but apparently forgetting that it was at the outset, not of the *Æneid*, but of the *Georgics*; and then, after another rhetorical inquiry, which of the invading heroes he shall sing first, plunges into his subject. In the true vein of Seneca, he introduces us at once to the blind *Œdipus*, who, in the depth of his solitude at Thebes, raises the empty sockets of his eyes to heaven, strikes the ground with bloody hands, and implores the Queen of the Furies, by the recollection of his former deeds of horror, to avenge him on his undutiful children, and urge their congenial minds to some crime great enough to gladden their father. The Fury, to the loathsomeness of whose personal appearance full justice is done, makes her way to Thebes, and induces the two young kings to agree to a compact that they should reign alternately, the outgoing king leaving the country at the end of his year. Thebes, we are told,

is but a poor kingdom,¹ yet the lust of sway is as strong in the two brothers as if they were striving for the empire of the world. Eteocles is the first to reign. The people feel some discontent at the arrangement, which they think, not without reason, has been made for the advantage of the brothers more than for their own. Jupiter calls a council, and announces his intention of taking vengeance on the two royal houses of Thebes and Argos for a long series of crimes. Juno puts in a word for Argos, but is sternly overruled, and Mercury is sent down to raise the ghost of Laius, who is to incite Eteocles to break the compact. Meantime Polynices, being excluded by the terms of the compact from Thebes, resolves, for some reason unknown, to visit Argos. He is represented as a veritable exile, without any companion to share his journey, which turns out to be an exceedingly rough one, through rain, wind, and thunder. He finds his way to the palace of Adrastus, the king of Argos, and has just taken shelter in the vestibule, when he is interrupted by another traveller in a similar plight. This is Tydeus, who has had to leave his own home, Calydon, for having killed his brother. The strangers fight with fists, attempt to gouge each other, and would have drawn their swords if the noise had not awakened Adrastus, who separates them, takes them into his house, and entertains them. It is the night of a festival to Apollo, the institution of which is related by Adrastus in a long story, obviously modelled on Evander's narrative of the death of Cacus. A hymn to the great Sun-God concludes the book.

While this is going on, Laius is being conducted to earth by Mercury, not without envious gibes from his brother shades, who solace themselves with thinking that he will like his underground dwelling less for having been allowed a glimpse of daylight. On reaching Thebes, he takes the form of Tiresias, and appears to Eteocles in a vision, at the end of which he makes himself known. The scene then changes to Argos again. The morning after the storm, Adrastus makes a speech to his guests, and offers them respectively the hands of his two daughters, whom they had seen at the banquet of the previous night. They accept with thankfulness, and the double nuptials are celebrated with great pomp, which is, however, marred by one bad omen, the fall of a heavy shield from the roof of the temple of Pallas, just as the brides-elect are entering it by torchlight. The wedding festivities over, Polynices begins to sigh for Thebes; and eventually it is agreed that Tydeus, who has now come to be his firmest friend, should undertake the office of ambassador to Eteocles, and remind him that the year of royalty has expired.

¹ "Pugna est de paupere regno" (Book i. 151), one of the very few expressions in Statius that have become in any way proverbial.

This duty he discharges in a speech which might have ruffled a more accommodating temper than that with which he has to deal. The king refuses to abdicate, basing his resolution on public grounds, as a change of rulers must be a bad thing for the nation; the ambassador breaks into a fury, denounces war, captivity, and death, and so leaves the presence. Eteocles determines to avenge himself on his audacious visitor, and posts fifty men in ambush along the road by which Tydeus has to travel. And now the poet has got his opportunity, and he uses it unsparingly. The scene is appropriate to a deed of impiety, being a defile overlooked by a rock,—a place where the Sphinx once sat and tore her victims, and which cattle, and even birds of ill omen, avoid with horror. Tydeus is surprised by a dart, which strikes him, but does not draw blood; he vehemently calls on his adversaries to show themselves, springs on the fatal rock, and from that vantage-ground attacks the enemy with a fragment of stone, crushing four and making the rest retire. He comes down from the rock, and they soon assail him again; but he is more than a match for them; he keeps them off with his sword, receives their spears on his shield, and hurls the weapons back with deadly effect. Finally, he stands like Ulysses after the slaughter of the suitors, with all slain but a few unnerved wretches, who vainly beg for life, or attempt a feeble resistance. One of these, who happened to be innocent, is spared at the instance of Pallas, and sent back to Thebes to tell the tale. The conqueror ends the book with another hymn of praise, which this time is to Pallas.

The Third Book brings us back to Eteocles, who has passed a restless night, wondering that he does not hear of the death of Tydeus. In due time the unhappy survivor arrives, tells his tale, inveighs against his wicked master, and ends by stabbing himself. Eteocles refuses him burial; and the poet, with that zeal for freedom which so curiously characterizes the courtiers of imperial Rome, delivers an enthusiastic eulogy on the man who dares boldly to confront a tyrant. The bodies of the other ambuscaders are brought home and buried, and there is more free speaking against Eteocles. Jupiter has been watching what has happened, and, apparently thinking that Argos and Thebes are not sufficiently likely to quarrel already, sends for Mars, and bids him pay a visit to the Argives. Venus stops her lover as he is going, and pleads her affection for Thebes; he reassures her by a rough caress, hurting her, we are told, against his shield, and says that Fate must have its way, but that when the war has begun, he will bear hardly on Argos. And now we are called back to Tydeus, who reaches his father-in-law's home, and finding a council assembled, urges an imme-

diate march on Thebes ; to which Adrastus replies that he will think about it. After a week's deliberation, the Argive king resolves to find out the will of Heaven, and consults two prophets, Melampus and Amphiaraus. They agree to observe the flight of birds, and after a prayer to Jupiter, which reads like a philosophical apology for the practice of augury, are at last rewarded by an omen. They see an innumerable multitude of swans, which from their peaceful appearance they conclude to symbolize Thebes ; these are attacked by seven eagles, of course the seven Argive chiefs, which in their turn meet with mysterious fates of various kinds, corresponding to the fates which actually await the doomed warriors. Statius, elsewhere minute even to tediousness, is here obscure and brief ; he indemnifies us, however, by denouncing in his own person the passion for prying into futurity. Amphiaraus, being one of the seven intended chiefs, has discovered his own fate ; and now, instead of telling what he knows, he buries himself in gloomy privacy, and keeps silence for twelve days. The war-fever rises, and Capaneus, one of the Argive magnates, threatens the augur, and throws contempt on his act. On this he speaks, and in terms which, though somewhat enigmatical, clearly announces coming ruin, warns his hearers to abandon the expedition. Capaneus retorts in a speech, where, by a happy inconsistency of impiety, the gods are alternately blasphemed and denied, and carries the people with him. Argia, the wife of Polynices, pays a midnight visit to her father, and presses on him her husband's claims. He soothes her, and the book closes.

At the opening of the Fourth Book we find that a second year has been spent in preparation, and that the expected day has come at last. The seven chiefs are recounted in order, Adrastus himself, Polynices, Tydeus, Hippomedon, Capaneus, Amphiaraus, Parthenopæus ; some of them apparently leaders of independent contingents, others appointed to command tribes subject to the Argive crown. One or two incidents occur :—Eriphyle, the wife of Amphiaraus, is bribed by a fatal necklace, the property of the princess Argia, to induce her husband to join the army ; Atalanta, the mother of Parthenopæus, parts with her son in words which show that she does not expect to see him again. The scene shifts, and we are at Thebes, which has already heard the rumour of invasion. As at Argos, there is a wish to explore the future ; and the blind Tiresias and his daughter Manto perform magical rites. At last the infernal world opens, and Manto is proceeding to describe the commonplace features of it for her father's benefit, when he tells her that he knows them already, and bids her concentrate her attention on the spirits of Argos and Thebes. These accordingly pass in

a somewhat tedious review, when Tiresias, finding that a kind of second-sight is given to him, singles out the ghost of Laius, and by a mixture of threatening and encouragement extorts the information that Thebes will conquer, that Polynices will not gain the throne, and that Œdipus will have his will. We leave the invaded, and return to the invaders, who are on their march through the forest of Nemea. Bacchus, the patron of Thebes, resolves to trouble them, and prevails on the nymphs of the spot to dry up the rivers. Burning with thirst, in their wanderings they meet with Hypsipyle, the nurse of the child of Lycurgus, the king of the country, and are guided by her to a small stream which is still flowing. Upon this they throw themselves pell-mell, struggling for the water with a fury like that of an army in action, and continuing to drink when it is already foul and muddy. Again the book is ended by a sort of hymn, which on this occasion is addressed to the god of the stream, by one of the chiefs from the middle of the water.¹

The Fifth Book contributes but little to the progress of the poem. Adrastus, wishing to show his interest in the benefactress of his army, asks Hypsipyle who she is, and hears a story in reply which occupies no less than 450 lines, more than half the book. She was a noble lady of Lemnos, and was living there with her father Thoas, when Venus, deeming herself neglected by the Lemnian women, made them first estrange themselves from their husbands, and finally resolve to slaughter the whole male population,—a resolution which they accomplished on the occasion of their husbands returning from an expedition against Thrace. Hypsipyle saved her father, who escaped to Chios, under the guidance of his father, Bacchus; but this act of splendid mendacity was not known, and the Lemnian ladies made her their queen. They were beginning to repent of their crime, when they were visited by the Argonauts, whom they first attempted to repulse, but finally fell in love with, Hypsipyle herself becoming the mother of twins by Jason. With the spring the Argonauts left them, and about the same time news arrived that Hypsipyle's father was alive. She fled, but fell in with pirates, who sold her to the master whose child she now nurses. This lengthy and irrelevant tale is told, like the story of the Thebaid itself, with much rhetorical indirectness; a good deal of effort is required to follow it; and whether it tired the hearers or no, it certainly tires the readers.

¹ There is a difficult line in this part (v. 829), which is not cleared up by such commentators as we have been able to consult:—

"Hac sævisse tenus populorum incepta tuorum
Sufficiat."

Read "in cœpta," and all will be plain.

However, if not important in one sense, it is important in another. While the nurse is telling her troubles, the infant is killed by a serpent, which the poet supposes to carry its sting in its tail. The serpent is attacked by the heroes, and killed by Capaneus, who expresses a hope that he may be slaying a favourite of the gods; the Nymphs and Fauns mourn for the reptile, and Jupiter is nearly avenging it by lightning. Hypsipyle is frantic at her loss, as is her royal employer, the child's father, who would have killed her on the spot, but for the interposition of the Argive chiefs, and the sudden appearance of her two sons, who happen just at that moment to have arrived at the palace in quest of their mother. This time the book is ended, not by a hymn, but by an oracular utterance from Amphiarus, who tells the afflicted father and the Argives that the child's death was destined, but that, by way of compensation, it has been made a deity.

The Sixth Book has often been pointed to as a signal instance of Statius' want of judgment. Like the Twenty-third Iliad and the Fifth Æneid, it is taken up with funeral games celebrated by the heroes in honour of the deified infant, as though the poet thought a book of games a constituent part of an epic, and introduced it without asking whether it was appropriate to the story or not. A favourable critic of the last century, who published a translation of the book,¹ thinks it at once a pleasing relief from the horrors of the story, and a gentle introduction to the wars that are to come; an opinion in which we do not think a continuous reader of the poem will agree with him. A somewhat better vindication will be found in the fact that this celebration seems to have formed part of the original Theban story, being, in fact, the legendary account of the institution of the Nemean games. But however the episode might have fared in the hands of a more judicious poet, in those of Statius it merely serves to distract us by a needless variety of incident. The games are conducted by the Argives, the father and mother simply abandoning themselves to wild and furious grief. There is a chariot-race, in which Polynices drives his father-in-law's horse, the famous Arion, and shares the fate of Phaethon, with whom he is compared. There is a foot-race, which is disturbed, like that in Virgil, by a trick, the second runner pulling the first back by the hair; but they run again, and the author of the foul play is fairly beaten. There is a throwing of quoits, which affords no remarkable incident. There is a boxing-match, where the gigantic Capaneus is confronted by a cooler combatant, who baffles him, but whose life he would apparently

¹ Harte, quoted by Malone in a note on Dryden's "Discourse on Epic Poetry" (Dryden's *Prose Works*, vol. iv. p. 428).

have taken had he not been appeased by the prize. There is a wrestling-match, where Tydeus throws an opponent of Herculean bulk, complacently observing, as he takes the prize, how much more he might have done had he not left so much of his blood on the plains of Thebes. There was to have been a combat with cold steel, had not it struck Adrastus that his chiefs had better reserve their fury for the enemy than expend it on each other. All the seven generals have now shown some kind of superiority but Adrastus, who is accordingly complimented by being asked to volunteer a display of his strength or skill in shooting with the bow or hurling the javelin. He shoots at an ash-tree in the distance; the arrow hits the mark, but flies back to the place whence it had been shot. The spectators assign it to natural causes; but it is really a portent, signifying that he alone is to return from the expedition.

The Seventh Book is much more business-like, not only bringing the heroes to Thebes, but accomplishing one of the chief events of the war. Jupiter, giving a nod which, we are assured, adds sensibly to the burden of Atlas, sends Mercury to stimulate Mars, who is to be told how the Argives are waiting their time, and to have the option given him of carrying on matters more vigorously, or abandoning his office of war-god, and leaving the conduct of the invasion to Pallas. Mars is found in his palace, which is described after the manner of Ovid; and he is not long in putting himself into motion. A false alarm is raised, and the Argives are made to think that the Thebans are advancing to meet them. Bacchus pleads to Jupiter for Thebes, and complains that he is being sacrificed to his step-mother: Jupiter answers that he is not influenced by Juno, but by the Fates, and that, though the race of Œdipus must perish, Thebes itself is to be respited. Eteocles prepares to defend the city, and assembles his forces. Antigone appears on the walls as she does in the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, with an aged attendant, whom she questions about such of the Theban leaders as she does not know by sight. The old man enters into a long rhetorical detail, which is, as usual, obscure from want of simplicity, and breaks off weeping at the thought of Laius, his ancient master. Eteocles harangues his army, briefly and with some vigour. The invaders march on, though forbidding portents spring up along the whole line of their route; rivers flowing backward, showers of stones, oracles struck dumb, ghosts of great criminals appearing, and weeping statues. The Asopus swells as if to oppose their passage, but Hippomedon dashes into the stream, and the rest follow him. When they reach Thebes, Jocasta insists on seeing Poly-nices, and produces a momentary impression, which, how-

ever, a fierce speech from Tydeus is sufficient to dispel. The war is precipitated by an incident, evidently borrowed from the Seventh *Æneid* of Virgil. There are two tame tigers, which, having drawn the car of Bacchus in the famous Indian campaign, are allowed to run loose, and honoured with semi-divine observances. A Fury, who is apparently in attendance on Mars, brings back their savage nature; they attack the Argives, and are pierced through and through with javelins, and driven to Thebes. The sacrilegious author of their wounds is killed in his turn, and the battle begins. Amphiarus, the doomed augur, performs prodigies of valour. In the midst of them, his charioteer is killed, and Apollo takes the vacant place, when a scene ensues, which Mr. Merivale¹ justly characterizes as a really fine one, though overdrawn and overloaded. Apollo reveals himself, and tells his votary that the hour of doom is come. Amphiarus answers, shortly and sadly. The earth is felt to shake; a chasm opens at the horses' feet; and the augur goes down alive into the depth in his chariot, with one hand still on the reins, and the other on his weapon.

If Statius is able to draw a striking picture, he certainly is not able to leave it alone when drawn. The Eighth Book follows Amphiarus down the chasm, and describes, at considerable length, the effect of his sudden appearance on the shades; how Pluto rises in gloomy wrath, but is appeased by the augur's prayers, and spares him as a lion is contented with trampling on a fallen foe. In the upper world, the lamentation is long and loud. The Argives spend the night in weeping, the Thebans in festivity. A new augur is appointed, who conducts his predecessor's funeral, and sings a rhetorical hymn to the earth. The battle recommences; and we have one of those enumerations of slaughter which are natural in Homer, scarcely tolerable in Virgil, and insufferable in a less simple and more ambitious writer, the chief actor being Tydeus. The daughters of *Cedipus* are exchanging their sorrows in their chamber, when young Atys, who had been plighted to *Ismene*, is borne into the palace, having received his death-wound from the terrible *Ætolian*. At last, a Theban, *Melanippus*, succeeds in striking down Tydeus, though he is struck down by him in return. Tydeus begs his comrades to bring him his enemy's head, and, after gloating on it, is impelled by the Fury to gnaw it to the brain, just as *Pallas* was coming with *Jupiter's* permission to make him immortal. The pure goddess veils her face with the *Gorgon* shield, flies away with loathing, and leaves her fiendish favourite to die.

The Ninth Book opens amid the horror of the Thebans and

¹ *History of the Romans under the Empire.*

the grief of the Argives and Polynices, who speaks of Tydeus' last action as prompted by excess of friendship to himself. There is a fight over the body, which would have been rescued by Hippomedon, had not the Fury, who has an interest in Tydeus' remaining unburied, raised a false alarm that Adrastus is in the hands of the enemy. Hippomedon, finding himself baffled, mounts the dead man's horse, and rides to the river Ismenus, where there is a furious combat, like the Homeric combat at the Scamander. The new Achilles, like his prototype, is in danger of being overwhelmed by the river-god, whose grandson he has killed. Juno begs that he may escape drowning, and Jupiter assents; but as soon as he has landed, he is overpowered and slain. Three of the Argive chiefs have now fallen, and a fourth is shortly to follow. The mother of Parthenopæus, away in Arcadia, forebodes the death of her son, and prays to her patroness, the huntress-queen. Diana goes to Thebes, where Apollo consoles her by telling her that he has himself had to lose his votary, Amphiaraus: she resolves, however, to avenge her favourite's death, from whatever hand it may come. It is, as our readers will have seen already, the story of Camilla over again. The goddess does her best to make his career a splendid one, filling his quiver with heavenly shafts, and sprinkling him with ambrosia, which is to guard him against every wound but the last fatal one. After he has inflicted many deaths, she attempts to stop him from going further, but in vain: and meantime Venus, who has been viewing her interference with jealousy, sends down Mars to order her away. Parthenopæus is struck down, and expires with a rather touching address to his mother, which closes the book.

Another night follows: as before, the Argives are dispirited, and the Thebans confident, insomuch that they contemplate a night attack on the quarters of the enemy. Meanwhile, the Argive matrons at home go in supplication to the temple of Pallas: and she resolves to trouble the Thebans, though she feels that she cannot conquer them. Accordingly, she sends down Iris to the cave of Sleep, which is elaborately described, and incites that drowsy power to fall on the hosts of Thebes, while the Argives are to be kept wakeful. Adrastus is moved by the advice of Amphiaraus' successor, who has been favoured with a vision of Amphiaraus himself, to send out a small band against the sleeping foe; and the new augur, with two others, and a company of thirty men, offers himself for the service. Not content with thus copying the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, as Virgil copied that of Ulysses and Diomed, Statius has chosen to remind us yet more pointedly of the deeds and fate of the two Trojan friends. The expedition has succeeded and

is retiring, when two members of it, Hoplaus and Dymas, companions respectively of Tydeus and Parthenopæus, resolve to look for their leaders' bodies. They find them, and are going off, each with his prize, when they are discovered. Hoplaus is killed: Dymas offers to forego life and burial for himself, if his young chief may be buried. He is offered his own life and the body of his chief if he will tell what the Argives are intending; but he will not sink to the level of the Homeric Dolon, and stabs himself on the spot, Statius expressing a hope that he and Hoplaus will be welcomed as kindred spirits by Euryalus and Nisus. The Argives make a furious assault on the town, and the Thebans retire within the walls, which they defend desperately. There are murmurs against Eteocles, and Tiresias is bidden to tell the future. He replies that Thebes may be saved by the death of the youngest of the posterity of Cadmus. The goddess of Virtue or Worth, a somewhat strange personage to introduce into a Greek legend, inspires Menœceus, the youngest son of Creon, to offer himself willingly for his country. Pretending to his father that he does not mean to comply with the oracular voice, he mounts the walls, addresses the gods, stabs himself, sprinkles the towers with his blood, and falls, not to the earth, but into the arms of Piety and Virtue, who waft his body gently down, while his spirit ascends to heaven. And now the poet girds himself to sing of the actions and death of Capaneus, and invokes the aid of all the Muses at once. That tremendous warrior climbs the walls, torch in hand, breaks off the battlements, and shatters Thebes with its own stones. The gods are in confusion, glaring at each other on each side of the throne of Jupiter. Capaneus dares them to hinder him: the sky darkens, but he presses on, declaring that the lightning will serve to rekindle his torch. A thunderbolt strikes him, and he begins to burn, first his crest, then his shield, and finally, his body; yet he still breathes defiance to heaven, and all but requires a second bolt to extinguish him.

The death of Capaneus is felt to be a relief, not only by the Thebans, but by the gods. They congratulate Jupiter as they did after his victory over the giants, and even the Thunderer feels respect for one who knew so well how to hold his own. Far from being thrust down to Tartarus, which we feel would have been his sentence had he fallen into the hands of Virgil, he is received with honour by the whole infernal world, and refreshes his august spirit at the Stygian streams. Meantime, two of the Furies agree to bring about a combat between the brothers. Polynices challenges Eteocles, and Eteocles accepts the challenge, after a quarrel with Creon, who taunts him with cowardice. Various attempts are made to stop the meeting:

Jocasta flies to her son; Antigone, from the tower, calls to her brother; Adrastus protests, and finding himself unheeded, makes his way from the field back to Argos; the goddess of Piety comes down and urges the two armies to interpose, but is driven from the scene by the Fury, who shakes her serpents and torches in her face. The combat is conducted like that in the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, except that, in Statius, Eteocles receives his death-wound first, and Polynices is stabbed while leaning over him and taking his spoils. Œdipus emerges from his cell, and insists on being taken to the bodies. He repents of the curses he has invoked, and says that natural piety has returned to him, which he shows by wishing that he had his eyes back to be pulled out again in sign of grief. Creon, who has succeeded to the throne, with the insolence of an upstart monarch, bids him leave Thebes. He replies indignantly, Antigone submissively, and they are allowed to withdraw to Cithæron. The Argives retire in confusion from the Theban territory, and the Eleventh Book ends.

The story is now exhausted, and it is not easy to see why the poet should have prolonged it, unless perhaps in compliance with the practice of his predecessors. But there is a class of readers who are curious to know the sequel of every tale, who wish for a sixth act to Hamlet, and wonder what Edgar and Albany did after the death of Lear: and it may gratify these to find that Statius occupies a twelfth book with telling us that Creon buries his son magnificently, Eteocles obscurely, and Polynices not at all; that the widows of the Argive chiefs set out for Thebes to beg their husbands' bodies, but, on hearing of Creon's tyranny, turn aside to Athens, and implore the aid of Theseus; that Argia, Polynices' wife, goes to Thebes nevertheless, and is proceeding to lay out the corpse when she falls in with Antigone, who had come on the same errand; and that Theseus leads an army to Thebes, conquers it with little or no resistance, and kills Creon. The meeting of the husbandless wife and brotherless sister is strikingly told, and might have been admired had it occurred elsewhere: the conquering expedition of Theseus is hurried over in a couple of hundred lines, as if it were a trifling episode. The poet himself seems to feel his mistake: he tells us that he cannot describe how the Argive ladies severally wailed their dead: it would be an extensive subject even for a new poem, and after his long voyage he wants to get into port. And so he takes leave of his work, which is already approved by Cæsar, and studied by the schoolboys of Italy, and will, he trusts, have an immortality of its own, though a less glorious one than that of the *Æneid*.

Such is an outline of the principal work of a writer, who, in

the opinion of the elder Scaliger,¹ stands above all Greek and Roman epic poets, save Virgil alone; being superior to Homer in the quality of his verses, the number of his figures, the distribution of his characters, and the elaboration of his sentiments. To our readers, we fear, he will appear to have produced a medley of confused and exaggerated effects, crowding disproportioned incidents and overdrawn or underdrawn characters within the framework of a story, which may be a striking one, but which he did not invent, but borrow. He has been compared to Ovid, and with some justice, as both are apt to sacrifice taste to ingenuity, simplicity to show; but while Ovid, with all his faults, tells his tale excellently, Statius tells his indifferently. Nor can we agree with the praise which has been bestowed by two eminent critics, Mr. Hallam² and Mr. Merivale, on the structure of the *Thebaid*, as though it had the advantage of other epic poems in unity and greatness of action. The March to Thebes is one thing, the Siege of Thebes another: the former interests us only as the preparation for the latter, and to spend half the poem on it is really to fall into the error of the writer, who, as we said earlier in this paper, could not despatch that part of his subject under twenty-four books. It may be true that the incidents of the march formed a recognised portion of the Theban legend, and could as little be dispensed with in a traditional exposition of the story as the incidents of the siege; but while we admit that there may be an excuse for the fault, we must not speak as if the fault had not been committed.

Our limits do not allow us to give our readers as adequate a notion as we should wish of the style of Statius. There is a family likeness among most, if not all, of the writers of the silver age; point, terseness, clever condensation, are characteristic of them all; their fault is a want of simplicity and repose. These characteristic features Statius may be said to exaggerate and distort. Everything with him is, so to say, of the second intention; thoughts are locked up in epigrams, facts in allusions. The great masters of this art were, we need not say, the writers of the corresponding period of Greek cultivation, the school of Alexandria. When Lycophron wants to describe Heracles, he speaks of him as one whom a dead man killed with swordless guile. But Statius is hardly less successful in darkening his meaning, when, at the outset of his poem, he says³ he shall

¹ *Poetics*.

² *History of Literature of Europe*.

³ *Satis arma referre*

Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis post fata modum flammasque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumultusque carentia regum
Funera et egestas alternis mortibus urbes.—

Book i. 33 foll.

content himself with speaking of the arms of Aonia, and the sceptre fatal to two kings, the fury that stopped not after death, and the flames that waged fresh war on the funeral pile, and the royal deaths that found no burial, and the cities that were drained by alternate carnage. Sometimes, in interpreting him, we have to balance probabilities between his love of the obscure and his love of the horrible; as when he tells us that the sons of Œdipus trampled on their father's eyes as they fell from his head,¹ and we are left in doubt whether he means what he says, or whether it is merely his way of saying that the sons insulted their father's blindness. But we shall exemplify the qualities of his style best by analysing a very short passage. He is speaking of the Fury as she appears on earth.²

"Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerastæ,
Turba minor diri capitis: sedet intus abactis
Ferreæ lux oculis, qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracia rubet arte labor."

"A hundred uncoiled vipers shaded her brow, not half the multitude of that terrible head: deep in her sunken eyes sits an iron light, like as by Thessalian skill the agony of Phœbe glares red through the clouds." We want our readers to observe the choice of the word "*cerastæ*" for the common "*angues*" or "*serpentes*;" the enigmatical expression "*turba minor*," signifying that the snakes were innumerable, as one hundred was less than half their number; the boldness with which the light is called "*ferreæ*," iron-red, and made to sit in the eyes; the exaggeration of speaking of the eyes as "*abacti*," driven away into the head; the novelty of making the labour of the moon look red, instead of the labouring moon herself; and the use of the recondite word "*Atracian*," from one of the tribes of Thessaly, for the ordinary word "*Thessalian*." We do not mean to say that most of these might not be paralleled from other poets, but we think it will be admitted that the allowance of strange expressions is large for three lines and a half.

It would be too much to say that the style of the silver age is essentially ill adapted to the production of broad pictorial effects in narrative. We are at once confronted by the fact that Tacitus, the most graphic historian of Rome, perhaps of any nation, belongs, not only by accident of birth, but by the quality

¹ "*Nati, facinus sine more, cadentes calcavere oculos*" (Book I. 238). There is a similar doubt about verse 72, "*miseraque oculos in matre reliqui*," which *may* only mean that Œdipus blinded himself at the time of his mother's death.

² Book I. 103 foll.

of his genius, emphatically to the silver age. His narrative may indeed be called, as Mr. Carlyle's has been called in our own day, history read by flashes of lightning; but that vivid and fitful intensity leaves a more distinct as well as more powerful impression on the mind than the equable moonlight glow of Livy. But Tacitus is enabled to produce this effect by the presence of that stern self-restraint which accompanies power of the highest class. The flashes of his genius are no mere idle coruscations, but obey a fixed law which makes each subservient to a general result. But for this restraining principle, we should have not a history, but a series of epigrams. And this restraining principle is precisely what Statius wants. The consequence is that we have a narrative which is full of short cuts and compendious expedients, and at the same time incredibly tedious. We are always out of breath, and yet seem never to arrive at our journey's end. The paradox of the arguers against motion is realized, and progress is shown to be impossible by the infinite divisibility of the ground which has to be passed over. Let us contrast the narrative of the Thebaid for a few moments with the narrative of the *Æneid*, choosing a place in the two stories where they really come into competition, the description of the prize fight in the funeral games. We must trust that our readers' recollection will supply them with the details in Virgil's account, while we endeavour to give them some notion of those in the tale as told by Statius.

As soon as Adrastus has proclaimed that the boxing-match is to begin, which he does by commending the prowess shown in boxing as "*bellis et ferro proxima virtus*," Capaneus rises like the Homeric Epeios or the Virgilian Dares, puts the lead-weighted gauntlets on hands as hard as they, and asks for an opponent, intimating that he would rather have had a Theban, whom he might fairly have killed, instead of being obliged to shed the blood of a citizen. Alcidas, a young Spartan, rises at last, to the surprise of all but his compatriots, who know that he is a child of the palæstra, having been trained by Pollux:

"Ipse deus posuitque manus et brachia finxit
Materiam (*suadebat amor*): tunc sæpe locavit
Cominus, et simili stantem miratus in ira
Sustulit exultans, nudumque ad pectora pressit."

The passage is not altogether easy; but we suppose the meaning to be that Pollux had moulded the rudimentary gristle of his young favourite into bone and muscle, had stood up with him repeatedly, and had been so charmed with his spirit and endurance as to catch him to his breast and embrace him then and there. Now let us think of Virgil's notice of Dares' victory

over Butes, or Entellus' companionship with Eryx, and we shall be better able to appreciate this unseasonable attempt to interest us by minute word-painting in the antecedents of a personage on whom the eye is only meant to rest for a second or two. Capaneus is indignant, scornful, and affectedly contemptuous; at length, however, his languid sinews swell, and he stands up to fight. They confront each other, the one like what Tityos would be if the birds would suffer him to rise; the other so young as to arrest the sympathies of the spectators, who tremble at the prospect of seeing him bleed.

"Quem vinci haud quisquam, sævo nec sanguine tingi
Malit, et erecto timeat spectacula voto."

At first they are prudent and cautious, sparring rather than hitting: "explorant cæstus hebetantque terendo." Alcidas continues this Fabian policy, and keeps his fury in reserve, "differet animum." Capaneus becomes enraged, and expends both his hands recklessly: "ambas consumit sine lege manus." The young Spartan has the advantage, parrying his opponent's hits, while he sometimes goes into him (the word is Statius' own, "intrat,") like a wave breaking on a rock, and finally plants a wound on his forehead. Capaneus hears the shout of the spectators, but is unconscious that blood has been drawn; at last, however, he puts up his hand to his brow, when the sight of the stains makes him more furious than a wounded lion; he rushes on Alcidas, who is driven before him, preserving his coolness nevertheless.

"Non tamen immemor artis,
Adversus fugit, et fugiens tamen ictibus obstat."

The mad effort soon exhausts them both, and they pause to take breath; and the poet takes breath too in a short simile:

"Sic ubi longa vagos lassarunt æquora nautas
Et signo de puppi dato posuere parumper
Brachia, vix requies, jam vox ciet altera remos."

The giant makes another rush, but his nimble adversary first eludes him and then butts him over, "sponte ruens mersusque humeris," knocking him down again as he is rising, till he is alarmed at his own success. The Argives raise a shout which the shores and woods but faintly echo; but Adrastus sees that Capaneus is not beaten, but only made more dangerous, and interposes to prevent murder from being done.

"Ite, oro, socii, furit: ite, opponite dextras,
Festinate, furit, palmamque et præmia ferte:
Non prius effracto quam misceat ossa cerebro
Absistet, video: moriturum auferte Laona."

Tydeus and Hippomedon with some difficulty hold Capaneus, telling him that he has conquered, and that it is graceful to spare a vanquished foe who happens to be an ally; but he thrusts aside the prize, and complains that he is not allowed to beat the minion to a mummy, and send him back thus to his patron. The Spartans welcome their champion, and indulge in a distant laugh at Capaneus' blustering; and so the scene is ended.

We feel that this summary has done but little justice to the real points of the narrative, which is at once far more ingenious, and for that reason possibly more tedious, than our plain prose can make it. Almost every line contains some terse, pointed expression; not a few of them are distinguished by graphic and picturesque touches, which we have been compelled to omit. Yet we cannot doubt what the verdict will be, if we now call upon our readers to decide between Statius and Virgil. The narrative in the *Æneid* reflects the simple majesty of the veteran Entellus, rising modestly, only gradually warming into passion, and finally retiring from the victorious field with a tribute to his patron, such as we can fancy Virgil paying to Homer. In Statius all is noise, glare, and confusion, whether we attempt to sympathize with the baffled giant whom failure is turning into a fiend, or to join in the laugh with which his threats are received by the backers of his young opponent. Yet it is not the absence of art which makes Virgil what he is. Every line in him will bear examination; and every line will be seen upon examination to have been made conducive to the purpose of the entire narrative. Take for instance the figure of Dares; he is drawn with just sufficient definiteness to make him seem as a foil to Entellus; beyond that we are not intended to think of him either with sympathy or with aversion. He is dragged away from the scene as any other beaten combatant might be, his plight being represented in words translated from the description of the Homeric Euryalus. By a single word we are made to feel that his backers are beaten as well as their champion; it is only after having been *called*, "*vocati*," that they come and receive the prize for him; over everything else a veil is drawn, and we are not distracted by traits designed to individualize him or them. "*Semper ad eventum festinat*" might be said of Virgil as truly as of Homer: but his haste is not hurry; he sees the goal before him, and can wait till he reaches it; he does not require to be always reassuring himself by some small piece of immediate success, like the hunters after applause complained of by Sir Walter Scott, who, not content with running swiftly down the stream, must needs taste the froth from every stroke of the oar. He can be sum-

mary when he pleases; no writer more effectively so; but he is not for ever calling our attention to the fact by those short sharp jerks which make us feel that the poet after all would have found his best employment in composing epigrammatic arguments for the several books of his own work, and remind us that in another generation or two the art of narrative composition at Rome will culminate in such productions as Ausonius' *Periochæ* of the *Iliad*.

But perhaps we shall give a better view of Statius, both in his weakness and in his strength, if we task the patience of our readers by quoting a passage *in extenso*. It is when Hypsipyle, after having been accosted by Adrastus, disclaims, like Nausicaa in the *Odyssey* and Venus in the *Æneid*, the divine character ascribed to her by her querist, and then guides him to the fountain, leaving the infant on the grass:—

“Dixit, et orantis media inter anhelitus ardens
Verba rapit, cursuque animæ labat arida lingua.
Idem omnes pallorque viros, flatusque soluti
Oris habet: reddit demisso Lemnia vultu:
‘Diva quidem vobis, et si cælestis origo est,
Unde ego? mortales utinam haud transgressa fuisset
Luotibus! altricem mandati cernitis orbam
Pignoris: at nostris an quis sinus, uberaque ulla,
Scit deus: et nobis regnum tamen, et pater ingens.
Sed quid ego hæc, fessosque optatis demoror undis?
Mecum age nunc, si forte vado Langia perennes
Servat aquas: solet et rapidi sub limite canori
Semper, et Icarii quamvis juba fulgeret astri,
Ire tamen.’ Simul hærentem, ne tarda Pelasgis
Dux foret, ah miserum vicino cespite alumnum,
(Sic Parcæ voluere,) locat, ponitque negantem
Floribus aggestis, et amico murmure dulces
Solatur lacrimas: qualis Berecynthia mater,
Dum circa parvum jubet exultare Tonantem
Curetas trepidos: illi certantia plaudunt
Orgia, sed magnis resonat vagitibus Ide.
At puer in gremio vernæ telluris, et alto
Gramine, nunc faciles sternit procursibus herbas
In vultum nitens; caram modo lactis egeno
Nutricem clangore ciens, iterumque renidens,
Et teneris meditans verba illuctantia labris,
Miratur nemorum strepitus, aut obvia carpit,
Aut patulo trahit ore diem: nemorisque malorum
Inscius, et vitæ multum securus inerrat.
Sic tener Odrysia Mavors nive, sic puer ales
Vertice Mænali, talis per littora reptans
Improbis Ortygiæ latus inclinabat Apollo.”

At first we seem to meet with nothing but misplaced ingenuity. The thought of calling attention to the parched tongues and panting breath of Adrastus and his comrades might have occurred to Ovid, but would not have occurred to Virgil, especially as the speech which Adrastus has just delivered by no means reminds us of the gasping utterance of physical distress, being, like all Statius' speeches, epigrammatic and rhetorical. Nor is Hypsipyle's reply expressed in the terms which would be most appropriate to the comprehension of thirsty men. To talk to persons in such a condition about the orphaned nurturer of an intrusted pledge, who knows not whether her own children have any breasts to suck, is to stipulate that before receiving relief they shall guess an enigma. Even when she comes to speak of water she cannot refrain from astronomical and mythological details, Cancer and the mane of the Icarian star. After this the description becomes only pleasing and graceful; we are charmed with the picture of the nurse laying down the child and soothing its crying, and we do not resent the comparison to Cybele and the infant Jupiter, though we feel it to be somewhat ambitious. Virgil might have said this, or something like this, just as before taking Cupid to Dido's palace he gives us a momentary glimpse of Ascanius in Idalia. But with the end of the paragraph Virgil would have stopped. Statius, on the contrary, feels that his chance of displaying his talent has come, and he will not forego it. Thus we have the picture, an exceedingly pretty one, of the babe propelling itself along the grass face foremost, crying for its nurse, and then laughing and talking broken words, wondering at the forest noises, pulling to pieces what falls in its way, and taking in the breath of heaven through its parted lips. It is beauty out of place, but it is beauty still. The simile, or congeries of similes, that follows, is more questionable. After having heard of the infant Jupiter among the Curetes, we do not care to hear of the infant Mars in the snow, or the infant Mercury on the mountain-top; still less can we be said to require to have our apprehension assisted by the grotesque, if ingenious, portrait of the infant Apollo crawling along Delos, and nearly turning it over on its side.

When we examine the *Thebaid* as a whole, we can only speak of it as a monument of misused power. It is only when we contemplate it in its parts that we see evidences of power directed towards an object, attaining to it, and resting in it. Every ingenious expression might be regarded in this way as a result gained: it is bad if viewed as a means; good if viewed as an end. But to criticise a work of art in this spirit is not to criticise at all; it is, in fact, to turn the ordered hierarchy of

poetical creation into anarchy and chaos. There are, however, parts which are more capable than others of being regarded apart from the whole, even though we may feel that a censure on the poet is involved in the very act of so regarding them. The description of the infant which we have just quoted is one of these. But there are some which stand so completely in a class by themselves as to deserve a few words of separate commemoration. We allude to the similes of the poem. Two or three of them we have incidentally cited or referred to already; others will be familiar to the reader of Copleston's *Prælectiones Academicæ*, where it is well remarked that their details, even when irrelevant, are often pleasing from their exceedingly natural character. As parts of the narrative they are sometimes felt to be excrescences: as pieces of independent description they are well worth studying. The poet evidently liked them himself: he is never tired of introducing them; indeed, there is scarcely a page without them. We will quote a very few of them, rendering them more or less closely into English. Here is one from a tiger:¹

“Qualis ubi audito venantium murmure tigris
 Horruit in maculas somnosque excussit inertes,
 Bella cupit, laxatque genas, et temperat ungues,
 Mox ruit in turmas natisque alimenta cruentis
 Spirantem fert ore virum: sic excitus ira
 Ductor in absentem consumit prælia fratrem.”²

“As when a tigress, on hearing the horn of the hunters, has bristled her spotted skin, and shaken off the sloth of slumber, she yearns for battle, and eases her stiff jaws, and trims her talons; soon she rushes among the companies, and carries off in her mouth a living man to feed her savage whelps: so, stirred up with wrath, the prince squanders deeds of arms on his absent brother.” The Theban general is compared to a shepherd:³

“Perspicuas sic luce fores et virgea pastor
 Clastra levat, dum terra recens: jubet ordine primos
 Ire duces, media stipantur plebe maritæ:
 Ipse levat gravidas et humum tactura parentum
 Ubera, succiduasque apportat matribus agnas.”

¹ Book II. 128 foll.

² “Horruit in maculas” seems to mean no more than what we have made it mean. Addison, however (*Spectator*, No. 81), applying it to the patches worn in his day, says it is reported of the tigress that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, and quotes an imitation by Cowley—

“She swells with angry pride,
 And calls forth all her spots on every side.”

³ Book VII. 393 foll.

"Thus the shepherd opens at daybreak the transparent door-work and the wattled enclosures, while there is freshness abroad on the earth; he bids the rams lead the way; the mediate throng crowds on the ewes; with his own hand he supports those heavy with young, and lifts the udders which would else sweep the ground, and brings to the mothers their dropping lambs." Human as well as animal life is made to furnish comparisons. The newly-chosen successor of Amphiarus reminds the poet of a young Persian monarch:¹

"Sicut Achæmenius solium gentesque paternas
Excepit si forte puer, cui vivere patrem
Tutius, incerta formidine gaudia librat,
An fidi proceres, ne pugnet vulgus habenis,
Cui latus Euphratæ, cui Caspia limina mandet.
Sumere tunc arcus ipsumque onerare veretur
Patris equum, visusque sibi nec sceptrâ capaci
Sustentare manu nec adhuc implere tiarâ."

"Even as when the heir of Achæmenes succeeds to the throne and the peoples that were his father's, himself a mere boy, for whom it had been safer were his father still alive, he wavers between the flutterings of joy and fear—Can the nobles be trusted? Will the common herd rebel against the yoke? To whom must he commit the frontier of Euphrates? To whom the gates of the Caspian? He is too modest to bend his father's bow or make his father's steed feel his weight; he cannot think his hand yet strong enough for the sceptre, or his brow large enough for the tiara." Following Virgil, he draws, as we have seen, similes from mythology, but with a much less sparing hand. The joy of Œdipus on emerging from his solitude is paralleled with that of Phineus when freed from his Harpy tormentors:²

"Qualis post longæ Phineus jejunia pœnæ,
Nil stridere domi volucres ut sensit abactas,
Necdum tota fides, hilaris mensasque torosque
Nec turbata feris tractavit pocula pennis."

"Even as Phineus, when his long penal fast was over, soon as he perceived the birds driven off, and no screeching at his doors, ere he wholly credited his bliss, handled gaily board and couch and winecups, unturmoiled by those fierce-flapping wings." And there is surely some grandeur, if there is some exaggeration, in the comparison of the flight of Adrastus from Thebes to the first entrance of Pluto into his infernal realm,³ a sort of anticipation of the Satan of Milton:

¹ Book viii. 286 foll.

² Book viii. 255 foll.

³ Book xi. 443 foll.

"Qualis

Demissus curru lævæ post præmia sortis
 Umbrarum custos mundique novissimus heres
 Palluit, amisso veniens in Tartara cælo."

"As when, dismounting from his car, after the award of the luckless lot, the warden of the shades, the last sharer of the world's inheritance, grew pale as he entered Tartarus, and felt that heaven was lost."

Mr. Merivale has observed with much justice that Statius is a miniature painter employed by the caprice of a patron or his own unadvised ambition on a great historical picture. Such exaggerations as his are indeed the fruit of weakness quite as often as of ill-regulated strength. The commonplace aspects of a monstrous story may be seized by any quick apprehension, and reproduced by any fertile fancy: it is only high genius that can render them human and credible. Dryden¹ compares Statius to his own Capaneus engaging the two immortals, Virgil and Homer, and reaping the fruit of his daring. We would rather compare him to his own Atys,² the plighted husband of Ismene, who is slain by the mighty arm of Tydeus. The love of his Theban bride leads him into war; he challenges the champion of the field, and falls at the first shock; and he lies in death pale and bloody, yet in the pride of youthful beauty and golden armour.

¹ "Discourse on Epic Poetry," prefixed to the *Æneid*.

² Book VIII. 555 foll.

ART. VI.—*Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral: with other Poems.*

By JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP. Macmillan and Co. 1864.

IF romantic scenery and romantic traditions were the main conditions of poetic inspiration, the names of Scotch Highlanders would probably have been as common among the ranks of eminent British poets as they are in the lists of eminent British soldiers. If Scotland, as her greatest son has said, is indeed the "meet nurse for a poetic child," and if there is any intimate connexion between the nature of our country and the genius of our people, the romance of our national literature might have been expected to arise from the stern wildness of our northern and western scenery, rather than from the tamer beauties or sometimes dreary ugliness of our Lowlands. Even in the present day, the most commonplace sportsman or tourist feels that he has passed into a new atmosphere—that he has come under the influence of an entirely new set of feelings—when he first reaches his moor, or starts over the mountains on a walking excursion. A sense of the more immediate presence of nature, in her lonely grandeur and loveliness, mingles unconsciously with the passion of the salmon-fisher and the deer-stalker; while it is consciously and vividly enjoyed by the man of modern culture, who visits our country under no other attraction than the love of natural beauty. As a remarkable instance of the impression produced by our Highland scenery on a highly-gifted stranger, we would remind our readers of the late Mr. Clough's pastoral, *The Bothie of Toper-na-vuolich*, which deserves to be read and remembered by every Scotchman. But in addition to this influence of nature, which may be felt as strongly perhaps by a stranger as by a native of the district, the latter is more likely to feel a special interest in the life and character of the people, and in the wild traditions which are still preserved amongst them. We should thus have expected to find the poetry of the Highlands sung by a Highlander. But whatever may be the merits of Gaelic bards and Sennachies, the Highlands have not yet produced a poet of their own. The romance of their history and the poetry of their scenery have been sung and celebrated by Lowland Scotchmen or by Englishmen. The interest which the world feels in the past history of the Highlands is due almost entirely to *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, and *The Legend of Montrose*; while the very "genius" of the land seems to find a voice in the "Solitary Reaper" and the "Glen Almain" of Wordsworth.

Mr. Shairp has selected as the subject of the poem which gives its name to this volume, the real life of a family living in

the Western Highlands, during the quiet generation midway between the eventful times of the '45 and the rapid changes of the present day. He has endeavoured to preserve the memory of a kind of life which is now passing or has passed away, but which deserves not to be unremembered or unhonoured. His aim seems to have been not to shape some idea into poetic form, but to record what has actually been, and to show what a charm and beauty, and what a source of moral and spiritual strength there was in the plain every-day life of a simple Highland household. He brings before us in a series of poems the memories and impressions of this early home in Cantyre, as moulding the character of one of its inmates from a bright and happy childhood to a peaceful and beautiful old age. The record of this life forms the main stream of the poem of *Kilmahoe*, but with this main stream others intermingle. Thus, the traditions and history of the whole district are introduced as the source of the romantic feeling which blended with a character chiefly remarkable for its simple goodness, piety, and strength of affection. From his love of his subject, and his determination to treat it exhaustively, Mr. Shairp seems to us to overlay it too much with detail; to introduce more particulars not sufficiently varied from one another, and to dwell longer on many of those particulars than is necessary to produce the impression which he wants to leave on the reader's mind. And this appears to us to be the chief defect in the conception of the poem. His object might have been better attained by greater compression of his materials, and by leaving more to the imagination of the reader. But, on the other hand, the poem has this great merit, that it does leave on the mind a very real, consistent, and worthy impression. As we read its several parts, the author's conception seems gradually to gather shape and completeness in our minds. We fancy that we see the life which he wants us to see; we realize its deep charm and its deeper worth; we recognise once more the truth of which Wordsworth was the great preacher, that the materials for poetry lie everywhere around us in the familiar aspects of Nature and of human life, if we only had the eye and feeling to observe them. The reader, who once feels his interest in the subject of this poem awakened, will often return to it; he will find it thoroughly in harmony with his best and healthiest thoughts; if it does not aim at giving him new ideas, it gives him many new and genuine impressions, both from the outward and the inward world.

Mr. Shairp can hardly, indeed, expect that his subject will have for all readers the same intense interest that it has for himself. The strong local colouring which he gives to it, while

it will enhance its interest to those who are familiar with Highland scenery and with the old Highland life, can scarcely be expected to awaken a corresponding enthusiasm in the hearts of more distant readers. Mr. Shairp appears to be a man not only of more fervent patriotism than the majority even of his countrymen; but he seems to attach a peculiar value to every memory and association, connected with the ancient traditions of Scotland,—even to the Gaelic names of places, and to all the turns of expression in our ancient ballads. We are sometimes inclined to think that his hearty feeling carries him too far in this direction; but it is pleasant to meet with only the more poetical and more generous side of our national enthusiasm in this volume. He is never tempted into any ebullition of that vain boasting and silly impertinence which has more than once, in recent times, made sensible Englishmen laugh at us, and sensible Scotchmen feel ashamed. His national and local enthusiasm acts in a much worthier way. It inspires him to throw his whole soul into his subject, to vivify it with all the strength of his natural feeling, and to adorn it by the labour of his intellect. In this devotion to his task, he fulfils the first and most indispensable condition by which

“The world is wrought
To sympathy with things it heeded not.”

The specially poetical gift, which we seem to recognise in this volume in a greater degree than in most of our recent poetry, is the power of feeling and drawing out the peculiar “genius” of different kinds of scenery. This power of conveying the sentiment as well as the outward features of particular aspects of nature, is exhibited in many of the smaller poems,—for instance, “The Moor of Rannoch,” “The Last of the Forest,” “The Bush aboon Traquair,”—as well as in “Kilmahoe.” What this sentiment is, what its source and what its meaning, how far it is the result of old associations, how far it arises spontaneously out of the mysterious sympathy which the spirit of man has with the spirit of Nature, are questions constantly suggesting themselves, and very difficult to answer. Few people, however, who are capable of enjoying something of the charm both of nature and of poetry, but are sensible that certain places affect them in a way peculiar to themselves, not by their mere beauty or grandeur, but by a power which comes more home to human sympathies; and this way of looking at nature they find in some poets—in Wordsworth, for instance, and in Scott—much more than in others. Mr. Shairp appears to us to possess this kind of poetical sensibility in a very high degree; and in him it seems to result from the union of his love

of nature with his love of his own country. With every place that interests him he connects some associations, either in the past or the present, which deeply move his personal affections and sympathies. He imparts to the strange and rugged names of Highland mountains or passes, or to the more familiar names of Border hills and rivers, the hearty feelings of pride and admiration with which he regards the loyalty and gallantry of the Highland clans, or the piety and sterling worth of the old Scottish peasantry. Thus, in the poem of Kilmahoe we find not only the grandeur and beauty of nature, as displayed in our Western Highland scenery, presented to us as they are in Mr. Clough's *Bothie*, but we seem to feel also the personal ties by which these features of nature have bound themselves to the many generations of men who have lived within their range.

The poem has evidently been carefully planned and executed. It seems to be the result of permanent feelings and convictions, and much thought and pains appear to have been bestowed on its style and rhythm. It is written in a great variety of metres, which have been selected—in general very happily—in harmony with the feeling, whether grave or gay, which they are intended to convey. In this respect, though in no other, the poem has an outward resemblance to *Maud*; but notwithstanding the great variety of metres which the author handles, there are very few of them which recall the tones of any of our recent poetry. The rhythm is, on the whole, good and true: if it occasionally sounds abrupt or irregular, this obviously arises from no failure in musical ear, but from the wish to break the monotonous smoothness of a long poem composed in rhyme. The style is also very pure and good: plain and homely, where a plain and homely treatment is appropriate; grave and dignified where it appeals to our more serious feelings. Though its notes are in many places cheerful and joyous, there is a quiet and sober undertone heard throughout. One fault we find occasionally in the style, the result of what seems to us a caprice in taste, not certainly inadequate power of expression. It arises from the author's love of everything Scotch, and especially of Scotch ballads. Thus it happens not unfrequently that the effect of long passages written in very noble English is suddenly marred by the introduction of some, perhaps not ignoble, but certainly incongruous, Scotch words. The English style in this volume is very pure and excellent; so too is the Scotch; in fact we know of no recent poetry in which the old dialect of our best songs and ballads is used so happily and with such absolute freedom from mawkishness or vulgarity; but even Burns himself could not make a happy combination out of the high-strained diction of English poetry, and the simple pathos of his native dialect. In the

present day, when every educated person in Scotland both writes and speaks English, such a combination appears still more incongruous. We see no reason why the old language of Scotch poetry may not still continue to be written, as it has often been, by our poets. Mr. Shairp, however, not only claims to spread his Scotch words over the fields hitherto appropriated to them, but to allow the favourites of his flock to wander at large over fresh fields and pastures new, into which they have never sought admittance before his time.

The poem is divided into sixteen parts. The earlier cantos describe the childhood and youth of two sisters, the younger members of a family living in a simple, almost patriarchal style, on a small Highland estate. These cantos bring before us their earliest recollection and impressions of this home, and of the old laird, their father, who died in their childhood; the daily tasks and life of the household; the occasional adventures, not without perilous incident, which left their vivid print in the memories of the children; their enjoyment in wandering over the shores and hills on beautiful spring and autumn days, when they mingled in happy and kindly intercourse with the country people, and listened to the wild traditions of older times; and lastly, as the crowning influence, subduing and harmonizing all the rest, the religious observances under which their youth was trained. The later poems trace the presence of all these impressions and influences on the life and character of one of these sisters, who marries and leaves her home, but retains through life the love of nature and romance, the kind and affectionate heart, the simple faith, the unworldliness, and the sense of duty, of which the germs were fostered by the happy and pious influences of home. The main idea which the poem seems to embody is expressed in these lines:—

“ Ah ! simple and long
Are the faiths that they keep,
The roots of their love
Strike more clingly deep,
Whose childhood has grown
By calm mountains enfurled,
Not tossed on turmoil
Of a feverish world.”

The later events in this life are rather touched upon or alluded to than described, but the whole result is summed up in the concluding stanzas, called “Ingathering,” from which we extract the following fine passage, describing the last reunion of the two sisters, whose bright and happy childhood forms the subject of the earlier poems:—

"She, too, the earliest, as the latest friend,
 Her sister playmate on the Highland braes,
 Came to the home of Moira, there to tend
 The evening of her days.

For she had lived for others, one by one
 Had watched them fade, the dear ones of her house,
 And propped their failing feet, then wept alone
 Above their darkened brows.

She came to see the rose blush, once so sweet,
 Pale on the cheek, the dreamlight all gone dim
 In those rich eyes, the life-blood feeblier beat
 Through every pulse and limb ;

Albeit their orbs, the flushing hues all gone,
 Had won a far-off spiritual range,
 A pensive depth of peace, as resting on
 Things beyond time and change,

Yet full of human tenderness, that drew
 All hearts to her ; the old smile lingering yet,
 Seemed to wish good, here and hereafter too,
 To every soul she met.

And still the high white brow serenely bent
 Wore calm that crowns long duty meekly done
 O'er faded lineaments with a light not lent
 By any earthly sun.

A year and more, they two beneath that roof
 Mingled the memories bright from Kilmahoe
 With calm thoughts fetched from that still world aloof,
 Whereto they soon must go.

At times when all were gathered round the blaze,
 In nights of later autumn, she forsook
 Her seat beside them, long to stand and gaze,
 From the deep window nook,

On the hairst moon, that from alcove of blue
 Silvered the garden, every bower and bield,
 Hedges of glistening holly and dark yew ;
 And up the household field

Slanted the shadows of twin silver firs
 To white sheep couching on the moon-bathed sward,
 Till thought was lost in years that once were hers,—
 A far and fond regard.

And oft when nor' winds round the gables blew,
 In their low talk beside the gloamin' fire,
 Fair faces long since faded smiled anew,
 And old days of Kintyre.

In summer from the odorous garden walks,
Or from cool seats o'ershadowed by ash-trees,
Would come the murmur of their quiet talks,
Blended with hum of bees.

Those old springs down the Leear'side, primrose nooks,
And coves that rang with pleasant voices then,
And elder faces meeting them, with looks
Of love long gone from men,

All the fresh fragrance of that early time,
Lived once more on their memory and their tongue,
All their long wanders o'er the hills of thyme,
When limb and heart were young,

Many a scene conn'd o'er, hour brought to mind,
And dear name named for the last time on earth,
Then to the grave of their mute thoughts consigned,
Till the new heavens have birth.

And when the end was come, and only truth
Might go with her down the death-shadowed vale,
He whom she leaned on from her dawn of youth
That dread hour did not fail.

Then in that home was sorrow, not despair :
Like goes to like, and she had gone within,
One dweller more among the many there,
Her spiritual kin ;

Blending that season of first yellowing leaves,
And ripe ingathering the bright land abroad,
With thought, how safe are stored His holy sheaves
In the garner-house of God."

The reader will see from this extract what is the main purpose of this poem. It presents to us many pictures and incidents of a kind of life, not in itself very eventful or remarkable, yet of considerable poetical interest from its simple reality and close relation to nature ; and it gives unity to these various representations by showing how they all aided in the formation of a character, very beautiful both in its human and spiritual aspects. Much of the charm and worth of the poem consists in its happy union of religious with poetical feeling. The spirit in which it is written is in some places grave and solemn ; in others bright and cheerful ; in others romantic and picturesque ; but mingling with its gravest tones we recognise a fresh and genial enjoyment of nature ; while even in the author's poetic sympathy with the wild, half-savage men of "Old Kintyre," we never miss the presence of a strong vein of religious meditation.

Perhaps the best of the various poems which are strung together in *Kilmahoe*, is that called "The Sacramental Sabbath." Even apart from its connexion with the other poems of the series, this deserves to be ranked among the most successful efforts to treat a sacred subject, and also among the best pictures from Scottish life, which we know of in recent poetry. It deserves to be read in the most pious and in the most cultivated homes in Scotland; and we should hope that it will remain not unknown to many English readers, who may have formed their notion of the great religious observance of our National Church from the terrible satire of Burns. We wish that we could quote the whole poem, and we are sure that our readers will be glad to exchange our own comments for the two following extracts from "The Sacramental Sabbath :"—

" And the western shores Atlantic,
All the rough side of Kintyre,
Send small bands since morn, far-travelled
O'er hill, river, moss, and mire,
Down the mountain shoulders moving
Toward this haven of their desire.

Sends each glen and hidden corry,
As they pass, its little train,
To increase the throng that thickens
Kirkward, like the growing gain
From hill-burns, which some vale-river
Broadening beareth to the main.

While the kirkyard throng and thronger
Groweth, some their kindred greet;
Others in lone nooks and corners
To some grass-grown grave retreat,
There heed not the living, busy
With the dead beneath their feet.

Here on green mound sits a widow,
Rocking crooningly to and fro,
Over him with whom so gladly
To God's house she used to go;
There the tears of wife and husband
Blend o'er a small grave below.

There you might o'erhear some old man
Palsied speaking to his son,
' See thou underneath this headstone
Make my bed, when all is done,
There long since I laid my father,
There his forebears lie, each one.'

Sweet the chime from ruined belfry
Stealeth ; at its peaceful call
Round the knoll whereon the preacher
Takes his stand, they gather all :
In whole families seated, o'er them
Hallowed stillness seems to fall.

There they sit, the men bareheaded
By their wives ; in reverence meek
Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
Many lips not heard to speak,
Mutely moving, on their worship
From on high a blessing seek.

Some on grey-mossed headstones seated,
Some on mounds of wild thyme balm,
Grave-browed men and tartaned matrons
Swell the mighty Celtic psalm,
On from glen to peak repeated,
Far into the mountain calm.

Then the aged pastor rose,
White with many a winter's snows
Fallen o'er his ample brows ;
And his voice of pleading prayer,
Cleaving slow the still blue air,
All his people's need laid bare.

Laden with o'erflowing feeling
Then streamed on his fervid chant,
In the old Highland tongue appealing
To each soul's most hidden want
With the life and deep soul-healing,
He who died now lives to grant.

Slow the people round the table
Outspread, white as mountain sleet,
Gather, the blue heaven above them,
And their dead beneath their feet,
There in perfect reconciliation
Death and life immortal meet.

Noiseless round that fair white table
'Mid their fathers' tombstones spread,
Hoary-headed elders moving,
Bear the hallowed wine and bread,
While devoutly still the people
Low in prayer bow the head.

Tender hearts, their first communion,
Many a one was in that crowd ;
With them in mute adoration,
Breathless Moira and Marion bowed,

While far up on yon blue summit
Paused the silver cloud.

And no sound was heard—save only
Distance-lulled the Atlantic roar,
Over the calm mountains coming
From far Machrahanish shore,
Like an audible eternity
Brooding the hushed people o'er."

The different divisions of "Kilmahoe," though forming parts of one whole, may each be read and enjoyed as separate poems. They are composed in a great variety of styles, and are, we think, of somewhat unequal merit, or, at least, of unequal interest. There is, moreover, some want of continuity in the poem, regarded as a whole. The scenes described, and the impressions recorded, are indeed connected together by a common purpose, which is always kept in view; but in some places, it looks as if the purpose had been brought in as an after-thought, instead of having suggested the choice of the details. There is, in fact, a double purpose in the poem, viz., that of describing nature and human life in a particular district of the Highlands, and that of tracing the growth of one beautiful character from childhood to old age. In some parts of the poem the connexion between these two purposes is close and natural; in others it strikes us as being much more remote. All the scenes and incidents described and recorded are represented as having left their impression on the mind of the principal personage; but this is a somewhat slender thread on which they hang together. The parts too in which the personages of the poem are made to express themselves are, we think, less successful than the descriptive and reflective parts. But if there is little of dramatic or narrative interest in "Kilmahoe," we feel as we read it that we are in contact with real impressions and real thoughts, coming freshly and immediately from the human heart, and from the heart of nature. We acquire a new interest in the life, the traditions, and the scenery of the Highlands; we feel as if we were present among the hills and glens and sea-shores that are here so vividly described; and we seem to gain a new insight into the beauty and worth of a good and gentle nature. While the whole subject is treated in a thoughtful, meditative spirit, there is a clear avoidance of all obscure speculation and recondite analysis. It is a great comfort in the present day to be able to read a new volume of poetry without having to familiarize one's-self with a new psychological theory, and an entirely new way of looking on all human problems. Simply as a change, we are glad once more to read a poem, the charm of which consists in the feeling with which the familiar aspects of nature and life are represented. Yet while in its general tone

it is calm and moderate, it is not wanting in passages of lyrical fire and spirit. Among these we would especially notice "The Highland Fox-Hunter," which describes a kind of sport very different from, but not less adventurous and exciting than that familiar to the low country; and also "The Clearance Song," which may be read with admiration by every lover of poetry, whether he may or may not think that the poetic point of view is also the true point of view from which this question is to be looked at.

As our last quotation from "Kilmahoe," we select the descriptive passage with which the poem opens:—

"Upon a ledge of hillside lea,
'Mid native woods the white house peeps
Down one green field upon the sea,
And o'er the sea to Arran steep.
In front far out broad reaches smile
Of blue sea, flanked on either hand,
Here by a porphyry-columned isle,
There by a forward brow of land.
No day nor season but doth wear
Some grandeur or some beauty there;
Spring with its song-birds all alive
Through the copse and mountain leas,
While Ailsa every morn doth hive
With gull and gannet to swim or dive
That sheen of sunny seas.
And though summer-time from sea and hill
May many a rainy day distil,
Yet when sunshine comes, it comes so bright,
Each breath you draw is a new delight;
One day of that transparent air
Is worth a hundred days elsewhere.
But, bright or dark, from year to year,
All seasons, happy or austere,
That home behind its hillside lawn,
Among its bielding woods, withdrawn
Apart, with this secluded shore
Wholly to itself made o'er,
Hears, night and day, the murmurous lave
Of the flowing and backgoing wave,
Up the burn-hollows borne, combine
Soothingly with the suging pine,
Blend with the shimmering summer leaves
Around the swallow-haunted eaves,
And make through the lone glens the sound
Of all their torrents more profound
And slumberous, as from mountains thrown,
They plunge to presence of a moan
More everlasting than their own."

We believe that Mr. Shairp has, on the whole, succeeded in the object which he proposed to himself in writing "*Kilmahoe*." That poem will awaken an interest in and maintain the memory of a kind of life "which prevailed in the lower Highlands" about the beginning of this century; some of the features of which have not even yet passed away. But we think that some of the shorter poems in this volume establish more conclusively his right to be ranked as a poet. The nature of these shorter pieces is more suited to his natural powers. He seems to us to possess the poetic gift of interpretation rather than of creation, and to be more at home in short lyrical or descriptive pieces, than in continuous narrative or dramatic presentation of character. To maintain the interest of a long poetical composition, it is almost necessary that it should contain the evolution of some story, or action, or speculative principle. The success of a short poem consists in the power with which the true meaning of any incident or character, or of any scene or aspect of nature, is brought to the light. And it is with this power of feeling and seizing the true poetical spirit of particular places and circumstances, that Mr. Shairp is especially endowed. In these shorter pieces, we find scarcely any trace of that tendency to dilute his materials, and of those caprices of taste which, to a certain extent, detract from the merit of the longer poem. They are all composed either in genuine English or in genuine Scotch, and it is seldom that even a stanza appears to be thrown away. They are works of art in which the details are immediately suggested by the central feeling or idea.

While different in form and style, they are nearly all inspired by the fervent national spirit which animates "*Kilmahoe*." In many of them we trace also the same vein of humane and charitable religious thought which characterizes the former poem. We find also, that the author of these poems is as familiar with the scenery of our inland Highlands, and with the Lowlands and the Border-country, as with "*Old Kintyre*." He has an impartial love and admiration for the Highland boatman and the Lowland ploughman. His sympathies are equally with the Covenanter and the Jacobite of old times. This is, to our mind, a far more truly poetical way of looking at our past history, than the political partisanship, which has identified nearly all our national poets—with the exception of the very greatest, Scott and Burns—heart and soul with one or the other side. It may be quite right that, in our opinions, we should side with one cause or the other; but we are glad also, with Mr. Shairp, to feel our hearts stirred by the chivalrous and gallant spirit of one party, without doing injustice to the stern earnestness and self-sacrifice of the other. We do not want the poet or the artist to determine for us which was the right cause, but rather to make us feel what was most

genuine and characteristic in the personal qualities of those who condemned and fought against each other.

Among the shorter pieces, "*The Moor of Rannoch*" appears to us to be one of the finest. It has perhaps more force of imagination, and a more sonorous power of words and rhythm, than any of the others. The feeling of the grandeur of desolation, and of the majesty of nature's forces, is very strikingly conveyed in the following stanzas:—

" Yea! a desert wide and wasted,
 Washed by rain-floods to the bones;
 League on league of heather blasted,
 Storm-gashed moss, grey boulder-stones;
 And along these dreary levels,
 As by some stern destiny placed,
 Yon sad lochs of black moss water
 Grimly gleaming on the waste;
 East and west, and northward sweeping,
 Limitless the mountain plain,
 Like a vast low heaving ocean,
 Girdled by its mountain chain:
 Plain, o'er which the kingliest eagle,
 Ever screamed by dark Lochowe,
 Fain would droop a laggard pinion,
 Ere he touched Ben-Aulder's brow:
 Mountain-girdled,—there Bendoran
 To Schihallion calls aloud,
 Beckons he to lone Ben-Aulder,
 He to Nevis crowned with cloud.
 Cradled here old Highland rivers,
 Etive, Cona, regal Tay,
 Like the shout of clans to battle,
 Down the gorges break away.
 And the Atlantic sends his pipers
 Up yon thunder-throated glen,
 O'er the moor at midnight sounding
 Pibrochs never heard by men.
 Clouds, and mists, and rains before them;
 Crowding to the wild wind tune,
 Here to wage their all-night battle,
 Unbeheld by star and moon.
 Loud the while down all his hollows,
 Flashing with a hundred streams,
 Corrie-bah from out the darkness
 To the desert roars and gleams.

Sterner still, more drearily driven,
 There o' nights the north wind raves,
 His long homeless lamentation,
 As from Arctic seamen's graves.

Till his mighty snow-sieve shaken
 Down hath blinded all the lift,
 Hid the mountains, plunged the moorland
 Fathom-deep in mounded drift."

In "The Lad of Loch Sunart" and "The Lass of Loch Linne," Mr. Shairp shows that he can feel and make us understand the poetry of human life as well as of nature, in the Highlands; and, in the "Weird Wife of Bein-y-Vreich," he seems thoroughly to have identified himself with the very spirit of mountain mists and of the old Celtic mythology.

We have equal pleasure in passing to the more familiar but not less poetical ground of the "Borders" and the "Lowlands." Among the poems connected with these districts, "The Bonspiel," "The Run," and "The Loosing Time," are all excellent in their way, and true expressions of the enjoyment or the toil of country life in Scotland. There are, we believe, many good songs which embody the spirit and joy of fox-hunting, but we know of none which suggests the poetry of sport in the way in which we are made to feel it in this account of "The Run," which begins among Lowland dells, passes over "plough and lea," and then on to the hills, and "west away" to the moorlands:—

" THE RUN.

" Hark hollo! brave hearts!
 'Twas the hounds I heard;
 With the sound of their going
 All the land is stirred.
 They have made every peasant
 From work stand still,
 With gazers they've crowned
 Every crag and hill.

And the ploughman cried loud,
 By my team I stood,
 And heard them crashing
 Yon old fir wood.
 Down yon ash-tree river banks,
 Where the sunbeams slant and fall,
 Flashed the dappled hounds,
 Making the dells musical.

For sweeter they be,
Than any chime of bells,
The melodies that linger
All year in yon dells,
Till the hounds come by and awake them.
And the pedlar answered,
From beneath his load,
At noon they went streaming
Right o'er my road.
From the farmsteads the lassies
Rushed out to see,
How they skimmed like swallows,
Over plough and lea.
As they went to the hills
What a head they bare !
Like snow-drift scudding
On the stormy air,
And few were the steeds could o'ertake them.
Forward waved the shepherd,
They are west away,
On the moorlands startling
The plover grey.
Ever on as they sped,
More mute they grew,
And the riders waxed fewer,
And yet more few,
Till one only hunter attended.
And the widow, as she sat
On her lone cottage-floor,
Heard their cry thro' the dark
On the midnight moor ;
And at morn came the worn hounds
Home, one by one,
And the huntsman knew
That the chase was done,
Never knew how nor where it ended."

In conclusion, we do not hesitate to say that no volume of such true national poetry has appeared in Scotland for a long time. Mr. Shairp's poetry is something very different from a mere echo of Burns, or Scott, or our old ballads. He has found for himself, in his wanderings over Highlands and Lowlands, fresh fountains of inspiration. That which chiefly distinguishes this volume from the hundreds of meritorious verses which are written, and sometimes printed, in the present day, is that the author has really got a worthy and unhackneyed subject, which he cares for and understands better than any one else, which affords him great enjoyment, and which stifts his feeling to its depths.

ART. VII.—*Vie de Jésus*. Par ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, 1863.

TIME enough has elapsed since the publication of this remarkable volume to allow us now to estimate its force and its weakness. We fear it must be ranked as one of the greatest outrages that has ever been offered to that Name which stands upon the title-page; and surely not less an outrage that the buffet on the cheek is only a fillip from the glove of a learned professor; that the "Away with him!" is a sentimental rhapsody of 460 pages, endurable but for the insolence of its praise, in which the supposed decadence of a noble moral nature is described; that instead of the preference of Barabbas, we have a patronizing comparison with Çakya-Mouni. The style is graceful and perspicuous; the descriptions of scenery are touched with the true hand of an artist. Yet we are able to see why M. Renan's picture can never be accepted by any considerable number of persons in this country as the true one. Sparks of doubt will be scattered into the stubble of many minds, and here and there they will kindle into fresh flame; but this particular torch that scatters them has blazed, and will die out. For us the writer, eloquent and ingenious if you will, aims at too little or too much. If we have here nothing divine, nothing but genius and originality; if he who scattered miracles round him as a sower the seed; who put forth claims such as man never dreamt of before, to be God and the Son of God, be only man, a precursor of Renan, who needs Renan to set him up on the right historical basis; and if so much of the Gospel history as conflicts with this theory is to be deducted as pure falsehood, nay, so much of the words of Jesus himself,—then for a people like us, self-willed indeed and strong, self-indulgent yet still at heart veracious, the Bible is closed for ever. Who could spend his heart's best affections upon the fabulous history of a false Messiah? Who could follow out with any real credence the ambidextrous process by which the Christ whom Paul and John preached is here pared down into an ignorant enthusiast of Nazareth, whose strong religious insight does not prevent him from degenerating into an impostor, deceiving and being deceived?

In order to arrive at this position, M. Renan is obliged, in the first place, to deal with the Gospels as no other historical materials have ever yet been dealt with. He demands from them a firm historical foundation, and at the same time the utmost plasticity. Strange to say, with M. Renan the Gospels are not regarded as compilations of the second century; they

are restored to their place in the first. A certain measure of authority must be re-vindicated to them; otherwise a life of Jesus must be all doubts and negations. The work of Strauss is after all an elaborate attempt to show the life that he did *not* lead. M. Renan regards St. Luke as one regular whole, written, or rather compiled, by a companion of St. Paul; of which the date "can be ascertained with much precision by considerations drawn from the work itself." He knows from the 21st chapter that it "was certainly written after the siege of Jerusalem, and only a short time after." The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark have not the same distinct impress of the author's personality, but quoting the well-known passage of Papias, M. Renan infers that in our present gospel of Mark we have the narrative of facts and sayings mentioned by Papias, and in our present St. Matthew the collection of sayings (λόγια) assigned to him by the same writer. These are important concessions. We have narratives that come from the time and circle in which apostles lived. Even the Gospel of St. John is admitted, though with doubt; all of it, says M. Renan, may not have been written by John, but

"As a whole this Gospel may have originated towards the close of the first century, from the great school of Asia Minor, which was connected with John. That it represents to us a version of the life of the Master worthy of high esteem, and often to be preferred, is demonstrated, in a manner which leaves us nothing to be desired, both by external evidence and by the examination of the document itself."

But these admissions are made to be recalled. With an arbitrary dogmatism he rejects all miracles; that is, he scarcely leaves one chapter standing of the very documents on which all his history is to rest. He dismisses at once, in terms which we will spare our readers, all the discourses recorded by John. In order to give a colourable fairness to this treatment of his materials, M. Renan betakes himself to the old theory of a succession of editions of gospels, and that with a heartiness for which, to do him justice, we seldom find a parallel amongst modern writers. The Gospels, he thinks, were at first little cared for, in comparison with oral traditions:—

"There was no scruple about inserting additional matter, about combining them in divers ways, and completing the one by the other. The poor man that has but one book wishes it to contain all that touches his heart. These little books were lent from one to another, each transcribed in the margin of his copy the words and parables which he found elsewhere, and which touched him. And so the most beautiful thing in the world has issued from an obscure and entirely popular process of elaboration" (p. 22).

Has M. Renan ever considered what it is which he here asks us

to believe? A community that cared little about books, because the world was coming to an end, occupies itself in an incessant labour of borrowing, copying, collating, altering, and mending its books. A community which, even from the first, erred in excess of personal attachment to a leader, and pushed it on to party spirit, took the "things said and done" which bore St. Mark's name, and the Logia which bore St. Matthew's, and without scruple, assimilated, altered, added to them, and forgetful of any claim of Matthew or Mark, made each his little gospel of what touched his own heart most. Was this state of things possible? There is no kind of record of it; we confess ourselves unable to conceive it clearly, even as one supposition. It is quite opposite to what Papias describes. The Hebrew Matthew, interpreted into Greek by different readers and instructors, has nothing to do with this incessant tampering with and obliteration of an apostle's undoubted work. But give M. Renan all he asks; attribute, and without a smile, all this strange literary activity, this free handling of apostolic writings, to the simple, unlettered, reverent Christians of the first age, and two questions will still need an answer,—How comes it that all the earliest records of the formation of the canon give us our four Gospels and no more, after a process that must have tended either to form a multitude of gospels, or to assimilate all to each other, and so merge them into one? and secondly, Why, in this supposed age of free gospellers, did not many a variation of the text disappear, which has since perplexed the minds of harmonists from the days of Ammonius of Alexandria? When the Gospels emerge into the period of written Church history, they are the Gospels that we have at present; and such difficulties as the two genealogies, which even the dullest editor could have removed by a few strokes of the pen, are at least a testimony to a certain reverence which withheld the hands of editors, if that race existed. But these considerations trouble M. Renan but little. His purpose requires two things, and he secures them both. There must be some historical basis for his romance; and as the history that is available abounds with miracles, is intractably interwoven with miracles, he submerges it a little in a sea of popular editing and copying, in the hope of being able decently to avoid reading what he does not desire to read, in their stained and altered pages.

This is not the only instance of unfair dealing with the reader. The argument by which the Gospel of Luke is proved to have been written at a particular date is compressed into the following sentence :—

"The date of this Gospel can be determined with much exactness by considerations drawn from the book itself. The 21st chapter of

Luke, inseparable from the rest of the work, was certainly written after the siege of Jerusalem, and only a little after. Here then we are upon solid ground, for we are dealing with a work written wholly by the same hand, and of a most perfect unity."

A few references to verses in the 21st chapter are given in the notes, and one to the 22d chapter, and from these we dimly discern an objection to admit that any prophecy of our Lord had really been uttered before the event. We wronged the subtlety of the argument. Thanks to a writer whom M. Renan quotes elsewhere with approbation, M. Nicolas,¹ we discover that the words of our Lord, yes, of our Lord, in St. Matthew, which describe in one grand cluster of images the national judgment of the Jews and the general judgment of the world, show an erroneous belief that these two judgments would be contemporaneous, and therefore must have been written before the destruction of Jerusalem, before events had proved that the two judgments were to be distinct; and yet not much before, for we are not to attribute them to prophecy. In Luke, M. Nicolas finds that the two events are distinguished, which shows that one of them must have occurred already; but on the other hand, 'the fresh expectation that the second would follow directly upon it, belongs, as M. Nicolas thinks, to a time just after the fall of the holy city. Observe the assumptions to which M. Renan does not even deign to call attention, in his dogmatic self-confidence; there can be no prophecy, the evangelist shaped even the words of the Lord to suit current facts, and the omitting to distinguish as clearly as an almanac the day and hour which no man was to know, could only proceed from ignorance! Grant these postulates, and we will give you in return the exact date of St. Luke's Gospel "from internal evidence."

Meanwhile we have been always taught that the internal evidences led to a conclusion quite different from this. The author of the Acts and of the Gospel are the same; M. Renan admits it. The Gospel, which he admits to be a complete whole, was written before the Acts; the inspired author says so.² If then, the Acts ends abruptly with St. Paul's imprisonment at Rome, because St. Luke was writing at that very time, and so the facts of the history were all told out, then the Gospel must have been written before the end of Paul's imprisonment; and no writer places this so late as the destruction of Jerusalem, or indeed later than A.D. 65. Not a word does M. Renan say of all this; these tame facts are overruled by the necessity that there should be no prophecy; the verse, Luke xxi. 24, must have been written after the event. On M. Renan's own prin-

¹ *Études Critiques sur la Bible*, p. 10.

² Acts i. 1.

ciples the Gospel was written about six years before the event. On our principles, we would rather consider that words ascribed to Jesus were spoken by him, than bow to M. Renan's misconceptions.

Not more ingenuous is the treatment of the well-known testimony of Papias. We shall be pardoned by some readers if we translate here the whole of it:—

"This also," wrote Papias, "the elder said. Mark being the interpreter of Peter, wrote accurately whatever he remembered, yet not in the order in which Christ either spake or did them. For he was neither a hearer of the Lord nor a follower. But, as I said, he was afterwards the companion of Peter, who preached the gospel with a view to the profit of his hearers, and not with the intention of giving a continuous history of the oracles of the Lord (τῶν κυριακῶν λογίων). Wherefore Mark committed no error in that he wrote some things as they came into his memory. For it was his chief aim to omit none of the things that he had heard, and to deliver nothing that was false therein. Thus much Papias relates concerning Mark. Concerning Matthew he says, Matthew composed his Divine oracles (λόγια) in the Hebrew tongue, and every one interpreted them as he was able."¹

M. Renan lays great stress upon this passage, as others have done before him. He says:—

"Papias mentions two writings on the acts and words of Christ: (1) a writing of Mark the interpreter, brief, incomplete, not arranged in chronological order, comprising narratives and discourses (λεχθέντα ἢ πραχθέντα) composed after the instructions and reminiscences of the apostle Peter; (2) a collection of sentences (λόγια) written in Hebrew by Matthew. It is certain that these two descriptions answer tolerably well to the general features of the two books now called 'Gospel according to Matthew' and 'Gospel according to Mark'; the first characterized by its long discourses, the second full of anecdotes, brief even to dryness, barren of discourses, and somewhat faulty in style. That these two works, as we now read them, are absolutely similar to those which Papias read, cannot be maintained; first, because the writing of Matthew, as Papias knew it, was wholly composed of discourses in Hebrew, of which there were various (*assez diverses*) translations in circulation. . . . That which appears most likely is that neither of Matthew nor of Mark have we the exact original editions; that our two first Gospels are already arrangements in which attempts have been made to supply the defects of one text by the other. Every one wished, in fact, to possess a complete copy. He who had only discourses in his copy wished to have narratives also, and the opposite. It is true that the Gospel according to St. Matthew is found to have incorporated almost all the anecdotes of Mark, and that 'the Gospel according to Mark' contains at present many features taken from the Logia of Matthew."²

¹ Eusebius, *Hist.* iii. 39.

² Pp. 18-20.

Here we have a fair example of the way in which our author tampers with his materials. This particular passage has been the subject of much controversy. From the days of Schleiermacher every German writer on the Gospels has had his theory about it. And among the opinions that now command respectful attention at least is this, that the passage gives no ground at all for the supposition that Matthew wrote all the discourses and Mark all the acts of our Lord. *Logia* mean divine utterances, whether of history or discourse; when the apostle speaks of the Jews as having committed to them "the oracles (*logia*) of God,"¹ the Mosaic history cannot be excluded, although "the lively oracles,"² given to the fathers, may refer more to the utterances of God than to the history with which they are entwined. As in the Old, so in the New Testament, such a distinction of facts and teachings is almost impossible to maintain. Act becomes doctrine and doctrine act. Our Lord answers his own question not by a word but a deed: "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath-day? . . . He took him, and healed him, and let him go." The real contrast between the two Evangelists, intended by Papias, consists probably not in one recording *Logia* and the other not; but in Matthew's account being more orderly in arrangement than that of Mark. M. Renan gives no hint of this flaw in his argument, which every writer has been aware of. Minor inaccuracies are of less account, but that they all look one way; the author needs for his romance to show that the Gospels have been altered. The opinion which M. Renan assigns to Papias is not his at all, but one quoted by him from an older source—Aristion or John the Presbyter. Mark is not said to have written "briefly," nor "incompletely;" on the contrary, he "made it his aim to omit nothing." Papias does not say that the two were "profoundly distinct, and written without any knowledge of each other." With this supposed original contrast between the two, the subsequent approximation also falls to the ground. If M. Renan's theory of "every man his own evangelist" be true, and every one who could lay hold upon copies of the two Gospels proceeded without scruple to assimilate them, the process, we must say, was conducted with great carelessness and marvellous ill success. The vivid description of the one demoniac in St. Mark still stands parallel with the more succinct account of the two in Matthew; the first impulse of the compilers would have been to remove at a stroke the seeming discrepancy, and to add the colouring of St. Mark to the outline of St. Matthew. On the other hand, St. Mark still is silent on the greatest of those discourses which St. Matthew records. What were the persons about "who wished to have a complete copy" out of the two, and

¹ Rom. iii. 2.² Acts vii. 38.

yet forgot to adopt the Sermon on the Mount? Two very small books, subjected to this process of active assimilation, still show marks of independence in every chapter, and the background of resemblances throws out the differences into stronger relief. Had the object been to produce one gospel out of two, any unskilful hand used freely for a couple of days, would have produced a more successful result than a whole community, working as M. Renan supposes, has done. But we repeat that of this process going on in the earliest time there is not a trace. The descriptions of the two evangelists in this much-vexed passage are such as correspond sufficiently with the Gospels as we have them. The statement as to the want of order in St. Mark is no more than a criticism, with which some later harmonists are disposed to agree, and some to differ. The testimony is very ancient; for Papias himself was Bishop of Hierapolis in the first half of the second century, and the person whom he quotes is older still. We agree with Hilgenfeld, that, in calling them "disciples of the Lord," Papias does not necessarily mean immediate personal disciples. But Aristion and John the Presbyter (clearly not identical with the apostle), standing upon the threshold of the second century, knew of these two Gospels, with distinct characters of their own, already existing. We thank M. Renan for the prominent place he gives to this witness of Papias, for it goes far to prove the authority of these two accounts of our Lord's earthly life.

Why, then, does our author strive to blunt the force of his own admission by insisting that a process of free alteration, long withheld, has deprived us of the original Gospels? One strong bias sways every page in the book—the determination that there shall be nothing miraculous in the life of the Lord. This beautiful volume with its bursts of family affection, its idyllic descriptions, its occasional appreciation of what is good, is tainted by the fixed idea that there shall be no miracle. No bigot for tradition ever held his dogma firmer through every inconsistency than does our author his theory that no miracle is admissible. A miracle, according to him, has no worth until it has been reported upon by a committee of *savans* appointed by the Government, who shall have it repeated for them under new combinations of circumstances, that make delusion and imposture impossible. Right, M. Renan, if the miracle be of the nineteenth century, wrought by some hysterical village girl, with no purpose, bound up with no doctrine. But the miracles which John and Matthew witnessed, which Paul had experience of, are not such aimless wonders. They are the footprints of Him who has since marched down the high road of history with the gospel of love and peace in his hands.

Surely the *first* of anything is always a miracle; the first plant is a breach of all previous laws; and the first animal, and the first man. But it is justified by its successors: it passes from an outstanding exception to be the first link in a chain. These gospel miracles are the firstlings of a new order of things. To us, and we wish we could add to our author, the intrinsic purpose of the Lord makes possible, nay probable, nay passing easy, the extrinsic signs and wonders that fell from it:—the food multiplied, the palsied nerves restored, even the dead recalled to life, all suit with a scheme for man's uplifting and restoration and eternal wellbeing. Without the Word of Christ, the acts of Christ had been hard to comprehend; but with the Gospels as they are, word and act fortify each other. Committees of French philosophers may blunder; we have read the discussions about the jawbone at Abbeville, and the flint-axes of all too modern make. They really could not help us; neither with them nor without them could we venture an opinion upon an isolated marvel. But here, the lives and words and works of the apostles of Christianity go together, and proclaim that miracles were possible. Was the gospel successful? Did it convert thousands? It carried with it always the tidings of a miracle; it never preached anywhere but it preached Jesus and the resurrection.

The author nowhere cautions his readers that the problem of the Gospels is of all literary questions the most difficult, and most needing a circumspect and delicate treatment. As regards the "synoptic" Gospels, no other books are so like without being identical. Intentional resemblances with variations that must equally be intentional meet us on the same page, nay, sometimes even in the same verse. Minute peculiarities of expression are common to all three. The diminutive form of a substantive,¹ the double augment,² an unusual form of a tense,³ a peculiar combination of particles,⁴ run through the parallel places in all three Evangelists. So far there is no wonder. But that these minute and delicate coincidences should be found with variations equally marked, that three writers who take such pains (so to speak) to be at one, should so constantly assert their independence of expression, and of selection of events, is a problem that has been found hard to solve. We have got beyond the day when such theories as those of M. Renan will go down. Scores of critics have made the attempt at the solution, and amongst them the theory of two gospels, one of discourses and one of facts, assimilated by a perpetual and unlimited transfusion, will hardly now find favour. Perhaps the chief lesson of this great controversy

¹ Matt. xxvi. 51.² Matt. xii. 13.³ Matt. ix. 2, 5.⁴ Matt. ix. 17.

is one of diffidence. For when men came to account for these striking resemblances by ascertaining the order in which the Evangelists wrote, there was no possible arrangement which did not find a loud advocate. Luke, whom M. Renan ranks without hesitation as one who writes from former materials, selecting and combining them, has been held by no mean authorities to have furnished the original from whence the other two have drawn; but whether Matthew or Mark was the third in the series, on this the authorities differ. The Gospel of Mark has been held up now as the original germ of the two others, now as the latest epitome of them. Even when this line of argument was exhausted, Eichhorn proposed to find the original source common to all three, in some distinct document, now lost. And through twenty critics this hypothesis ripened, until with Bertholdt we are supposed almost to see the little historical manual or text-book, drawn up by authority of all the apostles at Jerusalem, in the Aramaic language, a copy of which was given to each apostle and teacher as he went forth on his mission; but there will lurk in our mind the distressing question which Bertholdt forgot to answer, Where is this book gone, so unique in its authority, so highly honoured in the earliest age of our religion? And upon the whole, nothing is perhaps more clear than that there was no such book; for if there had been, would not Papias have rather told us about that, than about the Gospels of Matthew and Mark? The way out of this new difficulty Gieseler pointed out; the common source to which the Gospels owed their resemblance was an oral, and not a written work. It was the form into which the preaching of the facts of the life of our Lord had gradually settled during the first few years after the resurrection. As the aim of the apostles would be to preach everywhere one gospel, they would seek rather than avoid the same modes of expression, and thus the very words of their teaching would gradually become everywhere the same. The list of theories would not be complete if we did not mention the theory of *tendency*, which attributed to each Gospel a special party aim and bias, turning the simplest and most candid history into a covert polemic, now in favour of Judaic, now in favour of Pauline or universal ideas, and torturing the most colourless expression into a party innuendo. One would have thought that critical perversity could hardly have gone further; but a greater refinement was behind. As this theory somewhat broke down in the working, its advocates, still asserting that the Gospel was prepared for some party interest, assumed that an editor had gone over it and softened down the party tendency; so that criticism assumed not only that it could detect a polemical design, but that

it could discover it after it had been removed. What spark of truth there was in this theory is probably summed up in what we are taught at school, that St. Matthew's Gospel was written for Jews primarily, and so dwells more upon points that concern them; whereas St. Luke turns rather towards the Gentiles. Into what various combinations these four theories have been recast during the last few years, let the readers ascertain from some history.¹ One almost trembles at unfolding before a British public this dreary page of barren disputation, into which few of our countrymen have taken the trouble to look. But one great consolation remains to us. A cloud of obscurity hangs over the earliest stages in the formation of our canon. As the first century ends this cloud lifts, and the Gospels that we have begin to be mentioned, and no others. The precise mode in which our Gospels took their present form will never be known to us. Hardly can we expect now any fresh collateral evidence. But this does not detract from our faith in the four Gospels. The guarantee for their inspiration is the inspiration of the Church in which they grew up. It is now historically certain that three of the four Gospels belong to the first age; if there is still some controversy about the fourth, it is at least true that it purports to be the work of the apostle John; that, as Ewald remarks, "it bears no trace of a book written under a false name; nay, that one could not even conjecture why the writer should wish to ascribe it to this apostle," if he were not the apostle himself.² With the authorship we fix the date as within, or just at the close of, the first century. And the Holy Spirit had gladdened that age with the pentecostal unction, and infused and quickened every tongue and heart and head. St. Paul speaks of those miraculous tokens of the Spirit's presence with calm confidence,—appeals to them, calculates on them. He divides and classifies "the diversity of gifts." He speaks of the miraculous presence as undoubtingly as he speaks of the members of the body, or the collections for the saints, or the disputes that troubled them.³ In the Acts, the agency of the Holy Spirit is witnessed by almost every chapter. It matters little to us whether Matthew wrote without conference with, or aid of, any human agent, since Matthew was an inspired apostle, and those with whom he might have taken counsel were sharers also in the heavenly gift. The inspired words of the Evangelist suffer no loss, appropriate no gain, if we should discover that the inspired preaching of all the apostles had already cast itself into this very form of words. The opinion that Peter took cognisance of Mark's Gospel may have hastened the adop-

¹ *Ex. gr. Holtzmann, Synoptischen Evangelien.*

² *Christus*, p. 127.

³ 1 Cor. xii.; Eph. iv. 4-6, 11, 12; Rom. xii. 6-8; Eph. iii. 3-6, 10.

tion of that Gospel by the Church ; but Mark already, by the fact of his position, was a sharer in the heavenly gift which all possessed.¹ How gladly would we follow those speculations which have occupied the learned, if there were any hope of a clearer light upon a question of such high literary interest. But the doctrine of inspiration is not imperilled by the discussion, to those that believe in the power and the presence of the Holy Spirit. We are told sometimes that the Evangelists do not profess inspiration, do not claim it, do not even mention the subject. It was the common possession of all that in those days taught the gospel. The Holy Ghost had fallen upon all of them. Had the anointing been from one unhappy brother withheld, then we should have heard of it, as we hear of those who "have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." But as it is, they speak as the Spirit gives them utterance, without professing in words to possess that without which they had not been teachers at all. Does the artist write upon his masterpiece, "In doing this I solemnly assert that I used eyes?" When St. Paul in an often quoted passage says, "I think also that I have the Spirit of God," then, whatever we may say as to the particular passage, the absence of this cautious expression from other places is a tacit claim of inspiration. We trace our Gospels—precious to us for that they bring us the person and presence of Christ—to the time in which the Church of Christ was cradled. Tongues as of fire lighted on the believers ; the great miracle of Pentecost was re-enacted in smaller companies afterwards. Weak brethren, the same that fled from the side of Jesus on that night of disaster, stood face to face with kings, and were not discomfited. Ignorant brethren, shut up until the very crucifixion in narrow notions of a resuscitated Jewish monarchy, and utterly cast down at the idea of a king discrowned by a disgraceful death, preached Christ crucified, and were not ashamed of such a Master. Is it possible at all that the Gospels, the product of this time of marvellous force and power, are devoid of the very life which all shared, which He who speaks in their pages promised should come? Is it possible that when the whole soil was teeming and bursting with a new life, and putting forth shoots that should burgeon and blossom into world-sheltering trees, the Gospels are lifeless—are but a kind of wooden chess-board on which German critics may foolsmate and scholarsmate one another? Gentlemen, we thank you for your elaborate investigations, which have given employment to at least fifty writers of treatises, and all the printers of the same ; but we are still more thankful that the Gospels are not in your hands

¹ Comp. Acts xix. 4.

to make or unmake, and that when you have told us some elementary facts about their origin, your power over them ceases.

But for M. Renan they are materials of the most tractable plasticity. They shall establish nothing miraculous, and the Gospel of John shall not be true either as to discourses or miracles. One hardly sees at first the difference between such an acceptance and a total rejection of the fourth Gospel. But the author needs the chronological data of St. John. Our readers know that the usual computation, that the ministry of Jesus lasted three years, depends upon two verses in St. John, and upon the time that we suppose to be included between them.¹ The plan of M. Renan demands this space for its complete evolution. Or rather he professes to adopt this usual view,² and then extends the ministry by a pardonable oversight to more than four years.³

The life which the author describes within these limits makes hardly any pretensions to a historical induction. There are, indeed, references enough in the notes to the Gospel texts, but they rarely prove that for which they are cited. Of this "fallacy of authorities" we have never met so striking an example. The work is not a history but an endeavour of the author to depict by his own insight a life for which he thinks there are no trustworthy materials. Jesus was born in Nazareth and not in Bethlehem, M. Renan maintains; he quotes three texts to prove it. They all prove that he is spoken of as belonging to Nazareth, as springing thence; of the actual place of his birth they say nothing. The child of the Princess of Hesse was born at Windsor; is the child then not to be spoken of as Hessian? If some future historian should speak of it as a Hessian, will that be proof that it was not born at Windsor? We thank M. Renan for a description of Nazareth, an idyll full of grace and beauty; but this does not atone for the suppression of the historical evidence which there is that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, whilst his "parents" were of Nazareth. Justin asserts it; Celsus threw it out as a reproach that Jesus was born in a Judean village. The unbroken testimony of antiquity would be entitled to some respect. But it also enables us to harmonize two sets of passages of the Gospels; and yet—or rather, therefore—our author tosses it aside. We are next informed that Cana and not Nazareth became the home of Mary, as being the place from which she may have come originally. Two texts are quoted for this; they show that Jesus was twice in Cana,

¹ John v. 1; vi. 4.

² P. 270.

³ P. 206.—Where his remark upon John's account of the first Passover, that there is a transposition of dates and a confusion of facts, seems to cut away the whole framework on which M. Renan's scheme rests.

and they neither show nor suggest anything more. But enough. This is not history; it is a work of art. It is a statue of the Lord, like the Moses of Michael Angelo; and the texts are quoted to justify the accessories which the sculptor has introduced. They are not proofs, but apologies for poetic license exercised somewhat too freely.

Let us come, then, to the conception of the career of our Lord as the author represents it. M. Renan claims peculiar advantages for his work on the ground that, to write the history of a religion the historian ought first to have believed it, and then to have ceased to do so; for in the first stage he would learn to understand, and in the second to criticise it. Is there not a risk that the writer will exaggerate the reasons for his own desertion, that he will be nervously anxious to prove that there was no safety nor shelter in the temple from which he has come out? The personal argument is never pleasant to use; but here M. Renan challenges it. He understands the Master better because he denies him. No wonder that his critics accept the challenge. It was not necessary that this ex-seminarist of St. Sulpice should sully with base interpretation, acts that in themselves suggest nothing of ignorance or imposture. But M. Renan has shaken off the dust of his feet. The short hair of the growing tonsure irritates him. He has to make good his case against the religion he has deserted. One of his critics compares him to Madame George Sand, "whose romances are all so many justifications for separating from her husband." M. Renan is conscious of no such motive, nor is it so conspicuous in him as his position might make natural. M. Renan would be the last to ascribe to such a cause his hostility to John, whom he describes as an old man, writing his Gospel in order to show that he had played a part as conspicuous as that of Peter (!), and his tender tone towards "poor Judas," who finds here, at last, an apologist. M. Renan would not attribute to such a cause his strange attempt to connect the name of John with the crime of Judas,¹ as though it were not the act of Judas only, but in some degree of all the disciples. Yet we cannot well forget that the disciple who excites his wrath is the one who kept close to the cross when Jesus hung thereon, and the disciple who wins his pity is the disciple who deserted him. It is a fine stroke, and the finer because unstudied, by which a shadow from the crime of "poor Judas" is thrown over the name of the disciple whom Jesus loved.

According to our author, the career of Jesus divides itself

¹ "One would rather believe in the existence of some sentiment of jealousy, some internal dissension among the disciples. The peculiar hatred which John manifests against Judas confirms this hypothesis."—P. 381.

naturally into three parts. In the first, which may have lasted for about a year, the young teacher preached the morality of the synagogue, borrowing its aphorisms, condescending to its phrases, but ever with a strong sense of the relation of God to us, as that of a father to a child, and of the common brotherhood of men as sons of God, which gave an originality and force to precepts that in themselves were mostly legal. To this time would belong parts of the Sermon on the Mount, except those portions which speak of the new theocracy—the kingdom of heaven. This period of the ripening and development of the religious ideas of Jesus lasted until the Lord came within the scope of the Baptist's influence, which M. Renan considers to have been hurtful to his religious development. After the arrest of John, about the summer of 29,¹ the Lord returns to Galilee; and a fresh era of his preaching begins. "The kingdom of heaven" is now actively preached. Jesus is no longer a delightful moralist; he is a revolutionist, who seeks to renovate the world from its very basis, by the advent of a reign of goodness, in which the power of evil shall be thoroughly put down, the wheat and tares separated. Of this revolution he was the chosen instrument. There was nothing political in it; the revolution was moral only. The title of Messiah is appropriated by the Lord, is given by his disciples to him, as the head and prince of this great revolution. Miracles were the tokens of his power to effect it. M. Renan finds, however, a certain reluctance to work them, and a wish that they should not be reported; and he thinks that Jesus did not allow himself to work them until late in his life. In the year 31, Jesus made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to attack Judaism in its stronghold, and to preach there the doctrine of the kingdom. He returned disappointed; the hopes of a regeneration of society from a Jewish standing-point being quite extinguished. Now, denunciations of the Pharisees hostile to him, impenetrable in their hypocrisy, fall powerfully from his lips. Now, visions of a future world, after this shall pass in storm and ruin, where the truth, so inhospitably received in this one, shall find its perfect realization, begin to take possession of him. The progress of enthusiasm is accompanied by passionate excitement. Great mental suffering and agitation afflict him. His passionate temperament overstepped all bounds. His original gentleness seemed to have deserted him. His disciples often failed to understand him; and a sort of fear of him sprung up in their minds. Such a tone of high-wrought passion could not endure for a long time. The death which it tended to provoke, by its denunciation of the Jewish system,

¹ It will be seen how greatly the chronology is thus extended. A year has elapsed of our Lord's ministry in Galilee; and still four years remain.

cut it short, and by so doing, provided the only dignified solution of it.

This is the picture which M. Renan gives of the character of the Lord of life. It is more than a work of art; it is a work of artifice. In order to describe a process of gradual deterioration of character, he has had recourse to this division of the period of development into three parts: that of moral ideas, of Messianic hopes, and of passionate denunciations of an opposing and intractable society. Not only is there no trace of this division in the Gospels; but there are positive proofs that the evangelists knew nothing of it. The highest lessons of simple morality are many of them found in the latest portions of the ministry, and cannot be dragged into the earliest. The miracles began with its very opening; towards the end they slacken. One of the expressions usually quoted against Jesus for its harshness was spoken at the very first miracle, and at the beginning of the ministry: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" In a word, there is no trace at all of this kind of separation of epochs which M. Renan demands. His sketch may be true of some John of Leyden or Judas of Galilee; it is entirely at variance with all the records that we possess when he pretends to apply it to our Lord. Again, this theory of development requires time; and the author extends the duration of the ministry accordingly to something like five years. We have said already that the utmost range which the Gospels give us is three years. M. Renan raises no discussion on this point, but he tacitly feels that the canvas is not broad enough for his picture, and enlarges it. Every conceivable violence is done to the details of the history; but it would be in vain to plead such errors with M. Renan; the answer is ever ready, "I have reserved leave to discredit any particular part of the Gospels." Nothing, for example, can be more false to history than the account of the early ministry in Galilee. Insert other names, and it will serve for a pastoral poem; this joyous band, wandering at ease in a fine climate through a fair country, to the marriage feast, with the publican and the harlot admitted to their company. It is false throughout. Nazareth tried to slay him, Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum were terribly condemned for rejecting him. Repentance was the sole passport to his company, for publican or harlot. The Sermon on the Mount, which belongs to this period, is full of the deepest humility, the severest self-judgment, the most stringent self-denial. If, as this historian hints, the miracles were a kind of concession to popular belief, into which Jesus allowed himself to be drawn not reluctantly; if, to speak plainly, the confirmation of his teaching was obtained by a half-involuntary imposture, then

this belonged to the first part of the ministry as to the last. Nay, towards the end of his career the miracles grow rarer, and the teaching more full. In the promise of the great coming miracle so frequently repeated during the last few months, that Christ should suffer and also rise again, there is a kind of hush of expectation, during which smaller wonders are not wrought. In short, all this division into epochs, these swift transitions of character, this gradual transformation of a pure and calm soul into a seething pool of turbulent passions, glaring self-deceits, and disappointed ambitions, are not merely doubtful,—they have no support from Holy Scripture whatsoever.

We close M. Renan's volume. What has it done against us? Spoken to many and many a soul that never heard such words before, that Jesus is not the true Son of God, but a gifted teacher and self-duped impostor. Spoken it in tones musical with pity and admiration, so that at first it hardly revolts them. What has he done for us? He has brought out in strong relief that contrast between the person of Jesus, and the time and country where he was reared, which would always be the miracle of Christianity if every other could possibly be explained away. With M. Renan we stand on one of the many gently-rounded hills that encircle and conceal the green basin of Nazareth, whose name is for ever wedded in memory with the name of the Lord. On the slope stands the village. Here the Lord Jesus grew and waxed strong in spirit. Unknown to the Old Testament, known for evil in the New, Nazareth, with its rugged and passionate handful of people (from amongst whom could any good thing come?), sent forth a Prophet who has changed the world. Words which he spoke there and in the vicinage, vibrate through our spirits now, make grief endurable, give beauty to self-restraint, interpret to a new meaning the passage through the valley of the shadow of death. They are the instrument in our hands whereby we fashion the eager minds of our children; out of the eighteen ages are stretched forth his hands to bless the children of the nineteenth, and the clear voice bids us suffer them to come to him. In this rough village, Joseph, the husband of Mary, was a working carpenter, and Jesus wrought there at the same trade. They were very poor; and all the limitations of social intercourse which that implies should be remembered. It was surprising to his fellow-countrymen that he should have any education, or sign of it: "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"¹ We cannot say that he had one associate whose intercourse would be likely to stimulate his young mind; to supplement his ignorance of life with a larger ex-

¹ John vii. 15.

perience; to bring in to him the history of that outer world which lay beyond the fifteen hills that restricted his horizon. Time, however, will sometimes compensate for disadvantages of position; with good education, good society, and favourable opportunities for gathering experience, men bear fruit earlier, but those who are less favourably placed may still bear fruit. With Jesus such compensation had no place. At thirty years of age he began to teach; after two years of teaching, or three at most, he died a violent death. So that his teaching was that of a young and an untaught man, and likely on that account to provoke opposition which would retard it; and such as it was, it endured for three years only, and it was not written down in a book, but was committed to the minds of listeners, more or less unprepared, and chiefly those of twelve uncultivated men, who, taken from the same class, and having access to the same means of knowledge, could not even understand up to the hour of his death the true bearing of the doctrines which he powerfully inculcated. There is no example in all history of such teachings as these, so prepared and so propagated, taking their place above philosophic and religious systems, and for eighteen centuries stirring the world's conscience as a present and active power. These are thoughts in which M. Renan would not refuse to join, when looking on what remains of the humble town, despised by the rest of despised Galilee. The rose has indeed blossomed in the arid wilderness, and the living well has gushed suddenly out of the stony rock.

But let us look at the teaching itself more closely. Perhaps it may account for the strange conquest over all difficulties which the gospel history shows us. M. Renan discovers a time during which Jesus preached a morality, new to the Jews in that it was higher and purer, but by no means strange to them in respect of its forms; so that he sees in Jesus a Jewish Rabbi, only more original, more attractive. If this were true, we might find it difficult to account for the acquirement of the training for such a vocation; but the training being presupposed, some of the difficulties as to the reception of the doctrines of the Lord would disappear. Books of much power have been produced by cobblers and bricklayers, and the intrinsic force of them makes us forget to inquire whence these men had their learning. The book is its own commendation, whencesoever it may have come. But the peculiarity of the Lord's teaching keeps the difficulty before us in full force. From first to last, in every part, of it, the eyes of those that listen to Jesus are turned to his person, and he directs them thither. The Sermon on the Mount is not the teaching of a Rabbi, but the proclamation of a King; its tone throughout is that of one who perfects

the law, having authority to deal with it. He is the way, the truth, and the life; he has not come to destroy but to fulfil; those who have seen him have seen the Father. The rebellious thoughts of those who heard such claims would go back to that secluded Nazareth, rich in nothing but in evil repute, and would ask, "Is not this the carpenter?" If, as M. Renan affects to believe, this personal preaching was an excess of self-assertion, and the first indication of a declining moral state, then the apostles at least might have tacitly remedied the error, and, leaving out all mention of the person of that Master who had been taken from their head, might have repeated his moral lessons. But they knew no such error, no such distinction between person and doctrine. They preached Christ. He was preached in Samaria to a hostile people; preached in the synagogues of Damascus by one who had persecuted all that bore the Christian name; preached to Cornelius, a Roman, preached to Greeks in the land of Socrates and Plato. The apostles accepted "the offence of the Cross" without compromise. If they preached not Jesus, they preached nothing. Therein does the teaching of Jesus differ from that of Schammai and Hillel, that the person of the teacher is all in all to it; and when the teacher was the carpenter of Nazareth, without letters, without knowledge of the world, without influence of position, we may fairly say that the power of his teaching over that of prophet or rabbi is more difficult to account for, because of the personal element that is never wanting to it.

It is this personal element which gives the teaching in every part of it a complete originality. "Never man spake like this man," was in some form or other the verdict of the people that heard it. He who speaks, be it always remembered, is the carpenter of Nazareth, whose home the pen of M. Renan paints for us with such brilliant force. He preaches the kingdom of heaven, and of God, as something which he is appointed to complete. He represents himself as coming to satisfy the yearning of all religious hearts under the law, and that by manifesting the Father, and the Father's will to his people, through himself the Son, and also by reconciling God's people to him. These truths do not appear in his teaching by slight hints and obscure suggestions. They pervade it thoroughly. All that he says is subservient to this manifestation and this reconciliation. There are no attempts to build up an abstract conception of God in the minds of the hearers; no elaborate views of man's nature and the nature of sin. Both God and man are spoken of with reference to the great act which the life of Jesus and his teaching, inseparable from one another, do constitute; God as the Father of his people, of the world,

and man as the being whose task it is to return to the Father, and the Son of God, Son of Man, through whom alone the Father can be found and approached; these are the constant elements in the teaching. Who is this that claims to himself the keys of the Father's counsels, the power of opening again the closed fountains of the Father's love? Who is this that builds for himself a throne of God? It is the man whom we saw upon the green slopes of the secluded Nazareth. Do not the difficulties thicken round us if we have to accept the carpenter not as teacher merely but as God? M. Renan, indeed, would probably tell us that those discourses in which the Lord is most clearly set forth as God are found in the fourth Gospel; and he would set them aside. We will not abandon them: still our argument does not need them. It would be strange, indeed, if upon such a claim, so vital to the whole position of our Lord, the three synoptic Gospels were silent. But the formula with which he deals with the old law: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, . . . but *I say unto you*;"¹ the way in which he deals with forgiveness of sins;² with the questions of the Sabbath:³ are found in one of the synoptic Gospels. In them, too, it is recorded how he turned men's eyes towards himself in a way which no prophet had ever done: "He who is not with me is against me."⁴ "He who loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."⁵ Instead of faithfulness to Jehovah, which is the test between good and bad in the Old Testament, faith in and love of himself is exacted of those who would come to him. The three Gospels furnish us with stronger evidence even yet. Jesus claims that Elias has gone before him; that where two or three are gathered in his name he will be there in the midst of them; that he will send the promise of the Father upon the disciples. Lastly, the words with which he sends the disciples forth are recorded by St. Matthew: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." What claim can be higher? We do not need, though we are thankful for, the passages in St. John which bring out more explicitly the divine attributes of Jesus. Of divinity there is no more and less. Any one of the texts we have quoted raises the whole question. Who is it that is thus omnipotent, omniscient, the sender of a new Spirit, the founder of a new faith? A carpenter of Nazareth, a "superior person," a "delightful Rabbi," answers M.

¹ Matt. v. ² Matt. ix. 2-6. ³ Matt. xii. 8. ⁴ Matt. xii. 30. ⁵ Matt. x. 37.

Renan. No: one of two. Either a being who calmly claims the honour that is his due, because he is indeed the eternal Son of the Father; or one whose words are inexcusable blasphemy. That alternative the Jews saw clearly, and decided it more than once against Jesus. That alternative apostles accepted, and preached Jesus the Son of God. One of the apostles in particular had been a persecutor of Christians; had not shared the lot of Jesus when on earth, so that the personal character of the Master could be supposed to have biassed his judgment to believe an untruth. Paul, with his strong mind, with his Jewish education, which had made him jealous for the one true God, fell at the feet of Jesus, and confessed him the Son of God; and for years of trouble preached him and his resurrection. Every congregation must have seen the same alternative, when belief in Jesus and the resurrection was put before them. Yet God blessed this preaching with abundant success. M. Renan, hardened against all physical miracles, accepts the marvel that the great tree of the Gospel, which overshadowed as it grew nation after nation, had its root in delusion, was preached by a false Messiah, and supported with false wonders. Great is the credulity of unbelief!

These are the difficulties. The poor untaught carpenter, with no preternatural help, gathered into himself by some process of education to which we know no parallel, such knowledge as enabled him to teach; and he taught no lesson but—himself. He found thirteen other men to preach the same thing. And these thirteen found a world to believe it; and God blessed it. Joy and peace, and the conviction of reconciliation with God, were shed abroad in many hearts thereafter. And yet, we are told, this teaching was fundamentally wrong, was the first stage in the aberration of a "delightful rabbi," who ought to have preached morality, and did indeed begin so to preach, but fell away to preaching his own personal claims, from a mistaken fancy that he was the Messiah of Jewish expectation. When we look at the character of Jesus, the difficulties are even increased. Since the Gospel, as preached by Jesus and his apostles, is an account of the great doings of Christ for the reconciliation of men with God, all is risked upon the character of the Redeemer. Every eye is directed towards him. The slightest shade upon his conduct or his wisdom is fatal to the whole scheme of doctrine, because the man and the doctrine are one. It is not so with the mere thinker. The controversies about the public conduct of Bacon have no effect on an estimate of his *Advancement of Learning*. Milton's opinions about divorce may lower him in our eyes, but they do not affect a line of *Paradise Lost*. But one who comes as Lawgiver and Deliverer

from sin, must stand or fall with his character for purity and holiness. Now, from the first there has gone along with the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus an assertion of his sinlessness; and there is no other character in history of whom this can be said. Our Lord himself does not strongly assert this dogma, and this is in accordance with the humility of his whole character; but he does what is better; he presents the pattern and picture of a sinless man in his own life, and all who saw him drew the same inference from it. But his silence upon this point is full of meaning. He so truly humble, so sensible of the evil of sin, so keenly anxious to deliver his people from it, never once accuses himself, or expresses the need of a deliverer for himself. The question, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" is not decisive evidence of sinlessness in itself; it might have been put by one who was guilty before God, yet who felt that men could not accuse him. But coming where it does, amongst strong assertions of holiness in particular points and of authority, the very asking of such a question is a significant fact. "If God were your Father, ye would love me. . . . He that is of God heareth God's words" (*i.e.*, the words of Christ). "I honour my Father. . . . My Father honoureth me. . . . I seek not my own glory. Before Abraham was, I am;" these are all parts of the same conversation. Then, if ever, was the time to admit any limitations, if there were any, to his power and holiness. Prophets did not scruple to admit that they were men of unclean lips, unworthy of the weight of that authority they were sent to bear. Jesus makes no such admission; he challenges comment upon any contradiction that could be alleged between his claims and his character; and such a question at such an opportunity seems to imply a strong assertion. But he showed himself sinless; and apostles, drawing their influence from his life, made for him the singular claim which had not been made for or by even the prophets, that he was absolutely free from sin. In him, they said, was no sin; he knew no sin; he did no sin;¹—of all claims the most hazardous, of all challenges the most easy to meet. For it was put forward in the course of a strong endeavour to make every act and word of Jesus known; the apostles, as we have seen, preached him and his miracles and discourses, before all things. For us that criticise from a greater distance, four Gospels, offering many points of comparison and of discussion, are filled with the life of the Lord. What is the honest impression on our minds? M. Renan admits that his mind was of the highest moral temper, even though he expressly denies his sinlessness:

"The human race offers an assemblage of low beings, selfish, and

¹ 1 John iii. 5; 1 Pet. ii. 22; 2 Cor. v. 21.

superior to the animals only in that its selfishness is more reflective. From the midst of this vulgar uniformity, there are columns that rise towards the sky, and bear witness to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the highest of these columns, which show to man whence he comes and whither he ought to tend. In him was condensed all that is good and elevated in our nature. He was not sinless; he has conquered the same passions that we combat; no angel of God comforted him, except his good conscience; no Satan tempted him, except that which each one bears in his heart. In the same way that many of his great qualities are lost to us, through the fault of his disciples, it is also probable that many of his faults have been concealed. But never has any one so much as he made the interests of humanity predominate in his life over the littlenesses of self-love. Unreservedly devoted to his mission (*idée*), he subordinated everything to it to such a degree that, towards the end of his life, the universe no longer existed to him. It was by this access of heroic will that he conquered heaven. There never was a man, Çakya-Mouni perhaps excepted, who has to this degree trampled under foot the claims of family, the joys of this world, and all temporal care. Jesus only lived for his Father, and the divine mission which he believed himself destined to fulfil.

"As to us, children evermore, condemned to feebleness, we who labour without reaping, and who will never see the fruit of that which we have sown, let us bow before these demi-gods. They knew that which we do not: how to create, to affirm, to act. Will great originality be born again, or will the world content itself henceforth by following the ways opened by the bold creators of the ancient ages? We know not. But whatever may be the unexpected phenomena of the future, Jesus will not be surpassed. His worship will constantly renew its youth, the tale of his life will cause ceaseless tears, his sufferings will soften the best hearts; all the ages will proclaim that, among the sons of men, there is none born greater than Jesus."

From one who rejects so much, this is high testimony. We assert that the records of the life of the Lord, taken together, make upon us the impression of a perfect human character; that they effect this, not by obtrusive assertions that he is sinless, not by forcing into prominence this or that virtue; not by descanting upon facts, and pointing out therein the elements of holiness; but by a simple unadorned record of the facts themselves. We assert that these facts, taken together, present a character such as has never had its equal for harmony and completeness. It is not that of a thinker who to round off a system or a book renounces practical life, and forgets the claims of to-day and of his own smaller circle in favour of posterity and of the whole race. It is not that of a busy philanthropist cheated out of thought and meditation by the daily claims of practical duty. It is the unique combination of a lofty intelligence, utterly untinted by the colours of the unfavourable atmosphere

in which it moved, joined to a lowly and most sympathetic heart, to which no tale of present trouble ever was addressed in vain. It is the combination of the highest self-reliance with the most patient humility; a self-reliance which took up the task of reforming all the world, without seeking to propitiate the political powers, without the aid of armed force, without the resources of science,—a humility which withdrew itself from outward praise and honour, which never chafed under poverty, or contempt, or even under the worst indignities. Scattered through that mixed society lay all the materials of political conflagration; fanatics brooding over the desperate prospects of an ancient nationality; a Roman yoke which the nation hated in the name of God; bands of zealots ready to gather sword in hand on every mountain side, in every desert retreat, upon the call of some self-elected leader; and, behold, here is a young and ardent mind, accepted as a worker of miracles, acceptable as King of the Jews, if so he will have it; here he stands with the torch ready to his hand, and a touch will kindle the loose flax and straw into a flame. And the tempter comes to him with scowl of a double treason on his face, and, faithless to Cæsar and Messiah both, asks if it is lawful to pay Cæsar tribute; there is an infinite self-reliance and self-denial in the calm reply: "Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's." Again the combination is not less singular, of claims unspeakably high, joined to the most perfect self-abnegation. Ever there spoke in his mind the consciousness that the powers of nature, that sin itself, that the powers of hell, were subject to him, and yet his life was one continued act of self-sacrifice, of self-abasement. The King of kings walking about Galilee as the servant of servants, with a court around him of fishers from the Sea of Tiberias, often with the starry vault of a Galilean sky for a palace, common to him and the leper and the beggar. This is what a reader of the Gospels finds. M. Renan thinks we shall never see the like, and we are glad to agree with him. It is this balance of qualities which is the true evidence of the Lord's perfection. History records for us many strong characters, many sweet ones. But human heroes pay the price of their good qualities in the shape of a certain one-sidedness. Great independence and self-reliance have been shown by many a reformer. But opposition hardens these qualities into something like ferocity. Many a Christian has so well learned his Master's lesson as to give himself wholly to works of love, and to resign all worldly pleasures in this behalf. But to blend the reformer's public mission with the private labours of charity, and to do this without the slight-

est trace of self-consciousness, was reserved for one alone. We might re-write the pages of Ullmann, Dorner, and De Pressensé¹ without exhausting this subject. But we commend it to the reflections of any honest reader of the Bible. It is the picture of a perfect man, of one adorned with the highest virtues, yet rich in sympathy for every human creature, for every incident of human life. And the sacred writers do not present any evidence of plan and contrivance, they do not even assert that they are describing the perfect. They overstrain nothing. They leave all the facts to our own interpretation; and a very few of them, as the "What have I to do with thee?" addressed to Mary at Cana, have been explained wrongly. The world has since confessed that the Gospels do describe a faultless moral character. M. Renan speaks of him as a "demi-god." The centurion who saw the close of his life said, "Truly this was the Son of God." We hold with the centurion. Jesus Christ himself is the great miracle of the gospel.

One argument that has been glanced at would require explanation. The claims of Jesus and his apostles are not a question of more or less. They are either true, or false beyond all pardon. Jesus was either a deliverer of men, a revealer of the Father, a worker of wonders in the power of God, a pure and spotless spirit free from the universal taint of human nature; or else—. We will not fill up the sentence with those terms that seem to belong to one that had usurped the awful prerogative of God. Now, no one questions that the Gospel has been a successful system, whether as to the extent of its conquests, the civilisation that has gone along with it, the literature that it has amassed, the power over human character to soften, raise, elevate, and control, which it has exerted all along. In point of results no system can compete with it. Now, are we to ascribe these results to the truth or to the falsehood of the message that has produced them? Do not glance over kingdoms and count the millions that delight to call themselves by Christ's name. But think only upon one single soul reclaimed from vice, re-fashioned for God in the image of Christ, ruled as from afar by the will of Christ, as the trained horse obeys the touch of a finger upon a rein; is this real work (how real any pastor knows) to be traced to the fact that one falsely called himself the Sent of God, put forth false claims to miraculous power, made fantastic promises of intercession with the Father, and was held up as sinless only by a fond delusion of his fol-

¹ Ullmann, *Sündlosigkeit Jesu*; Gotha, 1863. Dorner, on the same subject, in *Jahrbücher für Deutsche Theologie*, vol. vii. E. De Pressensé, *Rédempteur*. Second Edit. Let us mention here an excellent work on the whole subject: Dr. Young's *Christ of History*.

lowers? If falsehood about the holiest things is so blessed with fruit that is not false, then surely there is no such divine rule of truth and justice over the world as we had supposed; and grapes may blossom upon the thorns, and figs be sought among the thistles. God blesses alike the truth and the lie. And the record of eighteen centuries of Church history is the account of the exuberant vitality of a pious fraud at best, and at worst of simple fraud and falsehood. From the edge of this precipice even the non-Christian would try to struggle backwards. This moral earthquake, where an underlying falsehood shakes all the firm ground of truth, which we thought solid to the axis, we can only think of with horror.

But now the wonders of Nazareth are complete. This little town gave birth to a poor carpenter, who, with nothing to redeem him from the usual conditions of poverty in an obscure town, came forth as a teacher of men, and offered them deliverance from sin, and reconciliation with an offended God, in the name of that Father whose Son he claimed to be. His whole message is admitted to be original, powerful, elevating to the soul. His character was unique in its purity and in its strength. The priests and rulers were able to kill him; but they were not able to prevent the spreading of his doctrine; and multitudes embraced it, Jews and Greeks, upon the strange condition of belief in Jesus and his resurrection. God indeed has blessed this doctrine with marvellous success, and to this hour it is a powerful agent in the world, the cement of society, the comfort of mourners, the tamer of unruly wills and affections, the bringer of peace. Of the miracles that enforced the doctrine, we have as yet said nothing. In fact, a supposed antecedent impossibility of miracles leads some to a view of this history which is itself impossible. That this young unlettered man imagined, with no supernatural aid, a system which stands quite alone; that this youth, born in corrupt and evil times, in a town noted for worthlessness even in those times; of a people whose hopes were debased, whose apostasy from God was almost complete, whose literature was Talmuds and rabbinical trifling, stepped forth complete in all that makes a wise mind and a powerful will, and a fine and tender heart, with no savour whatever of the bad soil from whence he sprang; that God blessed his teaching with unparalleled success; and yet that all the most characteristic features of his teaching and life were either imposture and delusion, is a great marvel. Why should we dogmatize against physical miracles, and be so easy of belief as to moral miracles? The physical marvel, forsooth, is a mere rupture of the chain of causation: is not the moral miracle the same? Is it more surprising that Jesus called back

life to the widow's son, and changed the morbid pallor of the dead face into the rosy hues of life, than that he himself rose out of the pale corpse of Judaism in the young bloom of spiritual health and strength, and with a voice as from the dead proclaimed the meaning of law and prophets, and promised to fulfil them? Is it in the course of natural causation that, when Judaism was most corrupt, a character more perfect than that of all her prophets should illustrate her decline, and spring from a race whose every act and feeling was in violent contrast to his own? Surely if we understood moral causes as well as we do physical, and even this would be but a little, we should see it as a marvel, as a divine intervention, that Nazareth unconsciously produced One who contained all that the world required from its Saviour, power and wisdom and love unspeakable. If Christ rose not from the dead, if he wrought no miracles, then our conception of Christianity must be one that shocks every moral feeling; false claims of power, pretended miracles, deceived apostles, deluded converts, and a creed that placed on God's right hand an equal Son, blessed by that God whose glory it invades with every token of favour. It cannot be. By bandying about the records of the life of Jesus, and pruning and adding, the character, we are told, was shaped by degrees into its present purity, the doctrine acquired its present proportions. But this process, if it took place at all, was the work of the lowest orders; for such were the first believers. But what parallel is there in history for such a process? What notions were there, either Jewish and Pagan, at that time, out of which such an ideal could have been formed? We shall be answered that it was the Christians, those whom Christ attracted and formed, who formed the conception of Christ himself such as we have it. This is indeed reasoning in a circle. It would have needed preternatural wisdom in the disciples to fashion the system of the Gospel, and a higher standard of holiness than we have any trace of elsewhere to conceive his holy character. Fatigued with these speculations which have no historic basis, which are really undertaken to get rid of miracles, of facts that rest on as good evidence as any historical fact whatever, we rest at last upon the oldest and best hypothesis, that this Jesus of the Gospels is represented as wise beyond man, as pure beyond angels, as resolute to the death, because such a man so lived, so taught, so acted, so loved; because he is verily the Son of God, the Conqueror of death, the glorified Redeemer!

ART. VIII.—Thackeray.

THAT Mr. Thackeray was born in India in 1811; that he was educated at Charter House and Cambridge; that he left the University after a few terms' residence without a degree; that he devoted himself at first to art; that in pursuit thereof he lived much abroad "for study, for sport, for society;" that about the age of twenty-five, married, without fortune, without a profession, he began the career which has made him an English classic; that he pursued that career steadily till his death,—all this has, within the last few weeks, been told again and again.

It is a common saying that the lives of men of letters are uneventful. In an obvious sense this is true. They are seldom called on to take part in events which move the world, in politics, in the conflicts of nations; while the exciting incidents of sensation-novels are as rare in their lives as in the lives of other men. But men of letters are in no way exempt from the changes and chances of fortune; and the story of these, and of the effects which came from them, must possess an interest for all. Prosperity succeeded by cruel reverses; happiness, and the long prospect of it, suddenly clouded; a hard fight, with aims as yet uncertain, and powers unknown; success bravely won; the austere victory of failure manfully borne; these things make a life truly eventful, and make the story of that life full of interest and instruction. They will all fall to be narrated when Mr. Thackeray's life shall be written; we have only now to do with them so far as they illustrate his literary career, of which we propose to lay before our readers an account as complete as is in our power, and as impartial as our warm admiration for the great writer we have lost will allow.

Many readers know Mr. Thackeray only as the Thackeray of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, and *The Virginians*, the quadrilateral of his fame, as they were called by the writer of an able and kindly notice in the *Illustrated News*. The four volumes of *Miscellanies* published in 1857, though his reputation had been then established, are less known than they should be. But Mr. Thackeray wrote much which does not appear even in the *Miscellanies*; and some account of his early labours may not be unacceptable to our readers.

His first attempt was ambitious. He became connected as editor, and also, we suspect, in some measure, as proprietor, with a weekly literary journal, the fortunes of which were not prosperous. We believe the journal to have been one which

bore the imposing title of "The National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts." Thackeray's editorial reign began about the 19th Number, after which he seems to have done a good deal of work—reviews, letters, criticisms, and verses. As the *National Standard* is now hardly to be met with out of the British Museum, we give a few specimens of these first efforts. There is a mock sonnet by W. Wordsworth, illustrative of a drawing of Braham in stage nautical costume, standing by a theatrical sea-shore; in the background an Israelite, with the clothes'-bag and triple hat of his ancient race; and in the sky, constellation-wise, appears a Jew's harp, with a chaplet of bays round it. The sonnet runs:—

"Say not that Judah's harp hath lost its tone,
Or that no bard hath found it where it hung
Broken and lonely, voiceless and unstrung,
Beside the sluggish streams of Babylon:
Slowman¹ repeats the strain his fathers sung,
And Judah's burning lyre is Braham's own!
Behold him here! Here view the wondrous man,
Majestical and lonely, as when first,
In music on a wondering world he burst,
And charm'd the ravish'd ears of Sov'reign Anne.²
Mark well the form, O reader! nor deride
The sacred symbol—Jew's harp glorified—
Which, circled with a blooming wreath, is seen
Of verdant bays; and thus are typified
The pleasant music, and the bays of green,
Whence issues out at eve Braham with front serene."

We have here the germ of a style in which Thackeray became famous, though the humour of attributing this nonsense to Wordsworth, and of making Braham coeval with Queen Anne, is not now very plain. There is a yet more characteristic touch in a review of Montgomery's "Woman the Angel of Life," winding up with a quotation of some dozen lines, the order of which he says has been reversed by the printer, but as they read quite as well the one way as the other, he does not think it worth while to correct the mistake! A comical tale, called the "Devil's Wager," afterwards reprinted in the Paris Sketch-Book, also appeared in

¹ "It is needless to speak of the eminent vocalist and improvisatore. He nightly delights a numerous and respectable audience at the Cider Cellar; and while on this subject I cannot refrain from mentioning the kindness of Mr. Evans, the worthy proprietor of that establishment. N.B.—A *table d'hôte* every Friday."—W. Wordsworth.

² "Mr. Braham made his first appearance in England in the reign of Queen Anne.—W. W."

the *National Standard*, with a capital woodcut, representing the devil as sailing through the air, dragging after him the fat Sir Roger de Rollo by means of his tail, which is wound round Sir Roger's neck. The idea of this tale is characteristic. The venerable knight already in the other world, has made a foolish bet with the devil involving very seriously his future prospects there, which he can only win by persuading some of his relatives on earth to say an Ave for him. He fails to obtain this slight boon from a kinsman successor for obvious reasons; and from a beloved niece, owing to a musical lover whose serenading quite puts a stop to her devotional exercises; and succeeds at last, only when, giving up all hope from compassion or generosity, he appeals by a pious fraud to the selfishness of a brother and a monk. The story ends with a very Thackerayan touch:—"The moral of this story will be given in several successive numbers;" the last three words are in the Sketch-Book changed into "the second edition."

Perhaps best of all is a portrait of Louis Philippe, presenting the Citizen King under the Robert Macaire aspect, the adoption and popularity of which Thackeray so carefully explains and illustrates in his Essay on "Caricatures and Lithography in Paris." Below the portrait are these lines, not themselves very remarkable, but in which, especially in the allusion to Snobs by the destined enemy of the race, we catch glimpses of the future:—

"Like 'the king in the parlour' he's fumbling his money,
 Like 'the queen in the kitchen' his speech is all honey,
 Except when he talks it, like Emperor Nap,
 Of his wonderful feats at Fleurus and Jemappe;
 But alas! all his zeal for the multitude's gone,
 And of no numbers thinking except Number One!
 No huzzas greet his coming, no patriot club licks
 The hand of 'the best of created republics':
 He stands in Paris, as you see him before ye,
 Little more than a snob. That's an end of the story."

The journal seems to have been an attempt to substitute vigorous and honest criticism of books and of art for the partiality and slipslop general then, and now not perhaps quite unknown. It failed, however, partly, it may be, from the inexperience of its managers, but doubtless still more from the want of the capital necessary to establish anything of the sort in the face of similar journals of old standing. People get into a habit of taking certain periodicals unconsciously, as they take snuff. *The National Standard*, etc. etc., came into existence on the 5th January 1833, and ceased to be on the 1st February 1834.

His subsequent writings contain several allusions to this

misadventure; from some of which we would infer that the break-down of the journal was attended with circumstances more unpleasant than mere literary failure. Mr. Adolphus Simcoe (*Punch*, vol. iii.), when in a bad way from a love of literature and drink, completed his ruin by purchasing and conducting for six months that celebrated miscellany called the *Lady's Lute*, after which time "its chords were rudely snapped asunder; and he who had swept them aside with such joy went forth a wretched and heart-broken man." And in *Lovel the Widower*, Mr. Batchelor narrates similar experiences:—

"I daresay I gave myself airs as editor of that confounded *Museum*, and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I daresay I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses (to a being who shall be nameless, but whose conduct has caused a faithful heart to bleed not a little). I daresay I wrote satirical articles, in which I piqued myself on the fineness of my wit and criticisms, got up for the nonce, out of encyclopaedias and biographical dictionaries; so that I would be actually astonished at my own knowledge. I daresay I made a gaby of myself to the world; pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man."

Silence for a while seems to have followed upon this failure; but in 1836 his first attempt at independent authorship appeared simultaneously at London and Paris. This publication, at a time when he still hoped to make his bread by art, is, like indeed everything he either said or did, so characteristic, and has been so utterly forgotten, that an account of it may not be out of place, perhaps more minute than its absolute merits deserve.

It is a small folio, with six lithographs, slightly tinted, entitled *Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique dédié à—par Théophile Wagstaffe*. Between "à" and "par" on the cover is the exquisite *Flore* herself, all alone in some rosy and bedizened bower. She has the old jaded smirk, and, with eyebrows up and eyelids dropt, she is looking down oppressed with modesty and glory. Her nose, which is long, and has a ripe droop, gives to the semicircular smirk of the large mouth, down upon the centre of which it comes in the funniest way, an in-

10 The portrait of Mr. Adolphus, stretched out, "careless diffused,"—sleazy, hungry, and diabolical, in his fashionable cheap hat, his dirty white duck trousers strapped tightly down, as being the mode and possibly to conceal his bare legs; a half-smoked, probably unsmokeably bad cigar, in his hand, which is lying over the arm of a tavern bench, from whence he is casting a greedy and raffish eye upon some unseen fellows, supping plenteously and with cheery—oh, for power and drawing, not unworthy of Hogarth.

describably sentimental absurdity. Her thin, sinewy arms and large hands are crossed on her breast, and her petticoat stands out like an inverted white tulip—of muslin—out of which come her professional legs, in the only position which human nature never puts its legs into; it is her special *pose*. Of course, also, you are aware, by that smirk, that look of being looked at, that though alone in maiden meditation in this her bower, and sighing for her Zephyr, she is in front of some thousand pairs of eyes, and under the fire of many double-barrelled lorgnettes, of which she is the focus.

In the first plate, *La Danse fait ses offrandes sur l'autel de l'harmonie*, in the shapes of Flore and Zephyr coming trippingly to the footlights, and paying no manner of regard to the altar of harmony, represented by a fiddle with an old and dreary face, and a laurel wreath on its head, and very great regard to the unseen but perfectly understood "house." Next is *Triste et abattu, les séductions des Nymphes le (Zephyr) tentent, en vain*, Zephyr looking theatrically sad. Then *Flore* (with one lower extremity at more than a right angle to the other) *déplore l'absence de Zephyr*. The man in the orchestra endeavouring to combine business with pleasure, so as to play the flageolet and read his score, and at the same time miss nothing of the deploring, is intensely comic. Next Zephyr has his turn, and *dans un pas seul exprime sa suprême désespoir*—the extremity of despair being expressed by doubling one leg so as to touch the knee of the other, and then whirling round so as to suggest the regulator of a steam-engine run off. Next is the rapturous reconciliation, when the faithful creature bounds into his arms, and is held up to the house by the waist in the wonted fashion. Then there is *La Retraite de Flore*, where we find her with her mother and two admirers—Zephyr, of course, not one. This is in Thackeray's strong unflinching line. One lover is a young dandy without forehead or chin, sitting idiotically astride his chair. To him the old lady, who has her slight rouge, too, and is in a homely shawl and muff, having walked, is making faded love. In the centre is the fair darling herself still on tiptoe, and wrapped up, but not too much, for her *fiacre*. With his back to the comfortable fire, and staring wickedly at her, is the other lover, a big, burly, elderly man, probably well to do on the Bourse, and with a wife and family at home in their beds. The last exhibits *Les délassements de Zephyr*. That hard-working and homely personage is resting his arm on the chimney-piece, taking a huge pinch of snuff from the box of a friend, with a refreshing expression of satisfaction, the only bit of nature as yet. A dear little innocent pot-boy, such as only Thackeray knew how to draw, is gazing and waiting upon

the two, holding up a tray from the nearest tavern, on which is a great pewter-pot of foaming porter for Zephyr, and a rummer of steaming brandy and water for his friend, who has come in from the cold air. These drawings are lithographed by Edward Morton, son of "Speed the Plough," and are done with that delicate strength and truth for which this excellent but little known artist is always to be praised. In each corner is the monogram "W", which appears so often afterwards with the M added, and is itself superseded by the well-known pair of spectacles. Thackeray must have been barely five-and-twenty when this was published by Mitchell in Bond Street. It can hardly be said to have sold.

Now it is worth noticing how in this, as always, he ridiculed the ugly and the absurd in truth and pureness. There is, as we may well know, much that is wicked (though not so much as the judging community are apt to think) and miserable in such a life. There is much that a young man and artist might have felt and drawn in depicting it, of which in after years he would be ashamed; but "Théophile Wagstaffe" has done nothing of this. The effect of looking over these *juvenilia*—these first shafts from that mighty bow, now, alas! unbent—is good, is moral; you are sorry for the hard-wrought slaves; perhaps a little contemptuous towards the idle people who go to see them; and you feel, moreover, that the *Ballet*, as thus done, is ugly as well as bad, is stupid as well as destructive of decency.

His dream of editorship being ended, Mr. Thackeray thenceforward contented himself with the more lowly, but less responsible, position of a contributor, especially to *Fraser's Magazine*. The youth of *Fraser* was full of vigour and genius. We know no better reading than its early volumes, unsparing indeed, but brilliant with scholarship and originality and fire. In these days, the staff of that periodical included such men as Maginn, "Barry Cornwall," Coleridge, Carlyle, Hogg, Galt, Theodore Hook, Delta, Gleig, Edward Irving, and, now foremost of them all, Thackeray. The first of the *Yellowplush Correspondence* appeared in November 1837. The world should be grateful to Mr. John Henry Skelton, who in that year wrote a book called *My Book, or the Anatomy of Conduct*, for to him is owing the existence of Mr. Charles Yellowplush as a critic, and as a narrator of "fashnable fax and polite annygoats." Mr. Yellowplush, on reading Mr. Skelton's book, saw at once that only a gentleman of his distinguished profession could competently criticise the same; and this was soon succeeded by the wider conviction that the great subject of fashionable life should

not be left to any "common writin' creatures," but that an authentic picture thereof must be supplied by "ONE OF US." In the words of a note to the first paper, with the initials O. Y., but which it is easy to recognise as the work of Mr. Charles himself without the plush :—"He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned. It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with the only authentic picture of fashionable life which has been given to the world in our time." The idea was not carried out very fully. The only pictures sketched by Mr. Yellowplush were the farce of "Miss Shum's Husband," and the terrible tragedy of "Deuceace," neither of them exactly "pictures of fashionable life." We rather fancy that, in the story of Mr. Deuceace, Mr. Yellowplush was carried away from his original plan, a return to which he found impossible after that wonderful medley of rascality, grim humour, and unrelieved bedevilry of all kinds. But in 1838 he reverted to his original critical tendencies, and demolished all that *The Quarterly* had left of a book which made some noise in its day, called *A Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*; and wrote from his pantry one of the "Epistles to the Literati," expressing his views of Sir Edward Lytton's *Sea Captain*, than which we know of no more good-natured, trenchant, and conclusive piece of criticism. All the Yellowplush papers except the first are republished in the *Miscellanies*.

In 1839, appeared the story of *Catherine*, by Ikey Solomon. This story is little known, and it throws us back upon one still less known. In 1832, when Mr. Thackeray was not more than twenty-one, *Elisabeth Brownrigge: a tale*, was narrated in the August and September numbers of *Fraser*. This tale is dedicated to the author of *Eugene Aram*, and the author describes himself as a young man who has for a length of time applied himself to literature, but entirely failed in deriving any emoluments from his exertions. Depressed by failure he sends for the popular novel of *Eugene Aram* to gain instruction therefrom. He soon discovers his mistake :—

"From the frequent perusal of older works of imagination I had learnt so to weave the incidents of my story as to interest the feelings of the reader in favour of virtue, and to increase his detestation of vice. I have been taught by *Eugene Aram* to mix vice and virtue up together in such an inextricable confusion as to render it impossible

that any preference should be given to either, or that the one, indeed, should be at all distinguishable from the other. . . . In taking my subject from that walk of life to which you had directed my attention, many motives conspired to fix my choice on the heroine of the ensuing tale; she is a classic personage,—her name has been already 'linked to immortal verse' by the muse of Canning. Besides, it is extraordinary that, as you had commenced a tragedy under the title of *Eugene Aram*, I had already sketched a burletta with the title of *Elisabeth Brownrigge*. I had, indeed, in my dramatic piece, been guilty of an egregious and unpardonable error: I had attempted to excite the sympathies of the audience in favour of the murdered apprentices, but your novel has disabused me of so vulgar a prejudice, and, in my present version of her case, all the interest of the reader and all the pathetic powers of the author will be engaged on the side of the murderess."

According to this conception the tale proceeds, with incidents and even names taken directly from the *Newgate Calendar*; but rivalling *Eugene Aram* itself in magnificence of diction, absurdity of sentiment, and pomp of Greek quotation. The trial scene and the speech for the defence are especially well hit off. If *Elisabeth Brownrigge* was written by Thackeray, and the internal evidence seems to us strong, the following is surprising criticism from a youth of twenty-one—the very Byron and Balwer age:—

"I am inclined to regard you (the author of *Eugene Aram*) as an original discoverer in the world of literary enterprise, and to reverence you as the father of a new '*lusus naturæ* school.' There is no other title by which your manner could be so aptly designated. I am told, for instance, that in a former work, having to paint an adulterer, you described him as belonging to the class of country curates, among whom, perhaps, such a criminal is not met with once in a hundred years; while, on the contrary, being in search of a tender-hearted, generous, sentimental, high-minded hero of romance, you turned to the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*, and looked for him in the list of men who have cut throats for money, among whom a person in possession of such qualities could never have been met with at all. Wanting a shrewd, selfish, worldly, calculating valet, you describe him as an old soldier, though he bears not a single trait of the character which might have been moulded by a long course of military service, but, on the contrary, is marked by all the distinguishing features of a bankrupt attorney, or a lame duck from the Stock Exchange. Having to paint a cat, you endow her with the idiosyncrasies of a dog."

At the end, the author intimates that he is ready to treat with any liberal publisher for a series of works in the same style, to be called *Tales of the Old Bailey, or Romances of Tyburn Tree*. The proposed series is represented only by *Catherine*, a longer

and more elaborate effort in the same direction. It is the narrative of the misdeeds of Mrs. Catherine Hayes,—an allusion to whose criminality in after days brought down upon the author of *Pendennis* an amusing outpouring of fury from Irish patriotism, forgetting in its excitement that the name was borne by a heroine of the *Newgate Calendar* as well as by the accomplished singer whom we all regret. The purpose of *Catherine* is the same as that of *Elisabeth Brownrigge*—to explode the *l'avis naturæ* school; but the plan adopted is slightly different. Things had got worse than they were in 1832. The public had called for coarse stimulants and had got them. *Jack Sheppard* had been acquiring great popularity in *Bentley's Miscellany*; and the true feeling and pathos of many parts of *Oliver Twist* had been marred by the unnatural sentimentalism of Nancy. Mr. Ikey Solomon objected utterly to these monstrosities of literature, and thought the only cure was a touch of realism; an attempt to represent blackguards in some measure as they actually are:—

“In this,” he says, “we have consulted nature and history rather than the prevailing taste and the general manner of authors. The amusing novel of *Ernest Maltravers*, for instance, opens with a seduction; but then it is performed by people of the strictest virtue on both sides; and there is so much religion and philosophy in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced, that—bless the little dears!—their very peccadilloes make one interested in them; and their naughtiness becomes quite sacred, so deliciously is it described. Now, if we are to be interested by rascally actions, let us have them with plain faces, and let them be performed, not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals. Another clever class of novelists adopt the contrary system, and create interest by making their rascals perform virtuous actions. Against these popular plans we here solemnly appeal. We say, let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerrigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves and sympathizing with the rascalities of noble hearts. For our own part, we know what the public likes, and have chosen rogues for our characters, and have taken a story from the *Newgate Calendar*, which we hope to follow out to edification. Among the rogues at least, we will have nothing that shall be mistaken for virtue. And if the British public (after calling for three or four editions) shall give up, not only our rascals, but the rascals of all other authors,—we shall be content. We shall apply to Government for a pension, and think that our duty is done.”

Again, further on in the same story:—

“The public will hear of nothing but rogues; and the only way in

which poor authors, who must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves, is to paint such thieves as they are; not dandy, poetical, rose-water thieves, but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low, as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato like Eugene Aram, or live like gentlemen, and sing the pleasantest ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin; or prate eternally about τὸ καλόν, like that precious canting Maltravers, whom we all of us have read about and pitied; or die white-washed saints, like poor Biss Daday, in *Oliver Twist*. No, my dear madam, you and your daughters have no right to admire and sympathize with any such persons, fictitious or real: you ought to be made cordially to detest, scorn, loathe, abhor, and abominate all people of this kidney. Men of genius, like those whose works we have above alluded to, have no business to make these characters interesting or agreeable, to be feeding your morbid fancies, or indulging their own with such monstrous food. For our parts, young ladies, we beg you to bottle up your tears, and not waste a single drop of them on any one of the heroes or heroines in this history; they are all rascals every soul of them, and behave 'as sich.' Keep your sympathy for those who deserve it; don't carry it, for preference, to the Old Bailey, and grow maudlin over the company assembled there."

Neither of these tales, though it is very curious to look back at them now, can be considered quite successful. And the reason of this is not hard to find. It was impossible that they could be attractive as stories; while, on the other hand, the humour was not broad enough to command attention for itself. They were neither sufficiently interesting, nor sufficiently amusing. They are caricatures without the element of caricature. In *Elisabeth*, we have little but the story of a crime committed by a criminal actuated by motives and overflowing with sentiments of the Eugene Aram type. *Catherine* is more ambitious. In it an attempt is made to construct a story—to delineate character. The rival loves of Mr. Bullock and Mr. Hayes, and the adventures of the latter on his marriage-day, show, to some extent, the future novelist; while in the pictures of the manners of the times, slight though they are, in the characters of Corporal Brock and Cornet Galgenstein, and M. l'Abbé O'Flaherty, we can trace, or at least we now fancy we can trace—the author of *Barry Lyndon* and *Henry Esmond*. Catherine herself, in her gradual progress from the village jilt to a murderess, is the most striking thing in the story, and is a sketch of remarkable power. But nothing could make a story interesting which consists of little more than the seduction of a girl, the intrigues of a mistress, the discontent of a wife growing into hatred and ending in murder. At the close, indeed, the writer resorts to the true way of making such a *jeu d'esprit* attractive—burlesque. He concludes,

though too late altogether to save the piece, in a blaze of theatrical blue-fire; and it was this idea of burlesque or extravagant caricature which led to the perfected successes of *George de Barnwell* and *Codlingsby*. In a literary point of view, it is well worth while to go back upon those early efforts; and we have dwelt upon them the more willingly that their purpose and the literary doctrine they contend for would be well remembered at this very time. We have given up writing about discovered criminals, only to write more about criminals not yet found out; the *lusus naturæ* school has given place to the sensational; the literature of the *Newgate Calendar* has been supplanted by the literature of the detective officer—a style rather the worse and decidedly the more stupid of the two. The re-publication of *Catherine* might be a useful, and would be a not unpleasing specific in the present diseased state of literary taste. We have said that the hand of the master is traceable in the characters of this tale. We have also a good example of what was always a marked peculiarity, both in his narrative writing, and in his representations of composite natures, what some one has called his “sudden pathos,” an effect of natural and unexpected contrast always deeply poetical in feeling, such as the love of Barry Lyndon for his son, the association of a murderess eyeing her victim, with images of beauty and happiness and peace. We quote the passage, although, as is always the case with the best things of the best writers, it suffers greatly by separation from the context, the force of the contrast being almost entirely lost:—

“Mrs. Hayes sat up in the bed sternly regarding her husband. There is, be sure, a strong magnetic influence in wakeful eyes so examining a sleeping person; do not you, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?”

In 1840, the *Shabby Genteel Story* appeared in *Fraser*, which broke off sorrowfully enough, as we are told, “at a sad period of the writer’s own life,” to be afterwards taken up in *The Adventures of Philip*. The story is not a pleasant one; nor can we read it without pain, although we know that the after fortunes of the Little Sister are not altogether unhappy. But it shows clear indications of growing power and range; Brandon, Tuffhunt, the Gann family, and Lord Cingbars, can fairly claim the dignity of ancestors. The *Great Hoggarty Diamond* came in 1841. This tale was always, we are informed in the preface to a separate edition in 1849, a great favourite with the

author—a judgment, however, in which at first he stood almost alone. It was refused by one magazine before it found a place in *Fraser*; and when it did appear it was little esteemed, or, indeed, noticed in any way. The late Mr. John Sterling took a different view, and wrote Mr. Thackeray a letter which “at that time gave me great comfort and pleasure.” Few will now venture to express doubts of Mr. Sterling’s discernment. But in reality we suspect that this story is not very popular. It is said to want humour and power; but, on the other hand, in its beauty of pathos and tenderness of feeling, quite indescribable, it reaches a higher point of art than any of the minor tales; and these qualities have gained for it admirers very enthusiastic if not numerous. *Fraser* for June of the same year has a most enjoyable paper called “Memorials of Gormandizing,” in which occurs the well-known adaptation of the “*Persicos Odi*”—“Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is;” a paper better than anything in the “Original,” better because simpler than Hayward’s *Art of Dining*, and which should certainly be restored to a dinner-eating world. To say nothing of its quiet humour and comical earnestness, it has a real practical value. It would be invaluable to all the hungry Britons in Paris who lower our national character, and, what is a far greater calamity, demoralize even French cooks, by their well-meant but ignorant endeavours to dine. There is a description of a dinner at the Café Foy altogether inimitable; so graphic, that the reader almost faucies himself in the actual enjoyment of the felicity depicted. Several of the Fitz-Boodle papers, which appeared in 1842-43, are omitted in the Miscellanies. But in spite of the judgment of the author himself we venture to think that Mr. Fitz-Boodle’s love experiences as recorded in “Miss Lowe” (October 1842), “Dorothea” (January 1843), and “Ottilia” (February 1843), are not unworthy of a place beside the “Ravenswing,” and should be preserved as a warning to all fervent young men. And during these hard-working years we have also a paper on “Dickens in France,” containing an amazing description of Nicholas Nickleby as translated and adapted (bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated indeed!) to the Parisian stage, followed by a hearty defence of Boz against the criticism of Jules Janin; and “Bluebeard’s Ghost,” in its idea—that of carrying on a well-known story beyond its proper end—the forerunner of Rebecca and Rowena. “Little Travels” is the title of two papers, in May and October 1844,—sketches from Belgium, closely resembling, certainly not inferior to the roundabout paper called a “Week’s Holiday;” and our enumeration of his contributions to *Fraser* closes with the incomparable “Barry Lyndon.” “The Hoggarty Diamond” is better and

purser, and must therefore rank higher; but "Barry Lyndon" in its own line stands, we think, unrivalled; immeasurably superior, if we must have comparative criticism, to "Count Fathom;" superior even to the history of "Jonathan Wild." It seems to us to equal the sarcasm and remorseless irony of Fielding's masterpiece, with a wider range and a more lively interest.

Mr. Thackeray's connexion with *Punch* began very early in the history of that periodical, and he continued a constant contributor at least up to 1850. The acquisition was an invaluable one to *Mr. Punch*. Without undue disparagement of that august dignitary it may now be said that at first he was too exclusively metropolitan in his tone, too much devoted to "natural histories" of medical students and London idlers—in fact somewhat Cockney. Mr. Thackeray at once stamped it with a different tone; made its satire universal, adapted its fun to the appreciation of cultivated men. On the other hand, the connexion with *Punch* must have been of the utmost value to Mr. Thackeray. He had the widest range, could write without restraint, and without the finish and completeness necessary in more formal publications. The unrestrained practice in *Punch*, besides the improvement in style and in modes of thought which practice always gives, probably had no small share in teaching him wherein his real strength lay. For it is worthy of notice in Mr. Thackeray's literary career that this knowledge did not come easily or soon, but only after hard work and much experience. His early writings both in *Fraser* and *Punch* were as if groping. In these periodicals his happier efforts come last, and after many preludes—some of them broken off abruptly. "Catherine" is lost in "George de Barnwell;" "Yellowplush" and "Fitz-Boodle" are the preambles to "Barry Lyndon" and "The Hoggarty Diamond;" *Punch's* "Continental Tour" and the "Wanderings of the Fat Contributor" close untimely, and are succeeded by the "Snob Papers" and the kindly wisdom of the elder Brown. Fame, indeed, was not now far off; but ere it could be reached there remained yet repeated effort and frequent disappointment. With peculiar pleasure we now recal the fact that these weary days of struggle and obscurity were cheered in no inconsiderable degree by the citizens of Edinburgh.

There happened to be placed in the window of an Edinburgh jeweller a silver statuette of *Mr. Punch*, with his dress *en rigueur*,—his comfortable and tidy paunch, with all its buttons; his hunch; his knee-breeches, with their ties; his compact little legs, one foot a little forward; and the intrepid and honest, kindly little fellow firmly set on his pins, with his customary look of up to and good for anything. In his hand was his weapon, a pen; his skull was an inkhorn, and his cap

its lid. A passer-by—who had long been grateful to our author, as to a dear unknown and enriching friend, for his writings in *Fraser* and in *Punch*, and had longed for some way of reaching him, and telling him how his work was relished and valued—bethought himself of sending this inkstand to Mr. Thackeray. He went in, and asked its price. "Ten guineas, sir." He said to himself, "There are many who feel as I do; why shouldn't we send him up to him? I'll get eighty several half-crowns, and that will do it;" (he had ascertained that there would be discount for ready money). With the help of a friend, who says he awoke to Thackeray, and divined his great future, when he came, one evening, in *Fraser* for May 1844, on the word "*kinopium*,"¹ the half-crowns were soon forthcoming, and it is pleasant to remember, that in the "octogint" are the names of Lord Jeffrey and Sir William Hamilton, who gave their half-crowns with the heartiest good-will. A short note was written telling the story. The little man in silver was duly packed, and sent with the following inscription round the base:—

GULIELMO MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ARMA VIRUMQUE

GRATI NECNON GRATE EDINENSES

LXXX.

D. D. D.

To this the following reply was made:—

13, YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON SQUARE,

May 11, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The arms and the man arrived in safety yesterday, and I am glad to know the names of two of the eighty Edinburgh friends who have taken such a kind method of showing their good-will towards me. If you are grati I am gratior. Such tokens of regard & sympathy are very precious to a writer like myself, who have some

¹ Here is the passage. It is from *Little Travels and Roadside Sketches*. Why are they not republished? We must have his *Opera Omnia*. He is on the top of the Richmond omnibus. "If I were a great prince, and rode outside of coaches (as I should if I were a great prince), I would, whether I smoked or not, have a case of the best Havannahs in my pocket, not for my own smoking, but to give them to the snobs on the coach, who smoke the vilest cheroots. They poison the air with the odour of their filthy weeds. A man at all easy in circumstances would spare himself much annoyance by taking the above simple precaution.

"A gentleman sitting behind me tapped me on the back, and asked for a light. He was a footman or rather valet. He had no livery, but the three

difficulty still in making people understand what you have been good enough to find out in Edinburgh that under the mask satirical there walks about a sentimental gentleman who means not unkindly to any mortal person. I can see exactly the same expression under the vizard of my little friend in silver, and hope some day to shake the whole octogint by the hand gratos & gratas, and thank them for their friendliness and regard. I think I had best say no more on the subject lest I should be tempted into some enthusiastic writing of w^h I am afraid. I assure you these tokens of what I can't help acknowledging as popularity—make me humble as well as grateful—and make me feel an almost awful sense of the responsibility w^h falls upon a man in such a station. Is it deserved or undeserved? Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind, and to laugh at many things w^h men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, & to see it aright, according to the eyes w^h God Almighty gives me. And if, in the exercise of my calling I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel and am thankful for this support.—Indeed I can't reply lightly upon this subject or feel otherwise than very grave when people begin to praise me as you do. Wishing you and my Edinburgh friends all health and happiness believe me my dear Sir most faithfully yours

“W. M. THACKERAY.”

How like the man is this gentle and serious letter, written these long years ago! He tells us frankly his “calling:” he is a preacher to mankind. He “laughs,” he does not sneer. He asks home questions at himself as well as the world: “Who is this?” Then his feeling “not otherwise than very grave” when people begin to praise, is true Conscientiousness. This servant of his Master hoped to be able “to tell the truth always, and to see it aright, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me.” His picture by himself will be received as correct *now*, “a sentimental gentleman, meaning not unkindly to any mortal person”—sentimental in its good old sense, and a gentleman in heart and speech. And that little touch about enthusiastic writing, proving all the more that the enthusiasm itself was there.

Of his work in *Punch*, the “Ballads of Pleaceman X,” the “Snob friends who accompanied him were tall men in pepper-and-salt undress jackets, with a duke's coronet on their buttons.

“After tapping me on the back, and when he had finished his cheroot, the gentleman produced another wind instrument, which he called a ‘kinopium,’ a sort of trumpet, on which he showed a great inclination to play. He began puffing out of the kinopium an abominable air, which he said was the ‘Duke's March.’ It was played by the particular request of the pepper-and-salt gentry.

“The noise was so abominable, that even the coachman objected, and said it was not allowed to play on his bus. ‘Very well,’ said the valet, ‘we're only of the Duke of B——'s establishment, THAT'S ALL.’”

Papers," "Jeames' Diary," the "Travels and Sketches in London," a "Little Dinner at Timmins," are now familiar to most readers. But besides these he wrote much which has found no place in the Miscellanies. M. de la Pluche discoursed touching many matters other than his own rise and fall. "Our Fat Contributor" wandered over the face of the earth gaining and imparting much wisdom and experience, if little information; Dr. Solomon Pacifico "prosed" on various things besides the "pleasures of being a Foggy;" and even two of the "Novels by Eminent Hands," *Orinoline* and *Stars and Stripes*, have been left to forgetfulness. "Mrs. Tickletoby's Lectures on the History of England" in vol. iii. are especially good reading. Had they been completed, they would have formed a valuable contribution to the philosophy of history. His contributions to *Punch* became less frequent about 1850, but the connexion was not entirely broken off till much later; we remember, in 1854, the "Letters from the Seat of War, by our own Bashi-Bazouk," who was, in fact, Major Gahagan again, always foremost in his country's cause. To the last, as *Mr. Punch* has himself informed us, he continued to be an adviser and warm friend, and was a constant guest at the weekly *symposia*.

In addition to all this work for periodicals, Mr. Thackeray had ventured on various independent publications. We have already alluded to *Flore et Zephyr*, his first attempt. In 1840, he again tried fortune with "The Paris Sketch-Book," which is at least remarkable for a dedication possessing the quite peculiar merit of expressing real feeling. It is addressed to M. Apretz, Tailor, 27, Rue Richelieu, Paris; and we quote it the more readily that, owing to the failure of these volumes to attract public attention, the rare virtues of that gentleman have been less widely celebrated than they deserve:—

"SIR,—It becomes every man in his station to acknowledge and praise virtue wheresoever he may find it, and to point it out for the admiration and example of his fellow-men.

"Some months since, when you presented to the writer of these pages a small account for coats and pantaloons manufactured by you, and when you were met by a statement from your debtor that an immediate settlement of your bill would be extremely inconvenient to him, your reply was, 'Mon dieu, Sir, let not that annoy you; if you want money, as a gentleman often does in a strange country, I have a thousand-franc note at my house, which is quite at your service.' History or experience, Sir, makes us acquainted with so few actions that can be compared to yours—an offer like this from a stranger and a tailor seems to me so astonishing,—that you must pardon me for making your virtue public, and acquainting the English nation with your merit and your name. Let me add, Sir, that you live on the first

floor; that your cloths and fit are excellent, and your charges moderate and just; and, as a humble tribute of my admiration, permit me to lay these volumes at your feet.—Your obliged faithful servant,

“M. A. TITMARSH.”

Some of the papers in these two volumes were reprints, as “Little Poinset” and “Cartouche” from *Fraser* for 1839; “Mary Ancel” from *The New Monthly* for 1839; others appeared then for the first time. They are, it must be confessed, of unequal merit. “A Caution to Travellers” is a swindling business, afterwards narrated in *Pendennis* by Amory or Altamont as among his own respectable adventures; “Mary Ancel,” and “The Painter’s Bargain” are amusing stories; while a “Gambler’s Death” is a tale quite awful in the everyday reality of its horror. There is much forcible criticism on the French school of painting and of novel-writing, and two papers especially good called “Caricatures and Lithography in Paris,” and “Meditations at Versailles,” the former of which gives a picture of Parisian manners and feeling in the Orleans times in no way calculated to make us desire those days back again; the latter an expression of the thoughts called up by the splendour of Versailles and the beauty of the Petit Trianon, in its truth, sarcasm, and half-melancholy, worthy of his best days. All these the public, we think, would gladly welcome in a more accessible form. Of the rest of the *Sketch-Book* the same can hardly be said, and yet we should ourselves much regret never to have seen, for example, the four graceful imitations of Béranger.

The appreciative and acquisitive tendencies of our Yankee friends forced, we are told, independent authorship on Lord Macaulay and Sir James Stephen. We owe to the same cause the publication of the “Comic Tales and Sketches” in 1841; Mr Yellowplush’s memoirs having been more than once reprinted in America before that date. The memoirs were accompanied with “The Fatal Boots” (from the *Comic Almanack*); the “Bedford Row Conspiracy,” and the Reminiscences of that astonishing Major Gahagan (both from the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1838–40, a periodical then in great glory, with Hood, Marryat, Jerrold, and Laman Blanchard among its contributors); all now so known and so appreciated that the failure of this third effort seems altogether unaccountable. In 1843, however, the “Irish Sketch-Book” was, we believe, tolerably successful; and in 1846 the “Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo” was still more so; in which year also *Vanity Fair* began the career which has given him his place and name in English literature.

We have gone into these details concerning Mr. Thackeray’s

early literary life, not only because they seem to us interesting and instructive in themselves; not only because we think his severe judgment rejecting so many of his former efforts should in several instances be reversed; but because they give us much aid in arriving at a true estimate of his genius. He began literature as a profession early in life—about the age of twenty-five—but even then he was, as he says of Addison, “full and ripe.” Yet it was long before he attained the measure of his strength, or discovered the true bent of his powers. His was no sudden leap into fame. On the contrary, it was by slow degrees, and after many and vain endeavours that he attained to anything like success. Were it only to show how hard these endeavours were, the above retrospect would be well worth while; not that the retrospect is anything like exhaustive. In addition to all we have mentioned, he wrote for the *Westminster*, for the *Examiner*, and the *Times*; was connected with the *Constitutional*, and also, it is said, with the *Torch* and the *Parthenon*—these last three being papers which enjoyed a brief existence. No man ever more decidedly refuted the silly notion which disassociates genius from labour. His industry must have been unremitting, for he worked slowly, rarely retouching, writing always with great thought and habitual correctness of expression. His writing would of itself show this; always neat and plain; capable of great beauty and minuteness. He used to say that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord’s Prayer and the Creed (not the Athanasian) in the size of one. He considered and practised caligraphy as one of the fine arts, as did Porson and Dr. Thomas Young. He was continually catching new ideas from passing things, and seems frequently to have carried his work in his pocket, and when a thought, or a turn, or a word struck him, it was at once recorded. In the fulness of his experience, he was well pleased when he wrote six pages of *Esmond* in a day; and he always worked in the day, not at night. He never threw away his ideas; if at any time they passed unheeded, or were carelessly expressed, he repeats them, or works them up more tellingly. In these earlier writings we often stumble upon the germ of an idea, or a story, or a character with which his greater works have made us already familiar; thus the swindling scenes during the sad days of Becky’s decline and fall, and the Baden sketches in the *Newcomes*, the *Deuceaces*, and *Punters*; and *Loders*, are all in the *Yellowplush Papers* and the *Paris Sketch-Book*; the University pictures of *Pendennis* are sketched, though slightly, in the *Shabby-Genteel Story*; the anecdote of the child whose admirer of seven will learn that she has left town “from the newspapers,” is transferred from the “Book of Snobs” to Ethel Newcome;

another child, in a different rank of life, whose acquisition of a penny gains for her half-a-dozen sudden followers and friends, appears, we think, three times; "Canute," neglected in *Punch*, is incorporated in *Rebecca and Rowena*. And his names, on which he bestowed no ordinary care, and which have a felicity almost deserving an article to themselves, are repeated again and again. He had been ten years engaged in literary work before the conception of *Vanity Fair* grew up. Fortunately for him it was declined by at least one magazine, and, as we can well believe, not without much anxiety and many misgivings he sent it out to the world alone. Its progress was at first slow; but we cannot think its success was ever doubtful. A friendly notice in the *Edinburgh*, when eleven numbers had appeared, did something, the book itself did the rest; and before *Vanity Fair* was completed, the reputation of its author was established.

Mr. Thackeray's later literary life is familiar to all. It certainly was not a life of idleness. *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, *Philip*; the Lectures on the "Humorists" and the "Georges;" and that wonderful series of Christmas stories, *Mrs. Perkins' Ball*, *Our Street*, *Dr. Birch*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, and *The Rose and the Ring*, represent no small labour on the part of the writer, no small pleasure and improvement on the part of multitudes of readers. For the sake of the *Cornhill Magazine* he reverted to the editorial avocations of his former days, happily with a very different result both on the fortunes of the periodical and his own, but, we should think, with nearly as much discomfort to himself. The public, however, were the gainers, if only they owe to this editorship the possession of *Lovel the Widower*. We believe that *Lovel* was written for the stage, and was refused by the management of the Olympic about the year 1854. Doubtless the decision was wise, and *Lovel* might have failed as a comedy. But as a tale it is quite unique—full of humour, and curious experience of life, and insight; with a condensed vigour, and grotesque effects and situations which betray its dramatic origin. The tone of many parts of the book, particularly the description of the emotions of a disappointed lover, shows the full maturity of the author's powers; but there is a daring and freshness about other parts of it which would lead us to refer the dramatic sketch even to an earlier date than 1854. This imperfect sketch of his literary labours may be closed, not inappropriately, with the description which his "faithful old Gold Pen" gives us of the various tasks he set it to:—

"Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain ;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain ;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

I've help'd him to pen many a line for bread ;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head ;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low ;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last—I've answered all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea ; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph ;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by ;
Stranger ! I never writ a flattery,
Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie."

"En réalité," says the writer of an interesting notice in *Le Temps*, "l'auteur de *Vanity Fair* (la *Foire aux vanités*) est un satiriste, un moraliste, un humoriste, auquel il a manqué, pour être tout-à-fait grand, d'être un artiste. Je dis tout-à-fait grand ; car s'il est douteux que, comme humoriste, on le puisse comparer soit à Lamb, soit à Sterne, il est bien certain, du moins, que comme satiriste, il ne connaît pas de supérieurs, pas même Dryden, pas même Swift, pas même Pope. Et ce qui le distingue d'eux, ce qui l'élève au dessus d'eux, ce qui fait de lui un génie essentiellement original, c'est que sa colère, pour qui est capable d'en pénétrer le secret, n'est au fond que la réaction d'une nature tendre, furieuse d'avoir été désappointée." Beyond doubt the French critic is right in holding Thackeray's special powers to have been those of a satirist or humorist. We shall form but a very inadequate conception of his genius if we look at him exclusively, or even chiefly, as a novelist. His gifts were not those of a teller of stories. He made up a story in which his characters played their various parts, because the requirement

of interest is at the present day imperative, and because stories are well paid for, and also because to do this was to a certain extent an amusement to himself; but it was often, we suspect, a great worry and puzzle to him, and never resulted in any marked success. It is not so much that he is a bad constructor of a plot, as that his stories have no plot at all. We say nothing of such masterpieces of constructive art as *Tom Jones*; he is far from reaching even the careless power of the stories of Scott. None of his novels end with the orthodox marriage of hero and heroine, except *Pendennis*, which might just as well have ended without it. The stereotyped matrimonial wind-up in novels can of course very easily be made game of; but it has a rational meaning. When a man gets a wife and a certain number of hundreds a year, he grows stout, and his adventures are over. Hence novelists naturally take this as the crisis in a man's life to which all that has gone before leads up. But for Mr. Thackeray's purposes a man or woman is as good after marriage as before it—indeed rather better. To some extent this is intentional; a character, as he says somewhere, is too valuable a property to be easily parted with. Besides, he is not quite persuaded that marriage concludes all that is interesting in the life of a man: "As the hero and heroine pass the matrimonial barrier, the novelist generally drops the curtain, as if the drama were over then, the doubts and struggles of life ended; as if, once landed in the marriage country, all were green and pleasant there, and wife and husband had nothing but to link each other's arms together, and wander gently downwards towards old age in happy and perfect fruition." But he demurs to this view; and as he did not look on a man's early life as merely an introduction to matrimony, so neither did he regard that event as a final conclusion. Rejecting then this natural and ordinary catastrophe, he makes no effort to provide another. His stories stop, but they don't come to an end. There seems no reason why they should not go on further, or why they should not have ceased before. Nor does this want of finish result from weariness on the part of the writer, or from that fear of weariness on the part of readers which Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham expresses to Miss Martha Buskbody:—"Really, madam, you must be aware that every volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion; just like your tea, which, though excellent hyson, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the one is by no means improved by the luscious lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so I am of opinion that a history, growing already vapid, is but dully crutched up by a detail of circumstances which every

reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every flowery epithet in the language." It arises from the want of a plot, from the want often of any hero or heroine round whom a plot can centre. Most novelists know how to let the life out towards the end, so that the story dies quite naturally, having been wound up for so long. But his airy nothings, if once life is breathed into them, and they are made to speak and act, and love and hate, will not die; on the contrary, they grow in force and vitality under our very eye; the curtain comes sheer down upon them when they are at their best. Hence his trick of re-introducing his characters in subsequent works, as fresh and life-like as ever. He does not indeed carry this so far as Dumas, whose characters are traced with edifying minuteness of detail from boyhood to the grave; Balzac or our own Trollope afford, perhaps, a closer comparison, although neither of these writers—certainly not Mr. Trollope—rivals Thackeray in the skill with which such reappearances are managed. In the way of delineation of character we know of few things more striking in its consistency and truth than *Beatrice Esmond* grown into the *Baroness Bernstein*: the attempt was hazardous, the success complete.

Yet this deficiency in constructive art was not inconsistent with dramatic power of the highest order. Curiously enough, if his stories for the most part end abruptly, they also for the most part open well. Of some of them, as *Pendennis* and the *Newcomes*, the beginnings are peculiarly felicitous. But his dramatic power is mainly displayed in his invention and representation of character. In invention his range is perhaps limited, though less so than is commonly said. He has not, of course, the sweep of Scott, and even where a comparison is fairly open, he does not show Scott's creative faculty; thus, good as his high life below stairs may be, he has given us no Jenny Dennison. He does not attempt artisan life like George Eliot, nor, like other writers of the day, affect rural simplicity, or delineate provincial peculiarities (the Mulligan and Costigan are national), or represent special views or opinions. But he does none of these things,—not so much because his range is limited, as because his art is universal. There are many phases of human life on which he has not touched; few developments of human nature. He has caught those traits which are common to all mankind—peer and artisan alike, and he may safely omit minor points of distinction. It is a higher art to draw men, than to draw noblemen or working men. If the specimen of our nature be brought before us, it matters little whether it be dressed in a lace coat or a fustian jacket. Among novelists he stands, in this particular, hardly second

to Scott. His pages are filled with those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. Almost every passion and emotion of the heart of man finds a place in his pictures. These pictures are taken mainly from the upper and middle classes of society, with an occasional excursion into Bohemia, sometimes even into depths beyond that pleasant land of lawlessness. In variety, truth, and consistency, they are unrivalled. They are not caricatures, they are not men of humours; they are the men and women whom we daily meet; they are, in the fullest sense of the word, representative; and yet they are drawn so sharply and finely that we never could mistake or confound them. Pendennis, Clive Newcome, Philip, are all placed in circumstances very much alike, and yet they are discriminated throughout by delicate and certain touches, which we hardly perceive even while we feel their effect. Only one English writer of fiction can be compared to Mr. Thackeray in this power of distinguishing ordinary characters—the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*. But with this power he combines, in a very singular manner, the power of seizing humours, or peculiarities, when it so pleases him. Jos. Sedley, Charles Honeyman, Fred Bayham, Major Pendennis, are so marked as to be fairly classed as men of humours; and in what a masterly way the nature in each is caught and held firm throughout! In national peculiarities he is especially happy. The Irish he knows well; the French, perhaps, still better. How wonderfully clever is the sketch of “Mary, Queen of Scots” and the blustering Gascon, and the rest of her disreputable court at Baden! And what can those who object to Thackeray’s women say of that gentle lady Madame de Florac—a sketch of ideal beauty, with her early, never-forgotten sorrow, her pure, holy resignation? To her inimitable son no words can do justice. The French-English of his speech would make the fortune of any ordinary novel. It is as unique, and of a more delicate humour, than the orthography of Jeames. Perhaps more remarkable than even his invention is the fidelity with which the conception of his characters is preserved. This never fails. They seem to act, as it were, of themselves. The author having once projected them, appears to have nothing more to do with them. They act somehow according to their own natures, unprompted by him, and beyond his control. He tells us this himself in one of those delightful and most characteristic Roundabout Papers, which are far too much and too generally undervalued:—“I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, How the

dickens did he come to think of that? . . . We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style; when a writer is like a Pythoness, or her oracle tripod, and mighty words; words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his 'bodily organ?' Take one of his most subtle sketches—though it is but a sketch—Elizabeth, in *Lovel the Widower*. The woman has a character, and a strong one; she shows it, and acts up to it; but it is as great a puzzle to us as the character of Hamlet; the author himself does not understand it. This is, of course, art; and it is the highest perfection of art; it is the art of Shakspere; and hence it is that Thackeray's novels are interesting irrespective of the plot, or story, or whatever we choose to call it. His characters come often without much purpose: they go often without much reason; but they are always welcome; and for the most part we wish them well. Dumas makes up for the want of a plot by wild incident and spasmodic writing; Thackeray makes us forget a like deficiency by the far higher means of true conceptions, and consistent delineations of human nature. *Esmond*, alone of all his more important fictions, is artistically constructed. The marriage indeed of Esmond and Lady Castlewood marks no crisis in their lives; on the contrary, it might have happened at any time, and makes little change in their relations; but the work derives completeness from the skill with which the events of the time are connected with the fortunes of the chief actors in the story—the historical plot leading up to the catastrophe of Beatrix, the failure of the conspiracy, and the exile of the conspirators. In *Esmond*, too, Thackeray's truth to nature is especially conspicuous. In all his books the dialogue is surprising in its naturalness; in its direct bearing on the subject in hand. Never before, we think, in fiction did characters so uniformly speak exactly like the men and women of real life. In *Esmond*—owing to the distance of the scene—this rare excellence was not easy of attainment, yet it has been attained. Every one not only acts, but speaks in accordance certainly with the ways of the time, but always like a rational human being; there is no trace of that unnaturalness which offends us even in Scott's historical novels, and which substitutes for intelligible converse long harangues in pompous diction, garnished with strange oaths,—a style of communicating their ideas never adopted, we may be very sure, by any mortals upon this earth. Add to these artistic excellencies, a tenderness of feeling and a beauty of style which even Thackeray has not elsewhere equalled, and we come to understand why the best critics look on *Esmond* as his masterpiece.

Nor, in speaking of Thackeray as a novelist, should we forget to mention—though but in a word—his command of the element of tragedy. The parting of George Osborne with Amelia; the stern grief of old Osborne for the loss of his son; the later life of Beatrix Esmond; the death of Colonel Newcome, are in their various styles perfect, and remarkable for nothing more than for the good taste which controls and subdues them all.

But, as we said before, to criticise Mr. Thackeray as a novelist, is to criticise what was in him only an accident. He wrote stories, because to do so was the mode; his stories are natural and naturally sustained, because he could do nothing otherwise than naturally; but to be a teller of stories was not his vocation. His great object in writing was to express himself,—his notions of life, all the complications and variations which can be played by a master on this one everlasting theme. Composite human nature as it is, that sins and suffers, enjoys and does virtuously, that was “the main haunt and region of his song.” To estimate him fairly, we must look at him as taking this wide range; must consider him as a humorist, using the word as he used it himself. “The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness; your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture; your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability, he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds and speaks and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him.” Adopting this point of view, and applying this standard, it seems to us that no one of the great humorists of whom he has spoken is deserving equally with himself of our respect, esteem, and love;—respect for intellectual power, placing him on a level even with Swift and Pope; esteem for manliness as thorough as the manliness of Fielding, and rectitude as unsullied as the rectitude of Addison; love for a nature as kindly as that of Steele. Few will deny the keen insight, the passion for truth of the week-day preacher we have lost; few will now deny the kindliness of his disposition, but many will contend that the kindliness was too much restrained; that the passion for truth was allowed to degenerate into a love of detecting hidden faults. The sermons on women have been objected to with especial vehemence and especial want of reason. No one who has read Mr. Brown’s letters to his nephew—next to the Snob Papers and Sydney Smith’s Lectures, the best modern work on moral philosophy—will deny that Mr. Thackeray can at least appreciate good women, and describe them :—

"Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world, vulgar and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and I have no doubt, in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and May Fair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlours behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such to you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of Lady Z., that great lady: look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased Heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favours. With what grace she receives you; with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children, what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendour round about her—to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty: and as, in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, O thou silver-wigged coachman! drive to all sorts of splendours and honours and Royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

"Now, transport yourself in spirit, my good Bon, into another drawing-room. There sits an old lady of more than fourscore years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now, as in her youth, when History toasted her. What has she not seen, and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty, of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms where you have the honour of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her: she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life

which after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

"Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a twopennyworth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a Duke), and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlour until N. shall come in to tea? They drink tea at five o'clock; and are actually as well-bred as those gentlefolks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home from Chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a Countess blazing in diamonds, had Fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle, as the great lady in the palace whose equal she is,—in beauty, in goodness, in high-bred grace and simplicity: at least, I can't fancy her better, or any Peeress being more than her peer."

But then he is accused of not having represented this. "It is said," to quote a friendly critic in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1848, "That having with great skill put together a creature of which the principal elements are indiscriminating affection, ill requited devotion, ignorant partiality, a weak will and a narrow intellect, he calls on us to worship his poor idol as the type of female excellence. This is true." Feminine critics enforce similar charges yet more vehemently. Thus, Miss Brontë says,—"As usual, he is unjust to women, quite unjust. There is hardly any punishment he does not deserve for making Lady Castlewood peep through a key-hole, listen at a door, and be jealous of a boy and a milk-maid." Mrs. Jameson criticises him more elaborately:—"No woman resents his Rebecca—inimitable Becky!—No woman but feels and acknowledges with a shiver the completeness of that wonderful and finished artistic creation; but every woman resents the selfish inane Amelia. . . . Laura in *Pendennis* is a yet more fatal mistake. She is drawn with every generous feeling, every good gift. We do not complain that she loves that poor creature Pendennis, for she loved him in her childhood. She grew up with that love in her heart; it came between her and the perception of his faults; it

is a necessity indivisible from her nature. Hallowed, through its constancy, therein alone would lie its best excuse, its beauty and its truth. But Laura, faithless to that first affection; Laura waked up to the appreciation of a far more manly and noble nature, in love with Warrington; and then going back to Pendennis and marrying *him*! Such infirmity might be true of some women, but not of such a woman as Laura; we resent the inconsistency, the indelicacy of the portrait. And then Lady Castlewood,—so evidently a favourite of the author, what shall we say of her? The virtuous woman, *par excellence*, who ‘never sins and never forgives;’ who never resents, nor relents, nor repents; the mother who is the rival of her daughter; the mother, who for years is the confidante of a man’s delirious passion for her own child, and then consoles him by marrying him herself! O Mr. Thackeray! this will never do! Such women may exist, but to hold them up as examples of excellence, and fit objects of our best sympathies, is a fault, and proves a low standard in ethics and in art.”

But all these criticisms, even if sound, go to this only, that Mr. Thackeray’s *representations* of women are unjust: they are confined solely to his novels. Now, if the view we have taken of Mr. Thackeray’s genius be the true one, such a limitation is unfair. He is not to be judged only by his novels as a *representer* of character, he must be judged also by all his writings together as a describer and analyser of character. In the next place, the said criticisms are based upon wonderfully hasty generalizations. Miss Brontë knew that *she* would not have listened at a key-hole, and she jumps at once to the conclusion that neither would Lady Castlewood. But surely the character of that lady is throughout represented as marred by many feminine weaknesses falling little short of unamiability. Is the existence of a woman greedy of affection, jealous, and unforgiving, an impossibility? Her early love for Esmond we cannot quite approve; her later marriage with him we heartily disapprove; but neither of these things is the fault of the writer. With such a woman as Lady Castlewood, deprived of her husband’s affection, the growth of an attachment towards her dependant into a warmer feeling, was a matter of extreme probability; and her subsequent marriage to Esmond, affectionate, somewhat weak, and above all, disappointed elsewhere, was, in their respective relations, a mere certainty. Not to have married them would have been a mistake in art. Thus, when a friend remonstrated with him for having made Esmond “marry his mother-in-law,” he replied, “*I didn’t make him do it; they did it themselves.*” But as to Lady Castlewood’s being a favourite with the author, which is the gravamen

of the charge, that is a pure assumption on the part of Mrs. Jameson. We confess to having always received, in reading the book, a clear impression to the contrary. Laura, again, we do not admire vehemently; but we cannot regard her returning to her first love, after a transient attachment to another, as utterly unnatural. Indeed, we think it the very thing a girl of her somewhat commonplace stamp of character would certainly have done. She never is much in love with Pendennis either first or last, but she marries him nevertheless. She might have loved Warrington had the Fates permitted it, very differently; and as his wife, would never have displayed those airs of self-satisfaction and moral superiority which make her so tediously disagreeable. But all this fault-finding runs up into the grand objection, that Thackeray's good women are denied brains; that he preserves an essential alliance between moral worth and stupidity; and it is curious to see how women themselves dislike this—how, in their admiration of intellect, they admit the truth of Becky willingly enough, but indignantly deny that of Amelia. On this question, Mr. Brown thus expresses himself:—

“A set has been made against clever women from all times. Take all Shakspeare's heroines: they all seem to me pretty much the same, affectionate, motherly, tender, that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and other writers, each man seems to draw from one model: an exquisite slave is what we want for the most part, a humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being, who laughs at our jokes however old they may be, coaxes and wheedles us in our humours, and fondly lies to us through life.”

In the face of Rosalind, Beatrice, and Portia, it is impossible to concur with Mr. Brown in his notions about Shakspeare's women; but otherwise he is right. Yet it is but a poor defence for the deficiencies of a man of genius, that others have shown the like short-comings. And on Mr. Thackeray's behalf a much better defence may be pleaded; though it may be one less agreeable to the sex which he is said to have maligned. That defence is a simple plea of not guilty; a denial that his women, as a class, want intellectual power to a greater extent than is consistent with truth. They vary between the extremes of pure goodness and pure intellect—Becky and Amelia—just as women do in real life. The moral element is certainly too prominent in Amelia; but not more so than in Colonel Newcome, and we can't see anything much amiss in Helen Pendennis. Laura, as Miss Bell, is clever enough for any man; and, though she afterwards becomes exceedingly tiresome and a prig, she does not become a fool. And what man would be bold enough to disparage the intellectual powers of Ethel Newcome? Her moral

nature is at first incomplete owing to a faulty education; but when this has been perfected through sorrow, wherein is the character deficient? Besides, we must bear in mind that virtue in action is undoubtedly "slow." Goodness is not in itself entertaining, while ability is; and the novelist, therefore, whose aim is to entertain, naturally labours most with the characters possessing the latter, in which characters the reader too is most interested. Hence they acquire greater prominence both as a matter of fact in the story and also in our minds. Becky, Blanche Amory, Trix are undeniably more interesting, and in their points of contrast and resemblance afford far richer materials for study than Amelia, Helen Pendennis, and Laura. But this is in the nature of things; and the writer must not be blamed for it any more than the readers. Taking, however, the Thackerayan gallery as a whole, we cannot admit that either in qualities of heart or head, his women are inferior to the women we generally meet. Perhaps he has never—not even in Ethel—combined these qualities in their fullest perfection; but then how often do we find them so combined? It seems to us that Thackeray has drawn women more carefully and more truly than any novelist in the language, except Miss Austen; and it is small reproach to any writer, that he has drawn no female character so evenly good as Anne Elliot or Elizabeth Bennet.

If this is true of his women, we need not labour in defence of his men. For surely it cannot be questioned that his representations of the ruder sex are true, nay, are on the whole an improvement on reality? The ordinary actors who crowd his scene are not worse than the people we meet with every day; his heroes, to use a stereotyped expression, are rather better than the average; while one such character as George Warrington is worth a wilderness of commonplace excellence called into unnatural life. But then it is said his general tone is bitter; he settles at once on the weak points of humanity, and to lay them bare is his congenial occupation. To a certain extent this was his business. "Dearly beloved," he says, "neither in nor out of this pulpit do I profess to be bigger, or cleverer, or wiser, or better than any of you." Nevertheless he was a preacher, though an unassuming one; and therefore it lay upon him to point out faults, to correct rather than to flatter. Yet it must be confessed that his earlier writings are sometimes too bitter in their tone, and too painful in their theme. This may be ascribed partly to the infectious vehemence of *Fraser* in those days, partly to the influence of such experiences as are drawn upon in some parts of the *Paris Sketch-Book*; but however accounted for, it must be condemned as an error in art. As a disposition to doubt and

despond in youth betrays a narrow intellect, or a perverted education ; so in the beginning of a literary career, a tendency towards gloom and curious research after hidden evil, reveals artistic error, or an unfortunate experience. Both in morals and art these weaknesses are generally the result of years and sorrow ; and thus the common transition is from the joyousness of youth to sadness, it may be to moroseness, in old age. But theirs is the higher and truer development, who reverse this process,—who, beginning with false tastes or distorted views, shake these off as they advance into a clearer air, in whom knowledge but strengthens the nobler powers of the soul, and whose kindness and generosity, based on a firmer foundation than the buoyancy of mere animal life, are purer and more enduring. Such, as it appears to us, was the history of Thackeray's genius. Whatever may have been the severity of his earlier writings, it was latterly laid aside. In the *Newcomes* he follows the critical dogma which lays down, that "fiction has no business to exist unless it be more beautiful than reality ;" and truthful kindness marks all his other writings of a later date, from the letters of Mr. Brown and Mr. Spec in *Punch*, down to the pleasant egotism of the "Roundabout Papers." He became disinclined for severe writing even where deserved : "I have militated in former times, and not without glory, but I grow peaceable as I grow old." The only things towards which he never grew peaceable, were pretentiousness and falsehood. But he preferred to busy himself with what was innocent and brave, to attacking even these ; he forgot the satirist, and loved rather honestly to praise or defend. The "Roundabout Papers" show this on every page, especially, perhaps, those on Tunbridge Toys, on Ribbons, on a Joke I heard from the late Thomas Hood, and that entitled *Nil nisi bonum*. The very last paper of all was an angry defence of Lord Clyde against miserable club gossip, unnecessary perhaps, but a thing one likes now to think that Thackeray felt stirred to do. "To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions," says Foster, "and yet be able to preserve, when occasion requires it, an immovable heart, even amidst the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest condition of humanity." These words do not describe the nature of a man who would pay out of his own pocket for contributions he could not insert in the *Cornhill* ; but if for heart we substitute intellect, they will perfectly describe his literary genius. He was always tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, but his intellect amidst any emotions remained clear and immovable ; so that good taste was never absent, and false sentiment never came near him.

He makes the sorrows of Werther the favourite reading of the executioner at Strasbourg.¹

Few men have written so much that appeals directly to our emotions, and yet kept so entirely aloof from anything tawdry, from all falsetto. "If my tap," says he, "is not genuine, it is naught, and no man should give himself the trouble to drink it." It was at all times thoroughly genuine, and is therefore everything to us. Truthfulness, in fact, eager and uncompromising, was his main characteristic; truthfulness not only in speech, but, what is a far more uncommon and precious virtue, truth in thought. His entire mental machinery acted under this law of truth. He strove always to find and show things as they really are—true nobleness apart from trappings, unaffected simplicity, generosity without ostentation; confident that so he would best convince every one that what is truly good pleases most, and lasts longest, and that what is otherwise soon becomes tiresome, and, worst of all, ridiculous. A man to whom it has been given consistently to devote to such a purpose the highest powers of sarcasm, ridicule, sincere pathos, and, though sparingly used, of exhortation, must be held to have fulfilled a career singularly honourable and useful. To these noble ends he was never unfaithful. True, he made no boast of this. Disliking cant of all kinds, he made no exception in favour of the cant of his own profession. "What the deuce," he writes to a friend, "our twopenny reputations get us at least twopence-halfpenny; and then comes *not fabulæque manes*, and the immortals perish." The straightforward Mr. Yellowplush stoutly maintains, in a similar strain, that people who write books are no whit better, or actuated by more exalted motives, than their neighbours: "Away with this canting about great motifs! Let us not be too proud, and fancy ourselves martyrs of the truth, martyrs or apostels. We are but tradesmen, working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly; but don't let us be praying pompisly about our 'sacred calling.'" And George Warrington, in *Pendennis*, is never weary of preaching the same wholesome doctrine. Thackeray had no sympathy with swagger of any kind. His soul revolted from it; he

¹ Among his ballads we have the following somewhat literal analysis of this work:—

"Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

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So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter."

Q

always talked under what he felt. At the same time, indifference had no part in this want of pretence. So far from being indifferent, he was peculiarly sensitive to the opinions of others; too much so for his own happiness. He hated to be called a cynical satirist; the letter we have quoted to his Edinburgh friends shows how he valued any truer appreciation. Mere slander he could despise like a man; he winced under the false estimates and injurious imputations too frequent from people who should have known better. But he saw his profession as it really was, and spoke of it with his innate simplicity and dislike of humbug. And in this matter, as in the ordinary affairs of life, those who profess little, retaining a decent reserve as to their feelings and motives, are far more to be relied on than those who protest loudly. Whether authors are moved by love of fame, or a necessity for daily bread, does not greatly signify. The world is not concerned with this in the least; it can only require that, as Mr. Yellowplush puts it, they should "try to work honestly;" and herein he never failed. He never wrote but in accordance with his convictions; he spared no pains that his convictions should be in accordance with truth. For one quality we cannot give him too great praise; that is the sense of the distinction of right and of wrong. He never puts bitter for sweet, or sweet for bitter; never calls evil things good, or good things evil; there is no haziness or muddle; no "topsyturvifications," like Madame Sand's, in his moralities:—with an immense and acute compassion for all suffering, with a power of going out of himself, and into almost every human feeling, he vindicates at all times the supremacy of conscience, the sacredness and clearness of the law written in our hearts.

His keenness of observation and his entire truthfulness found expression in a style worthy of them in its sharpness and distinctness. The specimens we have quoted of his earlier writings show that these qualities marked his style from the first. He laboured to improve those natural gifts. He steadily observed Mr. Yellowplush's recommendation touching poetical composition: "Take my advise, honrabble sir—listen to a humble footmin: it's genrally best in poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to ingspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps." He always expressed his meaning clearly and in simple words. But as, with increasing experience, his meanings deepened and widened, his expression became richer. The language continued to the last simple and direct, but it became more copious, more appropriate, more susceptible of rhythmical combinations: in other words, it rose to be the worthy vehicle of more varied and more

poetical ideas. This strange peculiarity of soberness in youth, of fancy coming into being at the command and for the service of the mature judgment, has marked some of the greatest writers. The words in which Lord Macaulay has described it with regard to Bacon may be applied, with little reservation, to Thackeray:—"He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately, when he gave his first work to the world, as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth." Confessedly at the last he was the greatest master of pure English in our day. His style is never ornate, on the contrary is always marked by a certain reserve which surely betokens thought and real feeling; is never forced or loaded, only entirely appropriate and entirely beautiful; like crystal, at once clear and splendid. We quote two passages, both from books written in his prime, not merely as justifying these remarks, but because they illustrate qualities of his mind second only to his truthfulness—his sense of beauty, and his sense of pathos. And yet neither passage has any trace of what he calls the "sin of grandiloquence, or tall-talking." The first is the end of the *Kickleburys on the Rhine*:—

"The next morning we had passed by the rocks and towers, the old familiar landscapes, the gleaming towers by the river-side, and the green vineyards combed along the hills; and when I woke up, it was at a great hotel at Cologne, and it was not sunrise yet. Deutz lay opposite, and over Deutz the dusky sky was reddened. The hills were veiled in the mist and the grey. The grey river flowed underneath us; the steamers were roosting along the quays, a light keeping watch in the cabins here and there, and its reflection quivering in the water. As I look, the sky-line towards the east grows redder and redder. A long troop of grey horsemen winds down the river road, and passes over the bridge of boats. You might take them for ghosts, those grey horsemen, so shadowy do they look; but you hear the trample of their hoofs as they pass over the planks. Every minute the dawn twinkles up into the twilight; and over Deutz the heaven blushes brighter. The quays begin to fill with men: the carts begin to creak and rattle: and wake the sleeping echoes. Ding, ding, ding, the steamers' bells begin to ring: the people on board to stir and wake: the lights may be extinguished, and take their turn of sleep: the active boats shake themselves, and push out into the river: the great bridge opens, and gives them passage: the church-bells of the city begin to clink: the cavalry trumpets blow from the opposite bank: the sailor is at the wheel, the porter at his burthen, the soldier at his musket, and the priest at his prayers. . . . And lo! in a flash of crimson splendour, with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot, and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world, and all nature

wakens and brightens. O glorious spectacle of light and life! O beatific symbol of Power, Love, Joy, Beauty! Let us look at thee with humble wonder, and thankfully acknowledge and adore. What gracious forethought is it—what generous and loving provision, that deigns to prepare for our eyes and to soothe our hearts with such a splendid morning festival! For these magnificent bounties of Heaven to us, let us be thankful, even that we can feel thankful (for thanks surely is the noblest effort, as it is the greatest delight, of the gentle soul); and so, a grace for this feast, let all say who partake of it. . . . See! the mist clears off Drachenfels, and it looks out from the distance, and bids us a friendly farewell."

Our second quotation describes Esmond at his mother's grave—one of the most deeply affecting pieces of writing in the language:—

"Esmond came to this spot in 'one sunny evening of spring, and saw, amidst a thousand black crosses, casting their shadows across the grassy mounds, that particular one which marked his mother's resting-place. Many more of those poor creatures that lay there had adopted that same name with which sorrow had re-baptized her, and which fondly seemed to hint their individual story of love and grief. He fancied her, in tears and darkness, kneeling at the foot of her cross, under which her cares were buried. Surely he knelt down, and said his own prayer there, not in sorrow so much as in awe (for even his memory had no recollection of her), and in pity for the pangs which the gentle soul in life had been made to suffer. To this cross she brought them; for this heavenly bridegroom she exchanged the husband who had wooed her, the traitor who had left her. A thousand such hillocks lay round about, the gentle daisies springing out of the grass over them, and each bearing its cross and *requiescat*. A nun, veiled in black, was kneeling hard by, at a sleeping sister's bed-side (so fresh made, that the spring had scarce had time to spin a coverlid for it); beyond the cemetery walls you had glimpses of life and the world, and the spires and gables of the city. A bird came down from a roof opposite, and lit first on a cross, and then on the grass below it, whence it flew away presently with a leaf in its mouth: then came a sound of chanting, from the chapel of the sisters hard by: others had long since filled the place which poor Mary Magdalene once had there, were kneeling at the same stall and hearing the same hymns and prayers in which her stricken heart had found consolation. Might she sleep in peace—might she sleep in peace; and we, too, when our struggles and pains are over! But the earth is the Lord's as the heaven is; we are alike his creatures here and yonder. I took a little flower off the hillock and kissed it, and went my way like the bird that had just lighted on the cross by me, back into the world again. Silent receptacle of death! tranquil depth of calm, out of reach of tempest and trouble. I felt as one who had been walking below the sea, and treading amidst the bones of shipwrecks."

Looking at Mr. Thackeray's writings as a whole, he would be

more truthfully described as a sentimentalist than as a cynic. Even when the necessities of his story compel him to draw bad characters, he gives them as much good as he can. We don't remember in his novels any utterly unredeemed scoundrel except Sir Francis Clavering. Even Lord Steyne has something like genuine sympathy with Major Pendennis' grief at the illness of his nephew. And if reproof is the main burden of his discourse, we must remember that to reprove, not to praise, is the business of the preacher. Still further, if his reproof appears sometimes unduly severe, we must remember that such severity may spring from a belief that better things are possible. Here lies the secret of Thackeray's seeming bitterness. His nature was, in the words of the critic in *Le Temps*: "*furieuse d'avoir été déçapointée.*" He condemns sternly men as they often are, because he had a high ideal of what they might be. The feeling of this contrast runs through all his writings. "He could not have painted *Vanity Fair* as he has, unless Eden had been shining brightly before his eyes."¹ And this contrast could never have been felt, the glories of Eden could never have been seen by the mere satirist or by the misanthrope. It has been often urged against him that he does not make us think better of our fellow-men. No, truly. But he does what is far greater than this—he makes us think worse of ourselves. There is no great necessity that we should think well of other people; there is the utmost necessity that we should know ourselves in our every fault and weakness; and such knowledge his writings will supply.

In Mr. Hannay's *Memoir*,² which we have read with admiration and pleasure, a letter from Thackeray is quoted, very illustrative of this view of his character:—"I hate Juvenal; I mean I think him a truculent brute, and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. *Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred.*" We think the terrible Dean had love as well as hate strong within him, and none the worse in that it was more special than general; "I like Tom, Dick, and Harry," he used to say; "I hate the race;" but nothing can be more characteristic of Thackeray than this judgment. Love was the central necessity of his understanding as well as of his affections; it

¹ *Essays* by George Brimley. Second edition. Cambridge, 1860. A collection of singularly good critical papers.

² *A Brief Memoir of the late Mr. Thackeray.* By James Hannay. Edinburgh, 1864.

was his fulfilling of the law; and unlike the Dean, he could love Tom, and also like and pity as well as rebuke the race.

Mr. Thackeray has not written any history formally so called. But it is known that he purposed doing so, and in *Esmond* and the *Lectures* he has given us much of the real essence of history. The *Saturday Review*, however, in a recent article, has announced that this was a mistake; that history was not his line. Such a decision is rather startling. In one or two instances of historical representation, Mr. Thackeray may have failed. Johnson and Richardson do not appear in the *Virginians* with much effect. But surely in the great majority of instances, he has been eminently successful. Horace Walpole's letter in the *Virginians*, the fictitious "Spectator" in *Esmond* are very felicitous literary imitations. Good-natured trooper Steele comforting the boy in the lonely country-house; Addison, serene and dignified, "with ever so slight a touch of *merum* in his voice" occasionally; Bolingbroke, with a good deal of *merum* in his voice, talking reckless Jacobitism at the dinner at General Webbe's, are wonderful portraits. And, though the estimate of Marlborough's character may be disputed, the power with which that character is represented cannot be questioned. But the historical genius displayed in *Esmond* goes beyond this. We know of no history in which the intrigues and confusion of parties at the death of Queen Anne are sketched so firmly as in the third volume of that work; in fact, a more thorough historical novel was never written. It is not loaded with historical learning; and yet it is most truly, though or rather *because* unpretendingly, a complete representation of the time. It reads like a veritable memoir. And it will hardly be disputed, that a good historical novel cannot be written save by one possessed of great historical powers. What are the qualities necessary to a historian? Knowledge, love of truth, insight into human nature, imagination to make alive before him the times of which he writes. All these Mr. Thackeray had. His knowledge was accurate and minute,—indeed, he could not have written save of what he knew well; a love of truth was his main characteristic; for insight into human nature he ranks second to Shakspeare alone; and while he wanted that highest creative imagination which makes the poet, he had precisely that secondary imagination which serves the historian, which can realize the past and make the distant near. Had he been allowed to carry out his cherished design of recording the reign of Queen Anne, a great gap in the history of our country would have been filled up by one of the most remarkable books in the language. We might have had less than is usual of the "dignity of history," of battles and statutes

and treaties ; but we should have had more of human nature—the actors in the drama would have been brought before us living and moving, their passions and hidden motives made clear ; the life of England would have been sketched by a subtle artist ; the literature of England, during a period which this generation often talks about, but of which it knows, we suspect, very little, would have been presented to us lighted up by appreciative and competent criticism. The Saturday Reviewer gives a reason for Mr. Thackeray's failure as a historian, which will seem strange to those who have been accustomed to regard him as a cynic. He was so carried away by worth, says this ingenious critic bent on fault-finding, and so impatient of all moral obliquity, that he could not value fairly the services which had been rendered by bad men. And the instance given is that a sense of what we owe to the Hanoverian succession was not allowed to temper the severity of the estimate given of the first two Georges ;—an unfortunate instance, as the critic would have discovered had he read the following passage in the lecture on George the Second :—

“ But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate love of peace, we should have had wars, which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humoured resistance, we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us ; we should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed, until that corrupter of parliaments, that dissolute, tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman governed it.”

The truth is, that Mr. Thackeray, while fully appreciating the blessings of the Hanoverian succession, knew well that the country did not in the least degree owe the stability of that succession to the Hanoverian kings, but, on the contrary, to that great minister, whose character is sketched, in a powerful passage, of which the above quotation is a part. In fact, Mr. Thackeray judged no man harshly. No attentive student of his works can fail to see that he understood the duty of “making allowance,” not less with regard to historical characters, than with regard to characters of his own creation. He does full justice, for example, to the courage and conduct of Marlborough, as to whose moral character the opinion of Colonel Esmond is in curious accordance with the historical judgment given later to the public by Lord Macaulay.

These “Lectures on the Georges” were made the ground of a charge against Mr. Thackeray of disloyalty. This charge was

urged with peculiar offensiveness by certain journals, which insinuated that the failings of English kings had been selected as a theme grateful to the American audiences who first heard the lectures delivered. Mr. Thackeray felt this charge deeply, and repelled it in language which we think worthy to be remembered. At a dinner given to him in Edinburgh, in 1857, he said :—

“ I had thought that in these lectures I had spoken in terms not of disrespect or unkindness, and in feelings and in language not un-English, of Her Majesty the Queen ; and wherever I have had to mention her name, whether it was upon the banks of the Clyde or upon those of the Mississippi, whether it was in New England or in Old England, whether it was in some great hall in London to the artisans of the suburbs of the metropolis, or to the politer audiences of the western end—wherever I had to mention her name, it was received with shouts of applause, and with the most hearty cheers. And why was this ? It was not on account of the speaker ; it was on account of the truth ; it was because the English and the Americans—the people of New Orleans a year ago, the people of Aberdeen a week ago—all received and acknowledged with due allegiance the great claims to honour which that lady has who worthily holds that great and awful situation which our Queen occupies. It is my loyalty that is called in question, and it is my loyalty that I am trying to plead to you. Suppose, for example, in America—in Philadelphia or in New York—that I had spoken about George IV. in terms of praise and affected reverence, do you believe they would have hailed his name with cheers, or have heard it with anything like respect ? They would have laughed in my face if I had so spoken of him. They know what I know and you know, and what numbers of squeamish loyalists who affect to cry out against my lectures know, that that man's life was not a good life—that that king was not such a king as we ought to love, or regard, or honour. And I believe, for my part, that in speaking the truth, as we hold it, of a bad sovereign, we are paying no disrespect at all to a good one. Far from it. On the contrary, we degrade our own honour and the Sovereign's by unduly and unjustly praising him ; and the mere slaverer and flatterer is one who comes forward, as it were, with flash notes, and pays with false coin his tribute to Cæsar. I don't disguise that I feel somehow on my trial here for loyalty, for honest English feeling.”

The judgment pronounced by the accomplished Scotch judge who presided at this dinner-trial, a man far removed, both by tastes and position, from any sympathy with vulgar popularity-hunting, will be accepted by every candid person as just :—

“ I don't,” said Lord Neaves, “ for my part, regret if there are some painful truths told in these lectures to those who had before reposed in the pleasing delusion that everything royal was immaculate. I am not sorry that some of the false trappings of royalty or

of a court life should be stripped off. We live under a Sovereign whose conduct, both public and private, is so unexceptionable, that we can afford to look all the facts connected with it in the face; and woe be to the country or to the crown when the voice of truth shall be stifled as to any such matters, or when the only tongue that is allowed to be heard is that of flattery."

It was said of Fontenelle that he had as good a heart as could be made out of brains. Adapting the observation, we may say of Thackeray that he was as good a poet as could be made out of brains. The highest gifts of the poet of course he wanted. His imagination, to take Ruskin's distinction, was more penetrative than associative or contemplative. His mind was too much occupied with realities for persistent ideal work. But manliness and common sense, combined with a perfect mastery of language, go a long way at least to the making of very excellent verses. More than this, he had the sensibility, the feeling of time and of numbers essential to versifying; and his mind fulfilled the condition required by our greatest living poet:—

"Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river."

His verse-making was a sort of pleasure—a flower-garden in the midst of spacious policies. It was the ornamentation of his intellect. His ballads do not perhaps show poetic feeling more profound than is possessed by many men; they derive for the most part their charm from the same high qualities as mark his prose, with the attraction of music and rhyme superadded. Writing them seems to have given him real pleasure. The law of self-imposed restraint, of making the thought often wait upon the sound, necessary in rhythmical composition, rather than, as in prose, the sound upon the sense—this measuring of feeling and of expression had plainly a great charm for his rich and docile genius. His verses give one the idea of having been a great delight to himself, like humming a favourite air; there is no trace of effort, and yet the trick of the verse is perfect. His rhymes are often as good as Swift's and Hood's. This feeling of enjoyment, as also the abounding fertility in strange rhymes, is very marked in the *White Squall*; and hardly less in the ease and gaiety of *Peg of Limavaddy*. Take, for instance, the description of the roadside inn where Peg dispenses liquor:—

"Limavaddy inn's
But a humble baithouse,
Where you may procure
Whiskey and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome—

To the shivering wights
 Who to his hotel come.
 Landlady within
 Sits and knits a stocking,
 With a wary foot
 Baby's cradle rocking.
 To the chimney nook,
 Having found admittance,
 There I watch a pup
 Playing with two kittens;
 (Playing round the fire,
 Which of blazing turf is,
 Roaring to the pot
 Which bubbles with the murphies)
 And the cradled babe
 Fond the mother nursed it,
 Singing it a song
 As she twists the worsted!"

Peg herself and her laugh—

"Such a silver peal!
 In the meadows listening,
 You who've heard the bells
 Ringing to a christening;
 You who ever heard
 Caradori pretty,
 Smiling like an angel,
 Singing 'Giovinetti';
 Fancy Peggy's laugh,
 Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
 At my pantaloons
 With half a pint of beer full!
 See her as she moves!
 Scarce the ground she touches,
 Airy as a fay,
 Graceful as a duchess;
 Bare her rounded arm,
 Bare her little leg is,
 Vestris never show'd
 Ankles like to Peggy's;
 Braided is her hair,
 Soft her look and modest,
 Slim her little waist
 Comfortably boddiced."

In a similar light and graceful style are the Cane-Bottom'd Chair, Piscator and Piscatrix, the Carmen Lillienne, etc.; and all the *Lyra Hibernica*, especially the rollicking *Battle of Limerick*, are rich in Irish absurdity. That compact little epic the *Chronicle*

of the Drum, the well-known Bouillabaisse, and At the Church Gate—the first literary effort of Mr. Arthur Pendennis—seem to us in their various styles to rise into the region of real poetry. The Chronicle of the Drum is a grand martial composition, and a picture of the feelings of the French soldiery which strikes on us at once as certainly true. The Ballads of Pleaceman X. are unique in literature—as startlingly original as Tam O'Shanter. Jacob Homnium's Hoss is perhaps the most amusing; the Foundling of Shoreditch the most serious; but through them all there runs a current of good sense, good feeling, and quaint fun which makes them most pleasant reading. They remind one somehow of John Gilpin—indeed there is often the same playful fancy and delicate pensiveness in Thackeray as in Cowper. We should like to quote many of these; but we give in preference Miss Tickletoby's ballad on King Canute, long though it be, because it is not included in the collected ballads, and has not, we fear, obtained great popularity by being incorporated into *Rebecca and Rowena*—a rendering of poetical justice less generally read than it should be :—

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reign'd for years a score;
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more,
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the chancellor and bishop walked the king with steps sedate,
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks great;
 Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause;
 If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropp'd their jaws;
 If to laugh the king was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vex'd him, that was clear to old and young,
 Thrice his grace had yawn'd at table, when his favourite gleeman sung,
 Once the queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

'Something ails my gracious master,' cried the keeper of the seal,
 'Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal!'
 'Psha!' exclaim'd the angry monarch, 'keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

'Tis the heart and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
 Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
 Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary.'—Some one cried, 'The king's arm-chair!'

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord the keeper nodded,
 Straight the king's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied,
 Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

'Leading on my fierce companions,' cried he, 'over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquer'd! Where was glory like to mine!' Loudly all the courtiers echoed, 'Where is glory like to thine?'

'What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now, and old,
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

'O remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites:
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

'Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for their slaughter'd sires—'
—'Such a tender conscience,' cries the bishop, 'every one admires.'

'But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious lord, to search,
They're forgotten and forgiven by our holy Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

'Look! the land is crown'd with minsters, which your Grace's bounty
raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and heaven are daily praised;
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I'm amazed!'

'Nay, I feel,' replied King Canute, 'that my end is drawing near;'
'Don't say so,' exclaim'd the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear),
'Sure your grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.'

'Live these fifty years!' the bishop roar'd, with actions made to suit,
'Are you mad, my good lord keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methusela,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the king as well as they?'
'Fervently,' exclaim'd the keeper, 'fervently, I trust he may.'

'He to die,' resumed the bishop. 'He a mortal like to us?
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*;
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

'With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

'Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.'

'Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?' Canute cried;
'Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

'Will the advancing waves obey me, bishop, if I make the sign?'
Said the bishop, bowing lowly, 'Land and sea, my lord, are thine.'
Canute turn'd towards the ocean—'Back!' he said, 'thou foaming
brine.

'From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!'

But the sullen ocean answer'd with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the keeper and the bishop, back the king and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship that which earth and seas obey,
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

We must say a few words on his merits as an artist and a critic of art. We can hardly agree with those who hold that he failed as an artist, and then took to his pen. There is no proof of failure; his art accomplishes all he sets it to. Had he, instead of being a gentleman's son, brought up at the Charter-house and Cambridge, been born in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, and apprenticed, let us say, when thirteen years old, to Raimbach the engraver, we might have had another, and in some ways a subtler Hogarth. He draws well; his mouths and noses, his feet, his children's heads, all his ugly and queer "mugs," are wonderful for expression and good drawing. With beauty of man or woman he is not so happy; but his fun is, we think, even more abounding and *funnier* in his cuts than in his words. The love of fun in him was something quite peculiar. Some writers have been more witty; a few have had a more delicate humour; but none, we think, have had more of that genial quality which is described by the homely word *fun*. It lay partly in imitation, as in the "Novels by Eminent Hands." There were few things more singular in his intellectual organization than the coincidence of absolute originality of thought and style with exquisite mimetic power. But it oftener showed itself in a pure love of nonsense—only nonsense of the highest order. He was very fond of abandoning himself to this temper; witness the "Story *à la Mode*" in the *Cornhill*, some of the reality-giving touches in which would have done credit to Gulliver. Major Gahagan is far funnier than Baron Munchausen; and where is there more exquisite nonsense than "The Rose and the Ring," with the "little beggar baby that laughed and sang as droll as maybe?" There is much of this spirit in his

ballads,¹ especially, as we have already said, the series by Pleacé-man X.; but we are inclined to think that it finds most scope in his drawings. We well remember our surprise on coming upon some of his earlier works for *Punch*. Best of all was an impressive series illustrative of the following passage in the *Times* of December 7, 1843:—"The agents of the tract societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles *securely corked*; and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving at the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been read with much interest*." The purpose of the series is to hold up to public odium the Dissenting tract-smuggler—Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero. The first cut represents a sailor, "thirsty as the seaman naturally is," rushing through the surf to seize the bottle which has been bobbing towards him. "Sherry, perhaps," he exclaims to himself and his friend. Second cut: the thirsty expectant has the bottle in position, and is drawing the cork, another mariner, and a little wondering boy, capitally drawn, looking on. "Rum, I hope," is the thought of each. Lastly we have the awful result: our friend holds up on the cork-screw to his companion and the universe "a Spanish translation

¹ We subjoin an astonishing piece of nonsense—a species of song or ditty which he chanted, we believe, *extempore*; [in singing, each line to be repeated twice:—]

"LITTLE BILLEE.

There were 3 sailors in Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuit,
And pickled pork they loaded she.
There was guzzling Jack and gorging
Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now very soon, they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.
Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
'I am extremely hungaree.'
Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
'We have no provisions, so we must eat
we.'
Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
'O gorging Jim, what a fool you be!
There's little Bill is young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.'
'O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie.'
When Bill received this infumation
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

'O let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me.'
'Make haste, make haste,' says guzzling
Jacky,
While Jim pulled out his snickersnee.
So Bill went up the main-top-gallant
mast,
Where down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Com-
mandment,
When up he jumps, 'There's land, I see.
There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikes.
There's the British fleet a riding at
anchor,
With Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.'
So when they came to the admiral's
vessel,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee.
But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three."

of the Cow-boy of Kensington Common," with an indignant "Tracts, by jingo!" Then there is John Balliol, in *Miss Tickleto's Lectures*, "cutting" into England on a ragged sheltie, which is trotting like a maniac over a series of boulders, sorely discomposing the rider, whose kilt is of the shortest. Even better is the cut illustrative of the ballad of "King Canute," the king and his courtiers on the shore, with bathing-machines and the Union-jack in the distance; and a most preposterous representation of the *non Angli sed Angeli* story. We wish Mr. Thackeray's excellent friends, the proprietors of *Punch*, would reprint all his odds and ends, with their woodcuts. They will get the laughter and gratitude of mankind if they do.

He is, as far as we recollect, the only great author who illustrated his own works. This gives a singular completeness to the result. When his pen has said its say, then comes his pencil and adds its own felicity. Take the original edition of the *Book of Snobs*, all those delicious Christmas little quartos, especially *Mrs. Perkins' Ball* and the *Rose and the Ring* (one of the most perfectly realized ideas we know of), and see how complete is the duet between the eye and the mind, between word and figure. There is an etching in the *Paris Sketch-Book* which better deserves to be called "high art" than most of the class so called. It is Majesty in the person of "Le Grand Monarque" in and stripped of its externals, which are there also by themselves. The lean and slippered old pantaloon is tottering peevishly on his staff, his other hand in his waistcoat-pocket; his head absolutely bald; his whole aspect pitiable and forlorn, querulous and absurd. To his left is his royal self, in all his glory of high-heeled boots, three-storied flowing wig, his orders, and sword, and all his "dread magnificence," as we know him in his pictures; on his right we behold, and somehow feel as if the old creature, too, is in awe of them—his clothes, *per se*—the "properties" of the great European actor, set ingeniously up, and looking as grand and much steadier than with him inside. The idea and the execution are full of genius. The frontispiece of the same book contains a study of Heads, than which Hogarth certainly never did anything better. These explanatory lines are below the picture:—

"Number 1's an ancient Carlist, number 3 a Paris artist;
Gloomily there stands between them, number 2, a Bonapartist
In the middle is King Louis Philip standing at his ease,
Guarded by a loyal grocer, and a serjeant of police;
4's the people in a passion, 6 a priest of pious mien,
5 a gentleman of fashion copied from a magazine."

No words can do justice to the truth and power of this group

of characters : it gives a history of France during the Orleans dynasty.

We give on the opposite page a facsimile of a drawing sent by him to a friend, with the following note :—

“Behold a drawing instead of a letter. I’ve been thinking of writing you a beautiful one ever so long, but, etc. etc. And instead of doing my duty this morning, I began this here drawing, and will pay your debt some other day—no, *part* of your debt. I intend to owe the rest, and like to owe it, and think I’m sincerely grateful to you always, my dear good friends. W. M. T.”

This drawing is a good specimen of his work ; it tells its own story, as every drawing should. Here is the great lexicographer, with his ponderous shuffling tread, his thick lips, his head bent down, his book close to his purblind eyes, himself *totus in illo*, reading, as he fed, greedily and fast. Beside him simpers the clumsy and inspired Oliver, in his new plum-coloured coat ; his eyes bent down in an ecstasy of delight, for is he not far prouder of his visage, and such a visage ! and of his coat, than of his artless genius ? We all know about that coat, and how Mr. Filby never got paid for it. There he is behind his window in sartorial posture ; his uplifted goose arrested, his eye following wistfully, and not without a sense of glory and dread, that coat and man. His journeyman is grinning at him ; he is paid weekly, and has no risk. And then what a genuine bit of Thackeray, the street boy and his dear little admiring sister !—there they are, stepping out in mimicry of the great two. Observe the careful, honest work, and how the turn of the left foot of the light-hearted and heeled *gamin*—whose toes, much innocent of shoes, have a prehensile look about them, suggestive of the Huxley grandfather—is corrected, as also Dr. Goldsmith’s. He could never let anything remain if it was untrue.

It would not be easy to imagine better criticisms of art than those from Mr. Thackeray’s hand in *Fraser*, in *Punch*, in a kindly and beautiful paper on our inimitable John Leech in the *Quarterly*, in a Roundabout on Rubens, and throughout his stories—especially the *Newcomes*—wherever art comes in. He touches the matter to the quick ; and touches nothing else : and while sensitive to all true and great art, he detects and detests all that is false or mean. He is not so imaginative, not so impassioned and glorious, not so amazing in illustration, and in painting better than pictures, as Mr. Ruskin, who has done more for art and its true interests than all other writers. But he is more to be trusted because he is more objective, more cool, more critical in the true sense. He sees everything by the *lumen sic-*

To a new Place: coloured Coat
 Dr. Goldsmith (Mist. Coat)
 To S. Filby Dr.



W. J. W. Taylor Edin.

word, the world is not likely ever to find this out ; it is a matter which each man must determine for himself. But the world can perhaps ascertain what special services Mr. Thackeray has rendered ; and it is this probably which Mr. Trollope means. His great service has been in his exposure of the prevailing faults of his time. Among the foremost are the faults of affectation and pretence, but there is one yet more grievous than these—the sceptical spirit of the age. This he has depicted in the gentlest and saddest of all his books, *Pendennis* :—

“ And it will be seen that the lamentable stage to which his logic at present has brought him ” (Arthur Pendennis), “ is one of general scepticism and sneering acquiescence in the world as it is ; or if you like so to call it, a belief qualified with scorn in all things extant. . . . And to what does this easy and sceptical life lead a man ? Friend Arthur was a Sadducee, and the Baptist might be in the wilderness shouting to the poor, who were listening with all their might and faith to the preacher’s awful accents and denunciations of wrath or woe or salvation ; and our friend the Sadducee would turn his sleek mule with a shrug and a smile from the crowd, and go home to the shade of his terrace, and muse over preacher and audience, and turn to his roll of Plato, or his pleasant Greek song-book babbling of honey and Hybla, and nymphs and fountains and love. To what, we say, does this scepticism lead ? It leads a man to a shameful loneliness and selfishness, so to speak—the more shameful, because it is so good-humoured and conscienceless and serene. Conscience ! What is conscience ? Why accept remorse ? What is public or private faith ? Mythuses alike enveloped in enormous tradition.”

The delineation is not a pleasant one, but it is true. The feeling hardly deserves to be called scepticism ; it is rather a calm indifferentism ; a putting aside of all things sacred. And as the Sadducees of Judea were, on the whole, better men than the Pharisees, so this modern Sadducean feeling prevails not only among the cultivated classes, but among those conspicuously honourable and upright. These men, in fact, want spiritual guides and teachers. The clergy do not supply this want ; most of them refuse to acknowledge its existence ; Mr. Thackeray, with his fearless truthfulness, sees it, and tells it. To cure it is not within his province. As a lay-preacher, only the secondary principles of morality are at his command. “ Be each, pray God, a gentleman,” is his highest sanction. But though he cannot tell the afflicted whither to turn, it is no slight thing to have laid bare the disorder from which so many suffer, and which all, with culpable cowardice, study to conceal. And he does more than lay bare the disorder ; he convinces us how serious it is. He does this by showing us its evil effect on a good and kindly nature. No teaching can be more impressive than the contrast between Pendennis under

the influence of this sceptical spirit, and Warrington, over whom, crushed as he is by hopeless misfortune, it has no power.

The minor vices of affectation and pretension he assails directly. To do this was his especial mission from the first. What success may have attended his efforts we cannot certainly tell. It is to be feared, however, that, despite his teaching, snobs, like poverty, will never cease out of the land. But all who feel guilty—and every one of us is guilty more or less—and who desire to amend, should use the means: the “Book of Snobs” should be read carefully at least once a year. His was not the hortatory method. He had no notion that much could be done by telling people to be good. He found it more telling to show that by being otherwise they were in danger of becoming unhappy, ridiculous, and contemptible. Yet he did not altogether neglect positive teaching. Many passages might be taken from his works—even from the remorseless “Book of Snobs” itself—which inculcate the beauty of goodness; and the whole tendency of his writings, from the first to the last line he penned during a long and active literary life, has invariably been to inspire reverence for manliness and purity and truth. And to sum up all, in representing after his measure the characteristics of the age, Mr. Thackeray has discharged one of the highest functions of a writer. His keen insight into modern life has enabled him to show his readers that life fully; his honesty and high tone of mind has enabled him to do this truly. Hence he is the healthiest of writers. In his pages we find no false stimulus, no pernicious ideals, no vulgar aims. We are led to look at things as they really are, and to rest satisfied with our place among them. Each man learns that he can do much if he preserves moderation; that if he goes beyond his proper sphere he is good for nothing. He teaches us to find a fitting field for action in our peculiar studies or business, to reap lasting happiness in the affections which are common to all. Our vague longings are quieted; our foolish ambitions checked; we are soothed into contentment with obscurity—encouraged in an honest determination to do our duty.

A “Roundabout Paper” on the theme *Nil nisi bonum* concludes thus:—

“Here are two literary men gone to their account; and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honoured by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in

return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to our service. We may not win the baton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag!"

The prayer was granted: he had strength given him always to guard the honour of the flag; and now his name is worthy to be placed beside the names of Washington Irving and Lord Macaulay, as of one no whit less deserving the praise of these noble words.

We have seen no satisfactory portrait of Mr. Thackeray. We like the photographs better than the prints; and we have an old daguerreotype of him without his spectacles which is good; but no photograph can give more of a man than is in any one ordinary—often very ordinary—look of him; it is only Sir Joshua and his brethren who can paint a man liker than himself. Laurence's first drawing has much of his thoroughbred look, but the head is too much tossed up and *vif*. The photograph from the later drawing by the same hand we like better: he is alone, and reading with his book close up to his eyes. This gives the prodigious size and solidity of his head, and the sweet mouth. We have not seen that by Mr. Watts, but if it is as full of power and delicacy as his Tennyson, it will be a comfort.

Though in no sense a selfish man, he had a wonderful interest in himself as an object of study, and nothing could be more delightful and unlike anything else than to listen to him on himself. He often draws his own likeness in his books. In the "*Fraserians*" by Maclise, in *Fraser*, is a slight sketch of him in his unknown youth; and there is an excessively funny and not unlike extravaganza of him by Doyle or Leech, in the *Month*, a little short-lived periodical, edited by Albert Smith. He is represented lecturing, when certainly he looked his best. We give below what is like him in face as well as in more.



The tired, young, kindly wag is sitting and looking into space, his mask and his jester's rod lying idly on his knees.

The foregoing estimate of his genius must stand instead of any special portraiture of the man. Yet we would mention two leading traits of character traceable, to a large extent, in his works, though finding no appropriate place in a literary criticism of them. One was the deep steady melancholy of his nature. He was fond of telling how on one occasion, at Paris, he found himself in a great crowded *salon*; and looking from the one end across the sea of heads, being in Swift's place of calm in a crowd,¹ he saw at the other end a strange visage, staring at him with an expression of comical woebegoneness. After a little he found that this rueful being was himself in the mirror. He was not, indeed, morose. He was alive to and thankful for everyday blessings, great and small; for the happiness of home, for friendship, for wit and music, for beauty of all kinds, for the pleasures of the "faithful old gold pen;" now running into some felicitous expression, now playing itself into some droll initial letter; nay, even for the creature comforts. But his persistent state, especially for the later half of his life, was profoundly *morne*—there is no other word for it. This arose in part from temperament, from a quick sense of the littleness and wretchedness of mankind. His keen perception of the meanness and vulgarity of the realities around him contrasted with the ideal present to his mind could produce no other effect. This feeling, embittered by disappointment, acting on a harsh and savage nature, ended in the *saeva indignatio* of Swift; acting on the kindly and too sensitive nature of Mr. Thackeray, it led only to compassionate sadness. In part, too, this melancholy was the result of private calamities. He alludes to these often in his writings, and a knowledge that his sorrows were great is necessary to the perfect appreciation of much of his deepest pathos. We allude to them here, painful as the subject is, mainly because they have given rise to stories—some quite untrue, some even cruelly injurious. The loss of his second child in infancy was always an abiding sorrow—described in the "Hoggarty Diamond," in a passage of surpassing tenderness, too sacred to be severed from its context. A yet keener and more constantly present affliction was the illness of his wife. He married her in Paris when he was "mewing his mighty youth," preparing for the great career which awaited him. One likes to think on these early days of happiness, when he could draw and write with that loved companion by his side: he has himself sketched the picture:—"The humblest painter, be he ever so poor, may have a friend watching at his easel, or a gentle wife sitting by with her work in her lap, and with fond smiles or talk or silence, cheering his labours." After some years of marriage, Mrs. Thackeray caught a fever,

¹ "An inch or two above it."

brought on by imprudent exposure at a time when the effects of such ailments are more than usually lasting both on the system and the nerves. She never afterwards recovered so as to be able to be with her husband and children. But she has been from the first intrusted to the good offices of a kind family, tenderly cared for, surrounded with every comfort by his unwearied affection. The beautiful lines in the ballad of the "Bouillabaisse" are well known :—

" Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !
 I mind me of a time that's gone,
 When here I'd sit as now I'm sitting,
 In this same place—but not alone.
 A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,
 —There's no one now to share my cup."

In one of the latest Roundabouts we have this touching confession :—"I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see ; but that past day ; that by-gone page of life's history ; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home-company was enacting ; that merry-making which we shared ; that funeral which we followed ; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried." But all who knew him know well, and love to recall, how these sorrows were soothed and his home made a place of happiness by his two daughters and his mother, who were his perpetual companions, delights, and blessings, and whose feeling of inestimable loss now will be best borne and comforted by remembering how they were everything to him, as he was to them.

His sense of a higher Power, his reverence and godly fear, is felt more than expressed—as indeed it mainly should always be—in everything he wrote. It comes out at times quite suddenly, and stops at once, in its full strength. We could readily give many instances of this. One we give, as it occurs very early, when he was probably little more than six-and-twenty ; it is from the paper, "Madame Sand and the New Apocalypse." Referring to Henri Heine's frightful words, "*Dieu qui se meurt*," "*Dieu est mort*," and to the wild godlessness of *Spiridion*, he thus bursts out :—"O awful, awful name of God ! Light unbearable ! mystery unfathomable ! vastness immeasurable ! Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair ? O name that God's people of old did fear to utter ! O light that God's

prophet would have perished had he seen! who are these now so familiar with it?" In ordinary intercourse the same sudden "*Te Deum*" would occur, always brief and intense, like lightning from a cloudless heaven; he seemed almost ashamed—not of it, but of his giving it expression.

We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean road, to the west of Edinburgh—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening, such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure æther, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word "CALVARY!" The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things,—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour.

There is a passage at the close of the "Roundabout Paper" No. XXIII., *De Finibus*, in which a sense of the ebb of life is very marked; the whole paper is like a soliloquy. It opens with a drawing of Mr. Punch, with unusually mild eye, retiring for the night; he is putting out his high-heeled shoes, and before disappearing gives a wistful look into the passage, as if bidding it and all else good-night. He will be in bed, his candle out, and in darkness, in five minutes, and his shoes found next morning at his door, the little potentate all the while in his final sleep. The whole paper is worth the most careful study; it reveals not a little of his real nature, and unfolds very curiously the secret of his work, the vitality, and abiding power of his own creations; how he "invented a certain *Costigan*, out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters," and met the original the other day, without surprise, in a tavern parlour. The following is beautiful:—"Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his

dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, 'Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? *It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving, for I was in the wrong.*' " *Odisse quem læseris* was never better contravened. But what we chiefly refer to now is the profound pensiveness of the following strain, as if written with a presentiment of what was not then very far off: "Another Finis written; another milestone on this journey from birth to the next world. Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business, and be voluble to the end of our age?" "Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue?" And thus he ends:—

"Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages; oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last; after which, behold Finis itself comes to an end, and the Infinite begins."

He sent the proof of this paper to his "dear neighbours," in Onslow Square, to whom he owed so much almost daily pleasure, with his corrections, the whole of the last paragraph in manuscript, and above a first sketch of it also in MS., which is fuller and more impassioned. His fear of "enthusiastic writing" had led him, we think, to sacrifice something of the sacred power of his first words, which we give with its interlineations:—

"Another Finis, another slice of life which *Tempus edax* has devoured! And I may have to write the word once or twice perhaps, and then an end of Ends. ~~Finite is over, and Infinite beginning.~~ Oh ^{disputes,} the troubles, the cares, the *ennui*, the ~~complications~~, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again, and here and there and oh the delightful passages, the dear, the brief, the for ever remembered! ~~And then~~ A few chapters more, and then the last, and then behold Finis itself coming to an end and the Infinite beginning!"

How like music this—like one trying the same air in different ways; as it were, searching out and sounding all its depths. "The dear, the brief, the for ever remembered;" these are like a bar out of Beethoven, deep and melancholy as the sea! He had been suffering on Sunday from an old and cruel enemy. He fixed with his friend and surgeon to come again on Tuesday; but with that dread of anticipated pain, which is a common condition of sensibility and genius, he put him off with a note from "yours unfaithfully, W. M. T." He went out on Wednesday for a little, and came home at ten. He went to his room,

suffering much, but declining his man's offer to sit with him. He hated to make others suffer. He was heard moving, as if in pain, about twelve, on the eve of

"That the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin-mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring."

Then all was quiet, and then he must have died—in a moment. Next morning his man went in, and opening the windows found his master dead, his arms behind his head, as if he had tried to take one more breath. We think of him as of our Chalmers; found dead in like manner; the same child-like, unspoiled open face; the same gentle mouth; the same spaciousness and softness of nature; the same look of power. What a thing to think of,—his lying there alone in the dark, in the midst of his own mighty London; his mother and his daughters asleep, and, it may be, dreaming of his goodness. God help them, and us all! What would become of us, stumbling along this our path of life, if we could not, at our utmost need, stay ourselves on Him?

Long years of sorrow, labour, and pain had killed him before his time. It was found after death how little life he had to live. He looked always fresh with that abounding, silvery hair, and his young, almost infantine face, but he was worn to a shadow, and his hands wasted as if by eighty years. With him it is the end of Ends; finite is over, and infinite begun. What we all felt and feel can never be so well expressed as in his own words of sorrow for the early death of Charles Buller—

"Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blest be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give, or to recall."

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ART. I.—LORD ELGIN—*In Memoriam.*

IT is not the intention of these few pages to give an account even in outline of what England lost in the death of Lord Elgin. Other pens may hereafter describe at length that singular career, which witnessed the successful accommodation of a more varied series of novel and entangled situations than has perhaps fallen to the lot of any other statesman within our own time.

There must be those who remember and who could tell of the reduction of Jamaica to order, after the convulsions of the Emancipation Act, by the youngest Governor ever sent out to command a colony. There must be those who know how he stood his ground in Canada against first one and then another turbulent faction, and converted the mass of the population from a state of chronic disaffection to permanent loyalty. There are those who witnessed that decisive stroke by which he sent the troops back from Singapore to Calcutta, in the very crisis of the fate of our Eastern Empire, and, when he landed, found (to use his own famous and long-remembered expression) but "one face in Calcutta unblanched with fear"—the face of the intrepid governor, his own early college friend, Lord Canning,—a meeting how romantic and an issue how momentous! "It was he," wrote the gallant and lamented Sir William Peel, "who made the change in India. It was the Chinese expedition that relieved Lucknow, relieved Cawnpore, and fought the battle of the 6th of December." There are those who remember how, when, not for the first time, he encountered the terrors of shipwreck, at the Point de Gallé, the two ambassadors of England and France sat side by side, unmoved amidst the awful scene, and refused

to leave the sinking ship, inspiring all around them with the cheerfulness and spirit needed for the emergency. There are those who saw him, by that rare union of tact with firmness, of fertile resource with simplicity of aim, which belonged to the character of his race, twice over bring to a prosperous end the stupid and provoking negotiations, and the no less stupid and provoking wars of the most inaccessible and intractable of earthly empires,—who watched the moderation with which he procured the treaty of Tien-tsin, the decisive energy with which he avenged the dignity of England by the destruction of the Summer Palace at Peking, and received the humiliation of the Chinese Prince in the heart of the Imperial city.

There are those, too, who know what he hoped to have done for India, had his life been spared. There are those—not a few—who looked further forward still, to the time when his long wanderings would at last be over, and he might have returned to have taken his place high in the councils of his country, and given to the solution of the great problems of the government of England, the experience and ability which had been ripened in such lofty positions, in so many a trying situation, in each extremity of the globe.

To these, and such as these, we must leave the delineation of the general policy, and the complicated course, of Lord Elgin's public life.

But it may be possible, within the short compass of the present occasion, to bring back some recollections of his last days, some image of his character as he appeared to those who knew and loved him best, which may fill up the vacant space left by his death, not merely in the memory and the hopes, but in the actual knowledge of his contemporaries. For it is one of the sad consequences of a statesman's life spent, like his, in the constant service of his country on arduous foreign missions, that in his own land, in his own circle, almost in his own home, his place is occupied by others, his very face is forgotten; he can maintain no permanent ties with those who rule the opinion, or obtain the mastery, of the day; he has established no claims on any existing party; he has made himself felt in none of those domestic and personal struggles which attract the attention, and fix the interest, of the common world which forms the bulk of the public opinion of England. For twenty years, the few intervals of his residence in these islands were to be counted, not by years, but by months, and the majority even of those who might be reckoned amongst his friends and acquaintances, remembered him chiefly as the eager student at Oxford, in the happy time when he was devoted, in his undergraduate days at Christ Church, to the pages of Plato, or listened, not without a deep

philosophic interest, in the Fellows' Quadrangle at Merton, to the roll of the now extinct theological controversy, then beat by the war-drum of the Tracts for the Times.

It is tragical to think of the curtain thus suddenly dropt over the future of his career in England. It is tragical, also, though in a narrower and more partial sense, to think of the more immediate overcasting of his career in India.

He undertook the Vice-royalty of India, not, it is said, without a dark presentiment that he should never return, but with a clear conviction that the magnitude of the field before him left no choice. Yet of the actual duty imposed upon him, of the actual glory to be reaped, he always expressed himself with a modesty to which his own acts corresponded. "I succeed," he used to say, "to a great man and a great war, with a humble task to be humbly discharged." This feeling is well expressed in a letter, which gives at the same time an admirable description of the empire, at the moment when he undertook the government.

"India was at peace. At peace in a sense of the term more emphatic and comprehensive than it had ever before borne in India. The occurrences which had taken place during the period of Lord Dalhousie's government had established the prestige of the British arms as against external foes. Lord Canning's Vice-royalty had taught the same lesson to domestic enemies. No military operations of magnitude were in progress to call for prompt and vigorous action on the part of the ruling authority, or to furnish matter for narrations of thrilling interest. On the contrary, a hearty acquiescence in the belief that no such opportunities existed, and that it was incumbent upon him, by all practicable means, to prevent their recurrence, was the first duty which the situation of affairs prescribed to a new Governor-General.

"But while such was the condition of things in respect to matters which have to be settled, if at all, by the arbitrament of the sword, questions of a different class, affecting very important interests, but demanding, nevertheless, a pacific solution, presented themselves for consideration, with a view to definitive action and practical adjustment, under circumstances of very great perplexity and embarrassment. . . . What intensified the evil in many of those cases, was the fact that the points in question bore closely upon those jealousies of race which are the sources of almost all our difficulties in India."

In the spirit thus indicated, he was desirous of postponing the final adjustment of such questions, as those to which he here alluded, until he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the country and the people. That acquaintance he was gradually acquiring. That result of his labours he was rapidly approaching.

The gallant vessel was steering with her sails full set, right into the haven where she would be. The storm swept over her, from a quarter whence it was least expected. The ship went down within the very sight of the harbour, with all the treasure of experience and wisdom accumulated for the very moment of the arrival which was never to take place.

The sense of his approaching end throws over the retrospect of Lord Elgin's progress northwards from Calcutta through the provinces a melancholy shade, which almost forbids us to dwell upon it in detail. Yet it also imparts a pathetic interest to some of the leading features of his public addresses, and of his personal impressions, which may well find a place in this brief sketch. Such is the allusion to the two distinguished men who had preceded him in his office of Governor-General, in a speech at a dinner at Benares, celebrating the progress of the East Indian Railway :—

“ In looking over the published report of these proceedings a few days ago, my attention was arrested by an incident which brought forcibly home to my mind one painful circumstance in which my position here to-day contrasts sadly with that which my predecessor then occupied. At a stage in the proceedings of the evening, corresponding to that at which we have now arrived, Lord Canning departed from the routine prescribed by the programme, and invited the company to join him in drinking the health of his noble predecessor, the Marquis of Dalhousie, who had, as he justly observed, nursed the East Indian Railway in its infancy, and guided it through its first difficulties. It is not in my power to make any similar proposal to you now. A mysterious dispensation of Providence has removed from this world's stage, where they seemed still destined to play so noble and useful a part, both the proposer of this toast, and its object; the names of both are written in brilliant characters on some of the most eventful pages of the history of India, and both were removed at a time when expectation as to the services which they might still render to India was at its height. I shall not now dwell on the great national loss which we have all sustained in this dispensation; but, perhaps, I may be permitted to say that to me the loss is not only a public one, but a private and personal calamity likewise. Both of these distinguished men were my contemporaries; both, I believe I may without presumption say, my intimate friends. It is a singular coincidence that three successive Governors-General of India should have stood towards each other in this relationship of age and intimacy. One consequence is that the burden of governing India has devolved upon us respectively at different periods of our lives. Lord Dalhousie, when named to the Government of India, was, I believe, the youngest man who had ever been appointed to a situation of such high responsibility and trust. Lord Canning was in the prime of life; and I, if I am not already on the decline, am at least nearer to the verge of it than either of my contemporaries who have preceded

me. Indeed, when I was leaving England for India, Lord Ellenborough, who is now, alas! the only surviving ex-Governor-General of India, said to me, 'You are not a very old man, but depend upon it, you will find yourself by far the oldest man in India.'

He was present at the impressive ceremony of the consecration of the church by the Well of Cawnpore, where he met the excellent Bishop of Calcutta. He thence advanced to Agra, which he thus describes :—

"The six days spent at Agra, I am disposed to reckon among the most interesting of my life. Perhaps eleven months of the monotony of a Calcutta existence may render the mind more sensitive to novelty and beauty. At any rate, the impressions experienced on revisiting Agra at this time have been singularly vivid and keen. The surpassing beauty of the buildings, among which the Taj stands pre-eminent; the vast concourse of chiefs and retainers, containing so many of the attributes of feudal and chivalrous times; with the picturesqueness in attire and gorgeousness in colouring, which only the East can supply; produced an effect of fairyland, of which it was difficult to divest one's-self in order to come down to the sterner realities of the present. These realities consisted mainly in receiving the chiefs at private and public Darbars; the great Darbar being attended by a larger number of chiefs than ever before assembled on a similar occasion."

The public journals of India describe for the last time, on the occasion of this Darbar (or gathering of the princes), his "appearance venerable" beyond his years; "the extremely benignant aspect" of his expressive countenance; his voice, as he addressed the assembly, "clear and distinct, every word well weighed, as if he meant what he said." We give his address, as the best exposition of his own feeling under this and similar circumstances :—

"Princes and Chiefs—In inviting you to meet me here, it was my wish in the first place to become acquainted with you personally, and also to convey to you, in obedience to the gracious command which I received from Her Majesty the Queen, upon my departure from England, the assurance of the deep interest which Her Majesty takes in the welfare of the Chiefs of India. I have now to thank you for the alacrity with which, in compliance with my request, you have, many of you from considerable distances, assembled at this place.

"Having received, during the course of the last few days, many of the principal personages among you in private darbar, where I have had the opportunity of communicating my views on matters of interest and importance, I need not detain you on this occasion by many words.

"Before taking leave of you, however, I desire to address to you collectively a few general remarks upon the present state of affairs in

India, and upon the duties which that state of affairs imposes upon us all.

"Peace, I need hardly remind you of the fact, now happily prevails throughout the whole extent of this vast empire; domestic treason has been crushed; and foreign enemies have been taught to respect the power of the arms of England.

"The British Government is desirous to take advantage of this favourable opportunity, not to extend the bounds of its dominions, but to develop the resources and draw forth the natural wealth of India, and thus to promote the well-being and happiness both of rulers and of the people.

"With this view many measures of improvement and progress have already been introduced, and among them, I may name as most conspicuous, the railway and electric telegraph, those great discoveries of this age which have so largely increased the wealth and power of the mightiest nations of the West.

"By diffusing education among your vassals and dependants, establishing schools, promoting the construction of good roads, and suppressing, with the whole weight of your authority and influence, barbarous usages and crimes, such as infanticide, suttee, thuggee, and dacoitee, you may, Princes and Chiefs, effectually second these endeavours of the British Government, and secure for yourselves and your people a full share of the benefits which the measures to which I have alluded are calculated to confer upon you. I have observed with satisfaction the steps which many of you have already taken in this direction, and more especially the enlightened policy which has induced some of you to remove transit and other duties which obstructed the free course of commerce through your States.

"As representing the paramount power, it is my duty to keep the peace in India. For this purpose Her Majesty the Queen has placed at my disposal a large and gallant army, which, if the necessity should arise, I shall not hesitate to employ for the repression of disorder and the punishment of any who may be rash enough to disturb the general tranquillity. But it is also my duty to extend the hand of encouragement and friendship to all who labour for the good of India, and to assure you that the chiefs who make their own dependants contented and prosperous, establish thereby the strongest claim on the favour and protection of the British Government.

"I bid you now, Princes and Chiefs, farewell for a time, with the expression of my earnest hope that, on your return to your homes, health and happiness may attend you."

From Agra he moved northwards through Delhi:—

"The place of greatest interest visited during the latter part of the tour was unquestionably Delhi. The approach to it through ten miles of a desolate-looking campagna, thickly strewn with funereal monuments reared in honour of the sovereigns and mighty men of former dynasties, reminded me of Rome. The city itself bears traces of more recent calamities. The palace has been a good deal maltreated, and

the Jumna Musjid (Great Mosque), a magnificent building, has only just been restored to the worshippers. Beyond the town, and over the place where the camp was pitched, lay the heights which were occupied by the British troops, and signalled by so many deeds of valour, during the eventful struggles of 1857.

"No durbar was held at Delhi, but at Umballa a large number of influential Sikh chiefs were received, at the head of whom was the young Maharaja of Puttialla, the son and heir of the Prince whom Lord Canning placed in the Council of the Governor-General. . . .

"The Sikhs are a warlike race, and the knowledge of this fact gave a colour to the advice tendered to them. It was my wish to recognise with all due honour their martial qualities, while seeking to impart a more pacific direction to their energies. The capture of half the capitals of Europe would not have been, in the eyes of the Sikh, so great an event, or so signal a proof of British power, as the capture of Pekin. They are proud of the thought that some of their race took a part in it; and more inclined than ever—which is an important matter—to follow the British standard into foreign lands, if they should be invited to do so."

On these sentiments was founded the address which he delivered on this occasion, and which is given here at length, as the last public expression of his good-will to the Indian races:—

"Colonel Durand,—I beg that you will express to the native gentlemen who are assembled here my regret that I am unable to address them in their own language, and inform them that I am charged by Her Majesty the Queen to convey to them the assurance of Her Majesty's high appreciation of the loyalty and devotion to Her Majesty's person and Government which has been exhibited on various occasions by the Sikh rulers and people. Not many days ago it was my pleasing duty to determine that the medal granted to Her Majesty's troops who were engaged at Delhi in 1857, should be conferred on the followers of the Sikh chiefs who took part in the noble achievements of that period, and I can personally bear testimony to the good services of the officers and men of the Sikh Regiments who, in 1860, co-operated with the British troops in placing the British flag on the walls of Pekin, the capital of the vast empire of China.

"But, in order to be truly great, it is necessary that nations should excel in the arts of peace as well as in those of war.

"Look to the history of the British nation for an example. Most assuredly the British people are powerful in war; but their might and renown are in a great measure due to their proficiency in the works which make a time of peace fruitful and glorious.

"By their skill in agriculture, they have converted their country into a garden; by their genius as traders they have attracted to it a large share of the wealth of other lands.

"Let us take advantage of this season of tranquillity to confer similar benefits on the Punjab.

"The waters which fall on your mountain heights and unite at their

base to form mighty rivers, are a treasure which, duly distributed, will fertilize your plains and largely augment their productive powers. With electric telegraphs to facilitate communication, and railways and canals to render access to the sea-ports easy and expeditious, we shall be able to convey the surplus produce of this great country to others where it is required, and to receive from them their riches in return.

"I rejoice to learn that some of the chiefs in this part of India are taking an interest in these matters, which are of such vital importance to the welfare of this country and the prosperity of the people. It affords me, moreover, sincere gratification to find that, under the able guidance of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Sikh Sirdars in certain districts of the Punjab are giving proof of their appreciation of the value of education by making provision for the education of their sons and daughters.

"Be assured that in so doing you are adopting a judicious policy. The experience of all nations proves that where rulers are well informed and sagacious, the people are contented and willingly submissive to authority. Moreover, it is generally found that where mothers are enlightened, sons are valiant and wise.

"I earnestly exhort you, therefore, to persevere in the course on which you have entered, and I promise you while you continue in it the sympathy and support of the British Government."

He now reached Simla, the paradise of the Anglo-Indians. He was thence to explore the tea plantations amongst the mountains, and was looking eagerly forward to the great gathering of Indian chiefs and princes which was to close his progress at Lahore.

Although he had suffered often from the unhealthy and depressing climate of Calcutta during the summer and autumn of 1862, and thus, to the eyes that saw him again in 1863, he looked many years older than when he left England, yet it was not till he entered the hills that any symptom manifested itself of the fatal malady that was lurking under his apparently stout frame and strong constitution. The splendid scenery of those vast forests and snow-clad mountains inspired him with the liveliest pleasure; but the highly rarefied atmosphere, which to most residents in India is as life from the dead, seemed in him to have the exactly reverse effect.

It was on the 12th of October, that he ascended the Rotung Pass, and, on the 13th, crossed the famous Twig Bridge over the river Chandra. It is remarkable for the rude texture of birch branches of which it is composed, and which, at this late season, was so rent and shattered by the wear and tear of the past year, as to render the passage of it a matter of great exertion. Lord Elgin was completely prostrated by the effort, and it may be said that from the exhaustion consequent on this adventure he never rallied. But he returned to his camp, and

continued his march on horseback, until, on the 22d, an alarming attack obliged him to be carried, by slow stages, to Dhurmsala. There he was joined, on the 4th of November, by his friend and medical adviser, Dr. Macrae, who had been summoned from Calcutta, on the first alarming indications of his illness. By this time, the disorder had declared itself in such a form as to cause the most serious apprehensions to others, as well as to himself the most distressing sufferings. There had been a momentary rally, during which the fact of his illness had been communicated to England. But this passed away; and on the 6th of November, Dr. Macrae came to the conclusion that the illness was mortal. This intelligence, which he communicated at once to Lord Elgin, was received with a calmness and fortitude which never deserted him through all the scenes which followed. It was impossible not to be struck by the courage and presence of mind with which, in the presence of a death unusually terrible, and accompanied by circumstances unusually trying, he showed, in equal degrees and with the most unvarying constancy, two of the grandest elements of human character—unselfish resignation of himself to the will of God, and thoughtful consideration, down to the smallest particulars, for the interests and feelings of others, both public and private.

When once he had satisfied himself, by minute inquiries from Dr. Macrae, of the true state of the case, after one deep, earnest, heartfelt regret that he should thus suddenly be parted from those nearest and dearest, to whom his life was of such inestimable importance, and that he should be removed just as he had prepared himself to benefit the people committed to his charge, he steadily set his face heavenward. He was startled, he was awed; he felt it "hard, hard, to believe that his life was condemned," but there was no looking backward. Of the officers of his staff he took an affectionate leave on that day. "It is well," he said to one of them, "that I should die in harness." And thenceforth he saw no one habitually, except Dr. Macrae, who combined with his medical skill the tenderness and devotion at once of a friend and of a pastor; his attached secretary, Mr. Thurlow, who had rendered him the most faithful services, not only through the period of his Indian Vice-royalty, but during his last mission to China; and Her who had shared his every thought, and whose courageous spirit now rose above the weakness of the fragile frame, equal to the greatness of the calamity, and worthy of him to whom, by night and day, she constantly ministered.

On the following day, the clergyman whom he had ordered to be summoned, and for whose arrival he waited with much anxiety, reached Dhurmsala, and administered the Holy Com-

munion to himself and those with him. "We are now entering on a New Communion," he had said that morning, "the Living and the Dead," and his spirit then appeared to master pain and weakness, and to sustain him in a holy calm, during the ceremony, and for a few hours afterwards. "It is a comfort," he whispered, "to have laid aside all the cares of this world, and put myself in the hands of God;" and he was able to listen at intervals to favourite passages from the New Testament. That evening closed in with an aggravation of suffering. It was the evening of the seventeenth anniversary of his wedding-day.

On the following morning, Lady Elgin, with his approval, rode up to the cemetery at Dhurmsala to select a spot for his grave, and he gently expressed pleasure when told of the quiet and beautiful aspect of the spot chosen, with the glorious view of the snowy range towering above, and the wide prospect of hill and plain below.

The days and nights of the fortnight which followed were a painful alternation of severe suffering and rare intervals of comparative tranquillity. They were soothed by the never-failing devotion of those that were always at hand to read to him or to receive his remarks. He often asked to hear chosen chapters from the Book of Isaiah (as the 40th and 55th), sometimes murmuring over to himself any striking verses that they contained, and at other times repeating by heart favourite Psalms, one of which recalled to him an early feat of his youth, when he had translated into Greek the 137th Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sate down and wept." At times he delighted to hear his little girl, who had been the constant companion of his travels, repeat some of Keble's hymns, especially those on the festivals of St. John the Evangelist and of the Holy Innocents. Years ago he had prided himself on having been the first to introduce into Scotland *The Christian Year*, which he brought as a student from Oxford, where the first edition—first of its seventy-seven editions—had just appeared. How touching a reward to him—how touching a tribute to the enduring piety and genius of its venerable author, that after the lapse of so long a tract of time to both—of quiet pastoral life and eager controversies for the one, of diplomacy and government, war and shipwreck, and travels from hemisphere to hemisphere, for the other—that fountain of early devotion should still remain fresh and pure to soothe his dying hours.

Until his strength failed him, he was carried at times into the verandah, and showed by words and looks his constant admiration at the grand evidences of God's power and goodness in the magnificence of the scenery before him; and on one such occasion was delighted with the sublime description of the

wonders of nature in the 38th and 39th chapters of the Book of Job.

At times he was able to enter into conversation and argument on serious subjects. When under the pressure of his sufferings, he was one night entreating to be released—"O that God would in mercy come and take me,"—Dr. Macrae reminded him of the dread of pain and death which seems to be expressed in the account of the Agony of Gethsemane, and he appeared to find much comfort in the thought, repeating once or twice that he had not seen it in this light before, and several times saying with fervour, "Not my will, but Thine be done." At other times, he could even be led, by way of steadying his wandering thoughts amidst the distraction of restlessness, to fix them on his school and college days, to tell anecdotes of his hard reading, or to describe the visit to Oxford of his venerable friend Dr. Chalmers. He dwelt in this way on a sermon of Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow, which he remembered even in detail, and from which he quoted some eloquent passages, bringing out the general scope of the sermon, to the effect, that rather than teach people to hate this bad world, we should teach them to love and look up to a better one.¹

It will naturally be understood that long converse was really impossible. As occasions rose, a few words were breathed, an appropriate verse quoted, and a few minutes were all that could be given at any one time to discourse upon it. It is characteristic of his strong, cheerful faith, even during those last trying moments, that he on one occasion asked to have the more supplicatory, penitential Psalms exchanged for those of praise and thanksgiving, in which he joined, knowing them already by heart, and in the same strain of calm yet triumphant hope, he whispered to himself on the night when his alarming state was first made known to him, "Hallelujah; the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. We shall all meet again."

That thought was raised to its highest pitch by the sight of a portrait of a beloved son, who had died in England during his absence. It arrived in the close of those sad days. He recognised it at once with a burst of tenderness and delight which at once lifted his mind above the suffering of his mortal illness. Again and again he desired to see it, and to speak of it, with the fixed conviction that he and his "angel boy," as he called him, would soon meet in a better world. "Oh, when shall I be with you?" "You know where he is; we shall all go to him; he is happy."

Every care had been taken for the public interests, and for the interests of those still nearer and dearer to him. He had laid the most solemn charge on his faithful secretary to conduct

¹ "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."—*Commercial Discourses*, No. ix.

Lady Elgin home on her mournful and solitary voyage. He had given to Dr. Macrae, with the tenderest marks of affection, a turquoise ring: "We have had a long struggle together; keep this in memory of it." He had dictated a telegram to the Queen resigning his office, with a request that his successor might be immediately appointed.

With this exception, public affairs seem to have faded from his mind. "I must resign myself to doing no work. I have not sufficient control over my thoughts. I have washed my hands of it all." But it was remarkable that as the end drew nearer, the keen sense of public duty once more flashed up within him. It was on the 19th that he could not help expressing his wonder what was meant by his long lingering; and once, half wandering, he whispered, "If I did not die, I might get to Lahore, and carry out the original programme." Later on in the day he sent for Mr. Thurlow, and desired that a message should be sent, through Sir Charles Wood, expressive of his love and devotion to the Queen, and of his determination to do his work to the last possible moment. His voice, faint and inaudible at first, gained strength with the earnestness of the words which came forth as if direct from his heart, and which, as soon as pronounced, left him prostrate with the exertion. He begged, at the same time, that his "best blessing" might be sent to the Secretaries of the Indian Government, and also a private message to Sir Charles Wood in England.

These were his last public acts. A few words and looks of intense affection for his wife and child, were all that escaped him afterwards. One more night of agonized restlessness, followed by an almost sudden close of the long struggle, and a few moments of perfect calm, and his spirit was released.

His death was on the 20th of November, and on the 21st he was privately buried, at his own request, on the spot selected beforehand.

We have said that on his public policy we do not enter. That must be fought out, defended, censured, approved by others. Neither do we enlarge on the details of his private life. These are too sacred, too near, to be handled in these pages. Enough has been said to show to those who knew him not what manner of man he was in those more intimate relations to God and man with which a stranger dares not intermeddle.

But there are traits which start to life, now that he is removed, for which perhaps the English world, which, as we have said, hardly knew him, gave him but little credit.

He was thought of as a man of excellent sense and tact. By this, it is said, his objects were gained. Through this, it was held, he maintained that equable tenor of success that so

marked the successive stages of his career. So doubtless it was to a great extent. Yet assuredly to those who knew him intimately there was much more than this.

Look even at the outward forms of his mode of speech. They are all that now remain to us to tell of that singularly poetic and philosophic turn of mind, that union of grace and power in all his turns of expression, which, if they do not actually amount to genius, give to the character which thus displays itself the charm which no commonplace mediocrity, however sound and safe, can ever attain. It is enough to quote from the few letters in which he had time to disburden those thoughts freely, to show what we mean.

THE RIVER SCENERY OF CHINA.

" May 1858.

" When the sun had passed the meridian, the masts and sails were a protection from his rays; and as he continued to drop towards the water, right a-head of us, he strewed our path, first with glittering silver spangles, then with roses, then with violets, through all of which we sped recklessly. The banks on either side continued as flat as ever until the last part of our trip, when we approached some hills on our left, not very lofty, but clearly defined, and with a kind of dreamy softness about them which reminded one of Egypt. The sun has just set among a crowd of mountains which bound the horizon in front of us, and in such a blaze of fiery light that earth and sky in his neighbourhood have hues all too glorious to look upon. Standing out in advance, on the edge of this sea of molten gold, is a solitary rock, which goes by the name of Golden Island, and serves as the pedestal of a tall pagoda. . . .

" The night was lovely—a moon nearly full—the banks, flat and treeless at first, became fringed as we proceeded, with mud villages, silent as the grave, and trees standing like spectres over the stream. There we went on through this silvery silence, panting and breathing flame. Through the night watches, when no Chinaman moves, when the junks cast anchor, we laboured on, cutting ruthlessly and recklessly through the waters of that glancing and startled river, which, until the last few weeks, no stranger keel had ever furrowed." . . .

VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

" May 9, 1860.

" Our row across the river to the chant of the boatmen invoking the aid of a sainted Dervish, and our ride through the fertile border of the Nile, covered with crops and palm-trees, were very lovely, and after about an hour and a half from Cairo, we emerged into the Desert. The Pyramids seemed there almost within reach of our arms; but, lo! they were in fact some four miles distant.

" We kept moving on at a sort of ambling walk, and the first sign of our near approach was the appearance of a crowd of Arabs. We pushed on over the heap of sand and *débris*, or probably covered-up

tombs, which surround the base of the Pyramids, when we suddenly came on the most remarkable object on which my eye ever lighted. Somehow or other I had not thought of the Sphinx till I saw her before me. There she was in all her imposing magnitude, crouched on the margin of the Desert, looking on the fertile valley of the Nile, and her gaze fixed on the East, as if in earnest expectation of the sun-rising—but such a gaze! The mystical light and deep shadows cast by the moon gave to it an intensity which I cannot attempt to describe. To me it seemed a look earnest, searching, but unsatisfied. For a long time I remained transfixed, endeavouring to read the meaning conveyed by that wonderful eye. I was struck after a while by what seemed a contradiction in the expression of the eye and mouth. There was a singular gentleness and hopefulness in the lines of the mouth which appeared to be in contrast with the anxious eye. Mr. Bowlby¹ agreed with me in thinking that the upper part of the face spoke of the intellect striving and striving vainly to solve the mystery (what mystery? the mystery, shall we say, of God's universe or of man's destiny?) while the lower indicated a moral conviction that all must be well, and that this truth would in good time be made manifest. We could hardly tear ourselves away from this fascinating spectacle, to draw near to the great Pyramid which stood beside us, its outline sharply traced in the clear atmosphere. We walked round and round it, thinking of the strange men whose ambition to secure immortality for themselves had expressed itself in this giant creation. The enormous blocks of granite brought from one knows not where, built up one knows not how—the form selected, solely for the purpose of defying the assaults of time—the contrast between the conception embodied in their construction, and the talk of the frivolous race by whom we were surrounded, all this seen and felt under the influence of the dim moonlight, was very striking and impressive. We spent some time in moving from place to place along the shadow cast by the Pyramid on the sand, and observing the effect produced by bringing the moon sometimes to its apex, and sometimes to other points on its outline. I felt no disposition to exchange for sleep the state of dreamy half-consciousness in which I was wandering about, but at length I lay down on the shingly sand with a block of granite for a pillow, and passed an hour or two sometimes dozing, sometimes wakeful. . . . When we reached the summit at sunrise we had a horizon all around tinted very much like Turner's early pictures, and becoming brighter and brighter till it melted into day. Behind and on two sides of us was the barren and treeless desert stretching out as far as the eye could reach. Before us the fertile valley of the Nile, and the river meandering through it, and in the distance Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, the highest, the Citadel mosque, standing out boldly on the horizon. It was a fine view, and had a character of its own; but still it does not stand out among my

¹ The lamented *Times*' correspondent who perished in China, amongst the prisoners captured in 1860.—See Lord Elgin's despatch to Lord J. Russell, dated October 28, 1860. *Correspondence on the Affairs of China, 1859-1860*, p. 22.

recollections as a spectacle unique and never to be forgotten, as that of the night before does. . . . I confess that it was with something of fear and trembling that I returned to the Sphinx that morning. I feared that the impressions received the night before might be effaced by the light of day—but it was not so. The lines were fainter and less deeply marked, but I found, or thought I found, the same meaning in them still."

But this elevation of sentiment was not merely one of outward form or expression. Varied, eventful, as was his course,—wrapt up in the intricacies of diplomacy,—entangled in disputes with Canadian factions and Oriental follies, he still kept steadily before him, as steadily as any great philanthropist, or missionary, or reformer that ever lived, those principles of truth and justice and benevolence, to maintain which was his sufficient reward for months and years of long and patient waiting, for storms of obloquy and misunderstanding. Philosophical or religious truth, in the highest sense, he had not the leisure to follow. Yet even here his memoranda, his speeches, we believe his conversation, constantly showed how open his mind was to receive profound impressions from the most opposite quarters; how firm a hold was laid upon it by any truth or fact which it had touched in his passage through the many strange vicissitudes of life. "If public writers think that they cannot argue with eloquence without showing feeling" (so he spoke at a meeting in Calcutta on the mode in which the Lancashire distress was to be discussed, but how far beyond any such immediate occasion does the wisdom of his words extend!) "then, for God's sake, let them give utterance to their opinions. It would be much better than to deprive us of the spark which concussion with flint may kindle. I would rather myself swallow a whole bushel of chaff than lose the precious grains of truth which may somewhere or other be scattered in it." How exactly the opposite of the vulgar, unreasoning timidity and fastidiousness of the mass of statesmen and teachers and preachers, whose first thought is to suppress all eloquence and enthusiasm from apprehension of its possible accompaniments,—who would willingly throw away whole bushels of truth lest they should accidentally swallow a few grains of chaff. How entirely is the sentiment worthy of those noble treatises which, we have been assured, were his constant companions wherever he travelled, and from which he delighted to read the soul-stirring calls to freedom of inquiry, and resolute faith in truth—the *Prose Works of Milton*.

But it was in practical life that those qualities came forth in their full energy. Politics, statesmanship, government, were to him a profession, a science, of which he discussed the problems as a philosopher or a scholar would discuss the difficulties of

astronomy or of philology. It was thus that he would take upon himself the responsibility of great acts, not merely from motives of passing expediency, but as parts of a system, which appeared to him to impose such a general duty upon him. On two memorable occasions his "political courage" (to use the French expression) reached a point of almost heroic magnitude. One was the determination adopted, with hardly any hesitation, to send back the troops to India, although it was the greatest personal sacrifice which he could have made, for, by depriving himself of his military force, he ran the risk of rendering his mission in China almost powerless. The other was the resolve, executed against all his natural tastes and feelings, and with the full anticipation of the obloquy which it would bring down upon him in Europe, of burning the Summer Palace at Peking, as the only means, under the extraordinary difficulties which surrounded him, of impressing the Chinese nation with a sense of the atrocity of the outrages perpetrated against their European prisoners.

"Having, to the best of my judgment, examined the question in all its bearings, I come to the conclusion, that the destruction of Yaen-ming-yaen (the Summer Palace) was the least objectionable of the several courses open to me, unless I could have reconciled it to my sense of duty to suffer the crime which had been committed to pass practically unavenged. I had reason, moreover, to believe that it was an act which was calculated to produce a greater effect in China, and on the Emperor, than persons who look on from a distance may suppose. It was the Emperor's favourite residence, and at its destruction could not fail to be a blow to his pride as well as to his feelings. To this place he brought our hapless countrymen, in order that they might undergo their severest tortures within its precincts. There had been found the horses and accoutrements of the troopers seized, the decorations torn from the breast of a gallant French officer, and other effects belonging to the prisoners. As almost all the valuables had been already taken from the palace, the army would go thus, not to pillage, but to mark by a solemn act of retribution, the horror and indignation with which we were inspired by the perpetration of a great crime. The punishment was one which would fall not on the people, who may be comparatively innocent, but on the Emperor, whose direct personal responsibility for the crime committed is established beyond all question."

This statement, which forms the close of an able and elaborate argument, which must be read in the original document¹ to be fully appreciated, is perhaps still more forcibly and concisely put in the following private letter:—

"We had only a fortnight to make peace in, after the armies

¹ Lord Elgin's despatch to Lord J. Russell, dated October 25, 1860.—*Correspondence respecting Affairs in China, 1859-1860*, p. 203.

obtained the gate of Peking. It was absolutely necessary, before peace was concluded, to mark our sense of the barbarous treatment to which the prisoners had been subjected. The burning of the palace was an expeditious mode of marking our sense of this crime, and therefore consistent with the speedy conclusion of peace. It was appropriate, because the palace was the place at which the first cruelties to the prisoners were perpetrated, under the immediate direction of the Emperor and his advisers. It was humane, because it involved no sacrifice of human life; no great destruction of property, because the buildings (though styled *Palace*) were low wooden structures of small value, which had been plundered by the French army before the order for the burning was given."

These examples also indicate that though he was cautious to excess when he had time to deliberate (for his logical powers, and his command over language tempted him to refine), yet his decision could be as prompt as a soldier's when the occasion demanded it; and if he was satisfied of the correctness of his cause, he would accept the full responsibility of it, in spite of all opposition. His clearness of view, under these circumstances, admitted of no confusion, and his power of expressing what he saw was equal to the clearness with which he saw it. There are men, deeply versed in public affairs, in whom caution almost takes the place of genius, and admits of no other rival quality. Such might to some appear to have been the character of Lord Elgin. But had he been so ruled by this predominant faculty, he would assuredly never have ventured on the organization of Canton by the hazardous but successful appointment of a temporary Chinese governor, nor would he have faced the complicated difficulties that presented themselves in his adventurous voyage of discovery up the Yang-tse-kiang river, nor would he have marched on Peking with that military ardour, which made the French soldiers exclaim, that he ought to have been an "officier de dragons."

These statesman-like gifts, however, are not those which fill the largest space in his character to those who knew him best. He possessed in an eminent degree the rare quality—rare in the political world, rarer still perhaps in the religious world—of a strong overruling sense of the justice due from man to man, and from nation to nation.

Wherever he went (and it was his fate that in the four different spheres in which his lot was cast, the same relations were constantly reappearing) it was his fixed determination that the interests of the subject races should be protected from the impatience or violence of his own countrymen,—the emancipated slaves of Jamaica, the French Canadians, the Chinese in

their dealings with the European residents, the Indian population in its dealings with the Anglo-Indian conquerors.

That he had no bloodshed on his hands was his pride in Canada. "No human power shall induce me to accept the office of oppressor of the people," was his sincere resolve in China. The order to burn the Imperial Palace at Peking was wrung from him by the severest sense of the necessity of the crisis. When in India, the protection of the Indians was the constant source of solicitude to him. The stern determination with which he carried out the execution of an English soldier for causing the death of a native, was of itself enough to mark his strong sense of what was due from the Viceroy of India to the interests of the conquered race. "His combination of speculative and practical ability," so wrote one with deep experience of his mind, "fitted him more than any man I have ever known, to solve the problem how these subject races are to be governed." It may be that in these acts he merely served to represent the growing humanity and justice of the age. But it is a great boon to mankind when the best tendencies of the age find a congenial soul in which to take root and bear fruit; and such a soul, in every sense, was that of Lord Elgin.

It might almost be said that the sense of responsibility for the classes confided to his charge, especially of those who were comparatively friendless, was to him a kind of religion,—an expression of his sense of the justice and love of God for all His creatures. And it may be remarked how, from this religious sense of the duty devolved upon him, it came to pass that, if there was any subject which more strongly moved his indignation than another, it was the sight, whether in foreign lands or in our own, of Christianity invoked, or of the influence of the teachers of religion brought to bear, against the general claims of justice and humanity on behalf of those who might be regarded, in race, or religion, or opinion, aliens from ourselves.

There is one final tribute which, at least in these pages, may be offered without affectation to his memory. Wherever else he was honoured, and however few were his visits to his native land, yet Scotland at least always delighted to claim him as her own. Always his countrymen were proud to feel that he worthily bore the name most dear to Scottish hearts. Always his unvarying integrity shone to them with the steady light of an unchanging beacon above the stormy discords of the Scottish church and nation. Whenever he returned to his home in Fife-shire, he was welcomed by all, high and low, as their friend and chief. Here at any rate were fully known the industry with which he devoted himself to the small details of local, often trying and troublesome business; the affectionate confidence

with which he took counsel of the fidelity and experience of the aged friends and servants of his house; the cheerful contentment with which he was willing to work for their interests and for those of his family, with the same fairness and patience, as he would have given to the most exciting events or the most critical moments of his public career. There his children, young as they were, were made familiar with the union of wisdom and playfulness with which he guided them, and with the simple and self-denying habits of which he gave them so striking an example. By that ancestral home, in the vaults of the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, would have been his natural resting-place. Those vaults had but two years ago been opened to receive the remains of another of the same house, his brother, General Bruce, whose lamented death—also in the service of his Queen and country—followed immediately on his return from the journey in which he had accompanied the Prince of Wales to the East, and in which he had caught the fatal malady that brought him to his untimely end. "You have lost a kind and good uncle, and a kind and good godfather,"—so Lord Elgin wrote to his little boy, who bore the same name as the General,—“and you are now the only Robert Bruce in the family. It is a good name, and you must try and bear it nobly and bravely as those who have borne it before you have done. If you look at their lives you will see that they always considered in the first place what they ought to do, and only in the second what it might be most pleasant and agreeable to do. This is the way to steer a straight course through life, and to meet the close of it, as your dear Uncle did, with a smile on his lips.” By few could General Bruce's loss have been felt more than by Lord Elgin himself. “No two brothers,” he used to say, “were ever more helpful to each other.” The telegram that brought the tidings to him at Calcutta was but one word. “And yet,” he said, “how much in that one word! It tells me that I have lost a wise counsellor in difficulties, a staunch friend in prosperity and adversity, one on whom, if anything had befallen myself, I could always have relied to care for those left behind me. It tells, too, of the dropping of a link of that family chain which has always been so strong and unbroken.” How little was it foreseen then, that of that strong unbroken chain, his own life would be the next link to be taken away. How little was it thought by those who stood round the vault at Dunfermline Abbey, on the 2d of July 1862, that to those familiar scenes, and to that hallowed spot, the chief of the race would never return. How mournfully did the tidings from India reach a third brother in the yet further East, who felt that to him was due in great part whatever success he had experienced in life, even from the time when, during the elder

brother's Eton holidays, he had enjoyed the benefit of his tuition, and who was indulging in dreams how, in their joint return from exile, with their varied experience of the East, they might have worked together for some great and useful end.

He sleeps far away from his native land, on the heights of Dhurmsala; a fitting grave, let us rejoice to think, for the Viceroy of India, overlooking from its lofty height the vast expanse of the hill and plain of these mighty provinces,—a fitting burial, may we not say, beneath the snow-clad Himalaya range, for one who dwelt with such serene satisfaction on all that was grand and beautiful in man and nature—

“Pondering God's mysteries untold,
And tranquil as the glacier snows,
He by those Indian mountains old,
Might well repose.”

A last home, may we not say, of which the very name, with its double signification, was worthy of the spirit which there passed away—“the Hall of Justice, the Place of Rest.” Rest, indeed, to him after his long “laborious days,” in that presence which to him was the only complete Rest—the presence of Eternal Justice.

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ART. II.—1. *A Fortnight in Faroe, from Unpublished Journals*, V.Y.

2. *Farøernes Fuglefauna med Bemærkninger om Fuglefangsten af Syssemand H. C. MÜLLER*. Kjøbenhavn, 1863.

THE time will soon come when we shall all be flitting. When the London season will begin to flag, and its joys to pall on our jaded taste. In May it is a beautiful girl, in June a full-grown man, in July a palsied gray-beard, scarce able to make a valid disposition of its goods and land, in August it will be dead and buried. We who have laughed at its many quips and cranks a month back will have wept and even cursed over its bier, and then that great greed for travel and wandering will come over us, and even the best of us will loathe the town and long for the country. Well, whither shall we go! "Of course abroad," say our wives and daughters, who think that "Paterfamilias" has the purse of Fortunatus safely lodged at his banker's. Abroad of course; but let him propose Boulogne or Dieppe. We would not be in the bed of that father of a family, no! not for a single night. There is, however, much to be said for Dieppe, it being always understood that you do not reach it *via* Brighton. The horrors of that "middle passage" no tongue can tell, no pen write, no pencil portray. Let it be enough to say that there the voyage is always long, the sea short and chopping, the boat slow but lively, the steward nowhere, and sea-sickness rampant except when it leans over the side. When you get to Dieppe it is pleasant enough and dear enough out of all conscience. You Paterfamilias, being a man of pure and cleanly life, will bathe, but you will bathe under the eye of the police, bathe with your netherman hidden from the vulgar gaze by what the French call *caleçons*, bathe in batches, the men in one batch and the women in the other. Above all things beware of following the example of an Englishman who rashly went into his box to bathe, attended by his faithful Newfoundland dog. Neptune, the dog and not the sea, we grieve to write it, was unmuzzled, in itself a crime of the deepest dye in France. The master having divested himself of all his garments, till he stood shivering like Adam before the Fall, rashly opened the door and peeped out; in an instant Neptune rushed in, caught the fatal *caleçons* in his mouth and tore away along the sands. His master still more rashly rushed after him to save the garment. Groans and execrations rose all along the beach, the police came up, and Neptune and his master were taken to the guard-house, the master for being in state closely resembling that of

the ancient Picts without their woad, and the dog for being without a muzzle. Need we say that both were heavily fined, and that both left Dieppe by the next steamer? But barring such accidents Dieppe is not a bad place. True, it is rather dearer than Paris, and perhaps the ladies who flock thither dress rather better and more often in the twenty-four hours than they do in the French capital. No! we should not say it would cost more to take your wife and daughters to Dieppe in August and September, than it would to live in Belgravia during May and June; but then you have Fortunatus' purse at your banker's, so pay the bill like a husband and a father and let us have no meaness. Besides, is there not the boat from Dieppe to Brighton, and can you not run backwards and forwards to the city and make money there, while your wives and daughters bathe under the eye of the whole society *y comprise la police* on the sands at the mouth of the Somme?

And here a serious question arises, as it has often arisen to many a father of a family—

“ Medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.”

Is it needful to take your wife and daughters abroad with you? We are bold even to ask such a question; and on the whole, unless we wrote under this sweet anonymous mask, we should not dare to do so. The fate of Actæon, of Orpheus, and all those unhappy wights who have fared so ill at women's hands, would be light matched against ours. In a meeting of wives and daughters there would not be a morsel of us left in five minutes, and yet we dare to ask, Is it needful to take your wives and daughters abroad at all? Are they fit for it? does it do them any good? are you or they the better for it? do they learn anything? “Wretch!” shrieks the indignant wife and mother. “Can we not speak French; that is to say, not I but the girls, at least they have been taught, and though they have never tried no doubt they can; and if they can't what does it matter? So that is settled.” Settled indeed in woman's wise, but in sorrow we utter it, the British woman of all classes, except the very highest, and with many exceptions even there, is not voluble or even audible in any tongue but her own. The difference between the mothers and their daughters is about this—the mothers never open their mouths, except to say “wee” or “yah,” and do not pretend to speak; but the daughters do open their mouths, and yet no one understands them. Whether their French be of Stratteford-at-the-Bow, or their German the choicest *Kauderwelsch* we dare not say, but the effect on the natives is that of great amazement. They are

"astonied" like Daniel, though if they are *garçons* or *kellner*, not "for the space of one hour," no foreign waiter could afford to lose so much time. After staring a minute or so the said *garçons* and *kellner* answer in very fair English. The same farce is repeated by the daughters at every stage of the journey with the same results; and so their French and German turns out to be like that of the Irishman who thought he was master of French, because he could utter "*parlez vous Français*;" and when the answer was "*Oui, Monsieur*," he went on, "Then will yer lind me the loan of a gridiron." As for the unhappy father of a family himself, who three or four times a day assists at the burial of the French of the household,—lucky man if when his boys come home from Eton, he does not find them as ignorant of Horace and Xenophon,—as for this woful man, we are bound to say that he often cuts a better figure abroad than the rest of his following. He sometimes knows a little French. He can wade through a few plain phrases in that tongue, though he cannot swim. Sometimes too he is not quite at sea in German; and though he makes sad blunders, still with all his floundering, putting his foot in it, as the saying is, at every step he makes abroad,—though he orders "*jambes de mouton*" for his dinner, utterly ignoring "*gigots*,"—still we say he is often a good fellow and good company; and so it is that we mean to take him with us on his foreign travels, and are ungallant enough to leave his wife and daughters at home. They will we know be ready to scratch out our eyes; but our comfort is that they do not know us, that they will be much happier down in Devonshire at pleasant Ilfracombe, or at Weymouth with its many hills besides that enormous Bill of Portland, or Eastbourne which is so healthy that none of the residents ever die either of marsh fever or scarlatina, though such accidents sometimes happen to "visitors," or Scarborough where like Dieppe you bathe before all the world, but unlike Dieppe you must do so in the condition of Adam and Eve in Paradise, Scarborough where a man must bathe nude, and yet dare not swim out lest he should be carried out by the tide; Scarborough, ever haunted by excursionists who often sleep in bathing-machines, and where if you are going to have an early dip on Monday morning, you will probably find an excursionist man and his wife, or perhaps two wandering bachelors, sound asleep in your machine. To each and all of these charming places our friend's family are heartily welcome, but as for him we mean to take him with us and show him foreign parts.

To do him justice he is at first rather unwilling to trust himself with us. How can he a man of middle age leave wife and children at the dull sea-side? What will the Smiths say who

live over the way? Smith never leaves his wife; why should he? Then who will look after the children, take care that they do not get into scrapes, see that the boys bathe before breakfast, and do not eat more than forty unripe pears every day, who will save them if they fall overboard out fishing? Our answer is, Let Smith be good enough to mind his own business. No doubt he has good reasons for never leaving his wife, as good perhaps as you have for leaving yours just this once. We have heard that Smith when younger was a sad dog, kept late hours, was always at his club, had two latch-keys for he was always telling Mrs. Smith that he kept the spare one to lend it to a friend in case he lost his own; often stayed at the Great Saurian Society till three o'clock in the morning; was an original member of "The Anthropomorphic," which only opens at one o'clock in the morning, one of their great days being one A.M. on Monday morning. All which fables the unhappy Mrs. Smith believed till her eyes were opened. Now Smith never leaves her. So much for Smith. As for the children, it is no insult to you to say that your wife can look after them much better than you can. Did you ever see a cock looking after his wife's chickens? No, nor ever will. Small care takes a tom-cat for his offspring, and yet the world rolls on from day to day, and children, chickens, and kittens, all grow up together under their mother's eye. As for saving them when they fall overboard, we do not believe you can swim, and as for jumping overboard we know good swimmers who would think twice before doing such a rash, cold-blooded thing. Certain it is, we would rather trust a mother who could not swim to jump overboard after her children, than a father who could. So let us have no nonsense; you will be better for leaving them, and they will do very well without you; come along, *præbe te hominem*, don't be ever dangling at your wife's apron-string. And so our friend is parted from house and home, and stands ready to go with us whithersoever we please.

We said we would give him a complete change, and so we will. We don't know whether he is a good sailor. He says he is, but seeing is believing, and there are many good sailors on the sunny side of Pall-Mall, or in bonnie Princes' Street, whose heart and head fail them ere they reach the Nore, or are well past the Bass. He can ride—in Rotten-Row; he can swim—at Brill's bath at Brighton, or Portobello. So we will take him, as the summer is hot, and he wants cooling after a town-life, to the North. We would take him to Denmark, and so on to Norway, show him Hamburg, that most dissolute of cities, where Smith once was; Kiel that key of the Baltic for which Prussia is making a lock, or a deadlock in Sleswig; Copenhagen that

city of palaces, the Queen of the Sound, the centre of so much literary life and such warm honest hearts; Christiania that would be a capital; Bergen reeking with tar, where the air is full of "ancient and fish-like smells," and where each hardy fisherman, who clutches your hand in his iron gripe, is sure to drop it covered with fish-scales; Drontheim with its noble cathedral,—yes! Norway, with all its firths and fells, we would have shown him up to Hammerfest and the North Cape. He says he can throw a fly. He should have had a chance though it is late in the year; still there is an after-season in Norway; and then too he might have gone up on the Fjeld after rein-deer, and crept along on his belly like the accursed serpent, over the snow and stones for a weary while, and slept like a cony in holes and crannies of the rocks, and had glorious fun, and borne great cold and hunger for hours and days, and at last seen the deer; and just as "*we*" were raising our breech-loader to bring down a stag, up our friend would have started and scared away the deer; and there as we two were alone in the fell with only an uncouth Norse Bonde for our guide, grim thoughts that killing a man at such provocation was no murder, would have crossed our minds, and we should hardly have withheld ourselves from discharging that ball through his stupid carcase; but we would have repented when we thought of his wife and children down at the sea-side, and reflected that after all the guide would have been witness against us; and as to conceal the dark deed of vengeance, it would be necessary to slay the guide too, the guiltless with the guilty, our hand would have been stayed, and we would have contented ourselves with sending him down from the Fjeld with the guide, and so stalked our game alone till nightfall, and yet never again seen the noble quarry.

All this he should have seen, and why not? Because between us and Copenhagen lies that ravaging German host, whose heart is set on robbing the King of Denmark of his own, and because we will not go to Denmark at all unless we can go by Hamburg, Kiel, and the Danish Islands, sailing over that lovely summer sea between chalk cliffs and tall beechen groves. We will not go thither at all, if we have to sail round the Skaw. No, we shake our clenched fists with a malison on the king and kaiser who have revived a hideous German Faustrecht in this our nineteenth century, and pass by on the other side.

And yet we will take him North after all. He shall go to Iceland. "To Iceland," says the easy-going man; "why should I go to Iceland, and how can I go to Iceland? I don't know the way." Why you should go to Iceland will be best answered when you come back full of the wonders of that island.

Reserve your reasons, and utter them with your raptures on your return. For the rest let me remark that so long as you are there you will never see a newspaper, never have a letter, and scarcely see bread. Think of that. No news, either public or private, and no indigestion, for that is the meaning of bakers' bread. If your shares fall in the city you will not care, for you will not know it; equally ignorant will you be and equally heedless of the death of your best friend. In Iceland you will realize and in Iceland alone the truth of the line—

“Where ignorance is bliss,” etc.,

and when with this is coupled want of bread, and therefore of new bread, and therefore of indigestion, you will see at once that Iceland is the true place for such a careworn, share-ridden, dyspeptic fellow as yourself. Cease therefore to ask, “Why should I go to Iceland?” “How shall I go?” is a wiser question. Five or six times in the year a steamer leaves Copenhagen for Iceland, calling at Grangemouth by the way. As you are no true Scot, you don't know where Grangemouth is. Lucky for you that you are not twenty years younger. If you were you would probably be competitively examined once a week for several years. In these examinations, Geography of the British Isles fills deservedly the first place, and any man who cannot write a good clear hand, as clear as ours for instance, does not know the latitude and longitude of Aberdeen, cannot solve satisfactorily that awful sum in Rule of Three known to the students of Walkington in days of yore as “Pigs of Lead,” and though last not least, cannot fill in the place of Grangemouth in a blank skeleton map—is “plucked,” or “spun,” or fails to pass without hope of mercy. But out of compassion, we will tell you that Grangemouth is a thriving town in Stirlingshire, on the Firth of Forth, close to the Carron Iron-Works, and at the mouth of the Forth and Clyde Canal. If after this explanation you are not enlightened as to your geographical darkness, you must go to Mr. “Wiseass,” or some other professor in that branch of learning, from us you shall learn nothing more.

Well to make a long story short, behold my friend and me at Euston Square, booked by the limited mail to Edinburgh, on what ought to be a mild summer night in July, but which as the year is supposed to be past we may abuse as one of the greatest impostures ever palmed off on the British public under the pretence of summer. On the platform lies our baggage, tents, packsaddles, and boxes, to hang on either side of a pony's back, equally weighted, for besides the want of bread so satisfactorily explained above, there are no roads or carriages in Iceland, and all travelling is there performed on horseback.

Food too of different kinds you must take with you, guns and rods, the means of getting food as well, for as the island is a good deal bigger than Ireland, is in a state of nature, and nature bountiful though she may be in other lands, only finds her guests in Iceland in hot and cold water, the said guests must shift for themselves in divers ways, and so have renewed opportunities of finding that change of scene which we are anxious to provide for our friend.

Now the train is off, and we get down to "Auld Reekie" without much to attract attention, except the wonderful selfishness of a well-known London banker, who snugly seated in a warm corner of the carriage, with his back to the engine, insists on having both windows open on this bitter night, when as we have said summer had set in with its usual severity. On the seat opposite to him sits a delicate lady, and it is with some difficulty, and not without one or two pointed observations, that we actually prevail on this son of Plutus to allow one window to be closed. Once too in the night, when all slept, he stealthily lets down the pane, but he was foiled by the sensitiveness of our friend who wakes up at the draught and indignantly draws up the window, while our banker pretends the sleep of innocence. In Edinburgh we have of course a warm welcome from our friends, buy ourselves Mackintoshes and long sea-boots, and so go on to Grangemouth where we find the good ship "Arcturus" awaiting us.

It always blows in Edinburgh. It has blown there ever since the boyhood of Sydney Smith, and we believe it always will blow there. What would be a mighty rushing wind elsewhere is but a gentle breeze under the Calton Hill. The wind too is generally Kingsley's "wind of God" from the east "airt." It blows north-east as we reach Edinburgh and so it blows as we depart. The trees in the Princes Street Gardens wave to and fro a fitful farewell to us as we glide by in the train. In Edinburgh we think nothing of the wind. At Grangemouth we look about us and see the little harbour fretted with pock-marks by the bitter blast, while far away beyond the narrow ribbon, woven out of the waters of the Grange Burn, the Carron, and the Canal, which winds towards the Forth, we see the Firth angry and gurly with the gusts which smite it on the face. This will be no cheerful night beyond the Isle of May, but the brave Captain Andresen has his steam up, and as the sun sets we steam softly down to the Firth. This way of going to sea out of a tiny river is most insidious. It is something like sea-bathing, only there you can draw back your foot, here you cannot. Once off you must stand by the ship so long as she stands by you. First you crawl along by help of

warp and hawser, that is like just feeling the water with one foot; then a little further on you meet your first wave, that is when you have got knee-deep. Further on you feel as though you were on a swing, only you know you are in a ship, that is when the water is breast-high. Last comes a pitch followed by a roll, the screw thumps, the ship's sides creak and groan, the crockery rattles, basons get adrift in berths. It is all over, you are out of your depth. "Steward, Steward, Humane Society, to the rescue, bring the drags, a fire-escape, brandy and water, anything, only let me get on shore!" Such will be the ejaculations of our friend in about six hours, if the captain with this north-easter right in his teeth does not anchor at Inchkeith or under the May for the night. As for ourselves we are old sailors, we have been everywhere, traversed vast oceans, been sorely tossed on mighty inland seas, been in headlong tideways. Were we liars we should add that we had sculled ourselves through Corryvreccan in a Thames wagerboat; but we are not liars, and only assert that we have been everywhere in all weathers, in every kind of craft, and since we were sucklings never either sea-sick or land-sick. For us then the reader need have no sympathy on this wild night; we have our supper, take our toddy, make friends with our fellow-passengers, such as cared to show, and having out-talked and out-drunk even a Glasgow Bailie, who never rises from his liquor under seven tumblers, we turn in and are asleep in a moment. Towards dawn we are aroused by some inarticulate outpourings of our friend whose time has come. But what has come over the ship? she is straining and pulling like a greyhound in a leash, evidently making great efforts to get on and yet not moving. "Are we ashore?" groans our friend, who would give a handful of those shares in the city if he could follow the ship's example, and set his forefoot on dry-land. "Not ashore, but at anchor till the tide turns and day breaks," and we recommend all who have never tried the sensation to do so, and then tell us if they like it. It feels like toiling up stairs, and then suddenly tumbling down backwards, the bumps and thumps which your head and elbows get from the ends and sides of your berth complete the illusion. Perhaps, too, it is like the sensation of being buried alive, and then having your body snatched and thrust into a cart without springs, and hurried off along a very rutty ill-paved road to a medical school—we say perhaps, because we have never been buried alive, and never dissected, but we have been in a coffin, for are not all berths on board ship coffins? and reader, when you are sea-sick, do you not look like a corpse, and do not the steward and the stewardess look like body-snatchers, watching for the moment of dissolution to strip your corpse and cast it overboard? That was our friend's feeling; as

for us we rose as usual, descended from the narrow lair, which with the forethought of an old sailor we had chosen over his aching head, and with the hunger of a lion refreshed by sleep, strode on deck, crying out for coffee. Before it comes we see at once where we are, what sailors call snug under the lee of the Isle of May, but tossing like a cork in the swell which reaches us even there. On the northern side of the Firth lie the North Carrs showing their ugly reef above the waves, the resting-place of many a good ship. Far away on the south side are the Bass and Tantallon, and all the pleasant homes in East Lothian, where our friends are warm asleep in their beds, while we are the sport of winds and waves. Just as we get our coffee the tide turned, and the captain gets up his anchor and is off. But it is slow work in such a sea and wind, and so we creep along till in the afternoon we are off Aberdeen, and at sunset lie-to off Peterhead. Here the Bailie and a geologist of our party have a warm dispute as to the formation of trap, the one declaring it to be igneous rock protruded by fire, the other aqueous bubbling up like starch from the bottom of the sea. Bless that Bailie's lungs and head. We never met his like for wind and whisky. At midnight as the gale freshens our bold captain will stand it no longer, and resolves to push on. "No good waiting till perhaps it gets worse." All this time, mind you, our friend, for whose especial pleasure we have undertaken this journey, and who was such a good sailor on land, lies like an alligator in a pool without uttering anything save now and then a short grunt. In the steward's tongue, which is strangely monosyllabic and occasionally pictorial, every grunt means brandy and water and a biscuit, and so he keeps body and soul together. Again we have a jolly night with the Bailie and one or two Icelanders whose *ilia* are as hard as those of Virgil's reapers. Again we turn in in peace and charity with all men. We forgive our debtors and wish our creditors would forgive us. We sleep, nay, perhaps we snore, but as no one ever believes that he snores, and no man ever heard himself snore, how can we be sure of that fact? Next morning we are off the Orkneys, and are still more tossed from the swell that rushes with the flood-tide through the Pentland Firth. On and on we crawl the livelong day, and at sunset are off North Ronaldshay just in time to see Robert Stevenson's lighthouse lit, and to mark the ugly reefs which fringe that perilous isle. Now we are in the open Atlantic with nothing on the western board between us and Spain or America. The wind is still northerly, inclined to Nor-Nor-West, about the worst we can have. Again we are tossed and buffeted by the waves, but the ship is a famous sea-boat. Why are all famous sea-boats slow sailers? We

make all speed and crawl along like a tortoise for Faroe. On our way we sight the Fairisle and Foula, an outlier of Shetland, which looks like a great back-tooth with its triple fangs turned upside down. "We have forgotten our friend?" Nothing of the kind. How can we forget one for whom we have come all this way? Sooner would we forget ourselves. But what can we do for him? Can we turn ourselves into a dolphin and swim back with him? If we could he is no Arion, and besides he is so weak that he would slip off and we should be guilty of aiding and abetting in a murder before the fact. Can we bring back his appetite? Can we force him to swallow pease-soup, boiled mutton, or roast pork? Alas! he is beyond all these dainties. Shall we address him as the consoling mate did another passenger, "Well, sir, if you are going to die, pray make your will before you go, and don't forget your friends!" Shall we tell him, as an Icelander did another passenger in like case, who had looked over the side shortly after swallowing a glass of rum, "Now you will know that rum is a bad thing for sea-sickness." No! we did none of these things. We neither tried to feed him with pork nor to console him, for in sea-sickness the heart knoweth its own bitterness and hugs a secret sorrow of its own. Give a sea-sick man a hard biscuit, a little brandy and water every now and then, and then leave him like a vestal virgin who has forgotten herself alone in his vault, and above all things, if you have coaxed him into coming to sea with you, keep out of the glance of his angry eye, and the reach of his nerveless arm, lest the mere sight of you should revive him and he should pluck up strength to hurl his glass of brandy and water or his ship-biscuit at your head and brain you, if you have any brains, on the spot. So, for divers good reasons and not from any hard-heartedness or want of friendship, we leave our friend to himself and make ourselves as happy as we can.

"At length the wished-for morrow." Land! the Faroe is in sight on the morning of the fourth day. In a few hours we shall be at Thorshaven. Ho! every man of you bestir yourselves. Ye that shave, clutch your razors. Ye men that do not, wash and sponge your beards, laugh and be merry, for we shall soon be in smooth water and shall have some hours for a ramble on shore to stretch our cramped legs. When we first broach the landing to our sea-sick friend, he is still in the alligatorial state. Short growls issue rapidly from his manly chest, which we interpret to mean, "wretch that hast dragged me thus far, and starved me on the billows for three days and nights, who hast parted a happy father from the wife of his bosom and his hopeful babes, and brought him to death's

door, begone from my sight!" The effort, though inarticulate, is too much for him, he rolls over on his side, and the last we hear of him is "stew—bas—." At those syllables of power we turn and flee. We would sooner go into a den with Mr. Wombwell's lions any day, than face a man about to be sea-sick.

But after the space of two hours we returned. By this time the water is much smoother; we are under the lee of some of the outlying islands; we can see the gray trap rocks flecked and striped with green; we can count the sheep on the hills which gave and give their name to this group of islands; strange sea-birds flock about us, and dive and redive in the waves; boats, many boats are about us, manned by the hardy islanders, clad in their homespun russet wadmal. The sun shines bright, small birds fly on board to greet us; no time is to be lost, our friend must rise, have breakfast, and land. Talk of miracles being over! If a man goes to sea he will see many miracles. We left our friend at the last gasp, and had we been Mother Hubbard and he been our dog, and both of us on land, we should have gone straight to the undertaker's to get him a coffin. But like that venerable dame, our ears are amazed on nearing his berth, to hear him laughing loudly with the steward. Yes! peals of downright hearty laughter come from that cabin, and there we find our friend half-dressed, sitting on his port-manteau eating a beefsteak, and joking with the steward. Such healing power is there in smooth seas and land breezes, and in rude health and a good heart. We feel inclined to ask him if it is not worth suffering so much, merely for the intense joy of eating a raw beefsteak on your own box after three days' fasting. But we refrain, and only moralize. Such is life, a series of contrasts, and pleasure for the most part the mere cessation of pain.

The sufferer has hardly time to dress before the harbour of Thorshaven is gained, the cable rattles merrily through the hause-hole, and here we are landfast in Faroe. Now we land in one of the famous Faroe boats manned by twelve stout oars. The steamer lies about the eighth of a mile off the town of Thorshaven, the water is deep right up to the edge of the rocks which form the ironbound coast. "Have a care as you step on shore." Too late, down goes our friend, the nails in his shooting-shoes glide over the slippery stone, fat with the grease of many a monster of the deep. A friendly hand plucks him at the very brink of the water, and keeps him upright, but for a week or two his knees will bear witness to the "sasine" he has taken of Faroe earth. So on we go through the streets of Thorshaven, which is said by very complimentary people to be built like Edinburgh. So let Edina be

generous and admit that there is some likeness, that the "Castra Puellarum" is as like the "Portus Thori," as any village is like any town. There are pretty girls too in both, in that they are like, and there is fish in both the "Maidens' Castle" and "Thorshaven," and there is the sea close to one and not far off the other, and there are strong hands and warm hearts in both, and strangers are welcome to the best the land affords in both; but in other respects let Thor be gallant, and yield as a fine old god and gentleman ought to the ladies, and confess that his haven is not quite such a city as Edinburgh. This town in fact is built round the rocks which gird the haven, in the hollow eaten by the waves in the Trap formation, and not only round but up and down in a strange fashion; the streets are narrow and the houses mostly of wood; all about the place are joints of whale hung up to dry, for that mammal's flesh ekes out many a meal in Faroe. Fish and whale and mutton, mutton, whale and fish, scale and skin and skin and scale. "So runs the round of life from hour to hour" in Faroe. But let us get on. We have friends in Thorshaven, for have we not friends everywhere, and they soon shake us heartily by the hand, and in one of these wooden houses we are soon as comfortable as we should be in any home in Scotland. We tell the news and we hear the news. We tell how the German Powers still pursue their aggression against Denmark, whose own the Faroes are, and as we tell, a blush steals over even our bronzed faces to think that England has said so much and done so little in this quarrel. We hear in return that the fishing has been good, the sea calm, and dog-fish few. "What of whales?" "Well, not so good. Some stragglers have been caught, and once or twice a great school was just about to be embayed in one of the firths, but somehow or other they were scared away." "Ah!" sighs the old schoolmaster, who ought to have known better, and who may thank his stars that he is not under the tender mercies of Mr. Lingen. "When I was young the whales came much oftener. Three, four, ten times in the year they ran in in great schools four or five hundred at a time. Those were the days, but now, ever since we have had Free Trade these last ten years, they scarcely ever come. We hardly get two hundred in a year." No doubt there is "Protection" even in the paths of the sea, and your whale, a true Conservative, who was driven from dry land by the repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws by the Liberal party among the Giants before the Flood, still instinctively shuns the shores where trade is free. That is why we hear of him so seldom on the British shores, and that is why he shows his jolly bottlenose less and less often in Faroe. It may be too that finding himself killed and

eaten whenever he pays the Faroers a visit, it may just begin to dawn on his antediluvian brain that even in Faroe there is no protection to cetacean industry, and so he makes himself scarce for other reasons besides Free Trade. Let the old school-master think of this.

After a hearty breakfast we set out for a walk across the hill to Kirkeby, where stands the great architectural lion of Faroe, a stone church, which was never finished, because the Faroers, having been content for centuries with wooden churches, only made up their minds to build a stone one just before the Reformation. When Lutheranism came the works were stopped, and so it remains a ruin. But a far pleasanter sight than a ruined church is the happy homestead of Kirkeby, where everything is, as the Danes say, "Reent og peent," "trim and tidy." Many a British farmer might do well to copy this neat house nestled under the hill at the water's edge. Within everything is clean and bright, without the byre is full of kine, and the flocks whiten the green hills; hard by are a field or two of barley whitening to harvest, and this Bonde may brew his own beer if he likes. Having seen the house and been feasted we turn to walk back, and our friend, full of mutton, fish, and cream, declares he never has been so happy in his life. As we mount the ridge of the hill between us and Thorshaven, and look down to the sea on the other side, we catch sight of the steamer, and our friend's jaw drops. We walk on admiring the tameness of the curlew and golden plover whose fondness for their still callow brood makes them bold to face man. After a while our comrade steals to our side, and whispers: "My dear fellow, why should we go on to Iceland, why not stay here till the steamer returns in a fortnight, and so go back home?" Now we are easy in our ways, nothing ever ruffles our temper. Give us tobacco, and let us smoke as often as we please even in first-class carriages, and you may do anything with us; talk of leading a lamb by a silken string, or an ass by a bundle of hay, we would follow you to the world's end if you hold out a box of good cigars before us and let us help ourselves. We have lots of cigars and so has our friend. We are strong and happy, and it pities us as we think of him in his alligatorial state. Besides it is his loss if we do not go to Iceland. Thither we have already been more than once. We have seen the Geysers, climbed Heckla, forded the Markarfljót, in Njál's country, and Hvítá in the Borgarfirth, ridden across Sprengisand or Chokejade, the first of Britons, in less time than that feat has ever taken, been on the Myrdals Jokul, threaded the recesses of Surtshellir, camped out for weeks and months, and had the finest weather. It is our friend's concern if he

feels qualms at the thought of these rolling "Spanish waves," that great westerly swell which he is sure to meet between Faroe and Iceland. Besides we think how a faint heart is always punished, and feel sure our friend will smart for it before our journey is over. We give in therefore, and reach Thorshaven just in time to get our baggage set on shore.

Worthy Sysselmand, how shall we ever repay thee for thy kindness to us? Even now we see thee before us, in thy photograph taken in thy dark jacket with silver buttons, thy tight-fitting hose and shoe-strings crossed high up over the ankle. Member of the Danish Rigsdag, the king's sheriff in Faroe, a man of the simplest manners and most varied knowledge and intelligence, great in whalelore and fowllore, strong in deep-sea fishing, a great gatherer of strange over-sea waifs, a man who if he had a chance would catch the Great Auk himself and bring him home alive, who knows all the gulls and their eggs, and has often been over the cliffs on the "rope" to take them. He it is who gives us shelter and who finds us amusement. Hear him tell of the dangers of the fowler in Faroe. "Puffins and guillemots, those are the best birds in Faroe. They give life and they take it; many are fed by them, and by them many have lost life and limb. As for the guillemots some folk call them stupid, and so they are in some things, but in others they are wise enough. One would think now, that breeding as they do all along the ledges of the steep cliffs, thousands of them together without a nest, that no guillemot could know its own egg, and yet in 1859 I saw how they know their eggs and love them too. Then I saw two of them fighting, and in the scuffle one pushed the other's egg and it began to roll down the steep ledge. In a moment it would have slipped over into the sea, but all at once the fight was stayed, and the guillemot to whom the egg belonged shuffled along till it got before it, stayed it with its long bill, and then rolled it up again to its old place. What makes it come on land to breed year after year to a day? and what makes the cock and hen take the young guillemot between them, each holding the tip of its wing in their beak, if the cliff be not steep enough for it to plunge right down into the water? On the 29th of July, St. Olaf's Mass, all the guillemots are gone south, and we see nothing more of them as a body till Paul's mass, the 29th of January. What we take them for? For their flesh and feathers; the flesh is good enough, and what we cannot eat fresh we salt. We catch about 55,000 guillemots in a year, and they yield about fifteen or sixteen hundredweight of feathers. How we take them? In three or four ways. Sometimes four men will go in a boat under the cliffs, where the young birds who have not yet begun to breed sit on the lower ledges, and

then with nets at the end of long poles, two of the crew catch the birds either as they sit or as they fly past. If they are too high to reach with the poles, we frighten them up and catch them as they fly as they always do for the water; but then the boat must not be too near to the cliffs, for your guillemot is a heavy bird as he gets on the wing, and he makes a bow as he comes down on the water; but that is a wasteful way, for the guillemot gets scared away from his breeding place by the noise you make, and besides in his fright he sets the eggs rolling and they are broken. The most common way is the most dangerous, that is what we call *figling*; we don't set about it till the young guillemots are hatched, say about the middle of June. Then we go into the guillemot's own kingdom, and catch him at his roost. Sometimes we attack him from above, sometimes from below. From above we get at him by a rope often more than 100 fathoms long, and about two inches and a half thick. The fowler is bound to it by bands, which go down both thighs, and by shoulder-straps, which keep the rope fast to his chest, so that the cragsman sits as comfortably as though he were in an arm-chair, and has his feet and hands free. There are two things which disgrace a good fowler; *first*, he must never clutch the rope with his hands; *2dly*, he must so use his legs that his back never turns to the face of the cliff. Five men are enough to hold and mind the rope above, and one watches the fowler's signals if he wishes to be let down lower or drawn higher up. There is little fear for a man on the rope, except from stones falling down on him from above, but a good cragsman will take care to send down all the loose stones as he goes; the rope itself is made fast to a stake above, if there is room or earth enough to drive it in. If not, the ablest man sits down with the end of the rope round his loins. If the edge of the rock is round and smooth, the rope runs over it nicely. If it be rough and jagged, rollers of wood are used. Sometimes the cliffs are so high that 100 fathoms, 600 feet, of rope are not enough, so the fowler is lowered down to a landing-place in the cliffs, and then another rope is made fast by a batch of men who have themselves been let down for the purpose, and he goes to his work by stages. Are they ever afraid? Well! boys are afraid sometimes. They send the lads of twelve or fourteen years to places where men can't get at the eggs, for we take the eggs too. They are lighter on the rope, and cleverer in climbing. The boy likes it well enough till the time comes for him to go over the 'edge' for the first time, and then his heart fails him, and it takes a good deal to make him go over the cliff, but go he must, as his father before him. As soon as he is landed all goes well, for there is really no danger. It is a strange feeling, no-

thing more ; facing you is the steep bare rock, the blue sky above you, and below you the still bluer tumbling sea, between the two you swing to and fro like a pendulum. But I never heard of a man losing either his head or heart on the rope. When he comes to a ledge where the guillemots breed he unbinds himself from the rope, keeping his slings on his thighs and shoulders, but he must take care to tie the end of the rope fast near him, for the cliff often trends in, and if the end of the rope flies away from you, you would be in a great scrape as a man once was whom I knew. He had gone down alone on the rope, and was careless enough to let the rope slip away after he had got off it. It flew away farther than he could reach by a foot or two, and there he was left on the ledge. But his heart was good,—he sprung out, caught the line both with his hands and feet, and so clung to it till he was drawn up.

“ As soon as the fowler is free from the rope he sets to work. In the spring the birds are wild and shy, they do not sit tamely on the ledges as they do in the breeding-time, but get into holes and clefts and crannies. The fowler must then creep along the ledge to the holes, and catch the birds as they fly out in the net on the end of his pole. When it is full he draws it to him, kills the birds, and binds them by the bills in pairs which he hangs on the rope. In the breeding-time the birds are much tamer, then they sit on the ledges in thousands, and as a rule they do not stir except just about where he is busy with his net. So he begins at one end and goes all along the ledge. By the time he has got to the one end the birds have settled down again at the other, and so he goes backwards and forwards till the ledge is cleared. If the ledge has not been visited for years the birds may be taken in the hand, they are not the least shy, and hop upon his back as soon as he sits down. A wise fowler will not take more old birds off a ledge than he leaves young ones. He must beware too of taking too many from the middle of the ledge, for if the birds are killed out in any one part they will not breed just there again, even though they be crowded at each end. Above all things the ledge must not be stained with blood for that frightens guillemots more than anything else. A handy fowler will ‘*figla*’ a thousand guillemots in a day, and he can carry up about a hundred with him at a time, but it must be a good rope that will bear many more. If there are too many to be got up by the rope, they must be thrown over the cliff and picked up in boats, but that is not so good for the feathers.

“ But sometimes the birds breed on ‘Drongs’ and Needles, on those sharp rocks that stand out of the sea. Then the fowler cannot get at the birds from above, but must climb up to them.

This is the most dangerous work of all. Then we go in pairs. The lowest down helps and pushes the uppermost on by aid of his fowling-pole, in which is an iron crook which catches him by the waistband; all the while the uppermost makes the most of his hands and feet. When the foremost has come to a resting-place or breeding-place, he lowers down a short rope to his comrade, and so he too is drawn up; going down they slide down the rope which is made fast by a noose to a stone or rock, but it is very ticklish work for the last man, who must so fasten the rope that it will slip off the fastening by a jerk. I knew a man who finding the rope would not yield climbed up again, and fastened it less strongly, for he said he could not afford to lose the rope, though if it had slipped while he was going down he must have lost his life. Worst of all is passing from ledge to ledge sideways, then one fowler sits and holds the rope while the other climbs and crawls along. If the climber slips the other must be ready to pull him back, but I have known cases where both were dragged over the cliff and killed. Once too two men whom I knew went up a Drong with only their fowling poles. By ill-luck one dropped his pole into the sea. It seemed hopeless to get down without it. 'Thou hast wife and children,' said the younger who was unmarried. 'None will weep for me at home, take my pole, may be the Lord will help me down without one.' And the Lord helped them both.

"But the bird of birds after all in Faroe is the Puffin, *Fratercula Arctica*. We take about 235,000 of them in a year. He comes to us about Lady-day, but is not common till our first summer day, the 14th of April. As soon as they come they set to work clearing the holes among the long soft grass in which they love to breed, of earth and stones which the winter rain has washed into them. If the hole is not water-tight the Puffin digs it deeper, if in digging he meets a stone he gives up the work and digs another. In this hole on a sort of nest of dry grass the puffin lays her single egg. We find the young first about the end of May. The cocks and hens sit on the egg by turns, and as soon as the young are hatched the old birds feed them with sand-eels, *Ammodytes*. Our fowlers say that a puffin will fly back to the nest with fifty sand-eels in his beak at once, and I once scared one 'eel-bearer,' as we call the old bird when so employed, and he let fall eighteen sand-eels which I found besides many more which I could not find. He is a strange sight the puffin with all these wriggling eels close packed in his big beak, hanging down on each side like a beard. I'm sure I can't tell how he manages to keep so many fish in his beak and still catch more, but the sand-eels swim in shoals, and as soon as he sees a shoal down he goes and always comes up with his beak full. I suppose he

holds them against his upper mandible with his great tongue, for he is not like the cormorant or scarf who has such a mite of a tongue that some think he has none at all, and so when a child is noisy we frighten it by asking, 'Qvuj veår Skarvur tunguleisur?' Why is the skarf tongueless? and then go on with the answer, 'Tuj han seje Ravenum fra qveår Eðvan atti.' 'Because he told the raven where the eider-duck's nest was.' But to come back to the puffin, while he holds the fish tight against the upper mandible with his tongue, he swims along gaping and catches more and more. But anyway he seems never to miss his prey, and comes back again and again to his nest with his mouth full. A strange thing about them is that they are often found ever so many in a hole, and it is true that if there be eight puffins in a hole and seven are taken, the eighth will sit on the egg and hatch it. This looks as if the puffin was not so clever as the guillemot. We begin to catch them with nets on the wing much in the same way as the young guillemots. The 'eelbearers' or breeding birds we always spare. But till the breeding-time is past we have work enough with the last year's birds who have not begun to breed. It is hard work and skilled work, for if you hold your net in a puffin's way on the wing he will go through it like a shot. This is how we catch them: the fowler takes his seat on the edge of a cliff past which the puffins fly, and then when there is a good breeze along the shore the puffin goes out for his fly about 10 or 11 A.M., and flies till 3 or 4 P.M., and then he takes a rest on the sea. If the day is very good he will fly an hour or two more in the evening, but between the hours named he flies like clockwork round and round. First a little along the shore, and then out a little, and so back. There are such clouds of them that they darken the sun. At one of these favourite spots the fowler takes his seat, and as the puffin passes him he gives his pole a twist up from below and catches the bird in the net from behind. It needs great strength and skill to do this well, and your arm feels very tired the day after, but while the sport lasts it is great fun. A good hand will catch in this way nine hundred puffins in a day. After the work is over, the fowler binds his birds together, and a hundred are thought a good load for a man, and so they are, for the path is often over spots where a man can scarce pass with no load at all.

"But often the puffin breeds on grassy slopes half way down our cliffs, and then we have to use the rope to get at him, just like the guillemot, only these slope-swards are often so large, that it takes more than a day to work them out. Sometimes more than a week. So puffin-catching is more of a business than guillemot-catching. The weather we hope will be good, for there are no roofs to shelter us down there, nay, the ground

when we are there is often so steep that one must tie one's-self at night to a stone, lest one should turn in one's sleep and roll over. Fuel and fire, meat and drink, we carry with us. Now we are well down over "the edge," and have gained our footing; it is delightful. The long soft grass, the boundless sea, the white surf, the fishing-boats far away, the guillemots¹ and tysties² sitting like dolls along the ledges, and though last not least, the puffin standing at the mouth of his hole."—We break in on the story to say that the puffin looks like a respectable butler at his master's door, in a black coat and white waistcoat, with a Roman nose red at the tip with many a bottle of port, but the Sysselmand heeds us not and goes on.—"So we set to work with our poles and nets, and soon have each a goodly pile. In a day or two boats come below to carry off the spoil which we bind in bundles, and throw down to them; we hear news from home, and throw along with the birds many a stalk of angelica (*Qvanner*) for friends at home. Up above our wives and friends come to the edge day by day to see that we are all safe, and count us. If the cliff be not too high, they can hear us shout to them that we are all well, but we seldom can hear their voices, for sound travels better up than down. But so long as we are on the cliff it is always a weary time at home till we come back. A little while ago I was by when the men were let down 600 feet to a 'puffin-land' which was a thousand feet above the sea. No one had been down for thirty years, for the 'land' had a bad name, and the last man who went down had his brains dashed out by a falling stone. At the 'edge' the sight was touching. Each man was kissed and blessed as he was made fast to the rope, and an old man of seventy-five had walked five miles to the 'edge,' that he might sit by the rope and guide it as it was lowered. On the rope was his only son, and as he saw him glide down out of sight, the father threw himself flat on his face and burst into tears.

"About the middle of August the puffin goes away with his wife and bairns, and we never see one of them again till the end of March. In this he differs from the guillemot, for some of them late birds and stragglers stay the whole year through, but from the puffin we have a saw of a man one seldom sees. 'We see no more of him than we do of a puffin at Yule.' The puffin has other foes besides man. The raven, that thief, is worst of all, and then the great skua gull. But the puffin knows how to hold his own with his strong beak, and sometimes he catches the raven by the throat when he looks into his hole after his eggs. What the puffin once holds he clings to, and this the raven soon knows. Now it is his turn to cry out, but the puffin never

¹ *Uria troile.*² *Uria grylle.*

leaves him till they both fall into the sea. There the puffin is at home, and the raven pays for his thefts with his life. But it takes much to kill a raven, he is a long-lived carle. We say here, one horse outlives three dogs, one man three horses, one crow three men, but one raven *seven* crows."

Thus did the worthy Sysselmand discourse for hours, eloquent on birds and bird-catching. We are great naturalists, and had we not been Jack-of-all-trades and master of none, we would have settled down for life on birds. But we are as we are, and happy as we are. We therefore can listen for hours to these strains in praise of puffin and guillemot, and could have been content to hear more about gannet and skarf. We can shed tears for the loss of that dear old Great Auk, the *Geirfugl* of the Icelanders and *Gorfuglir* of the Faroers. Extinct now it seems for the last ten or twenty years, burnt out the last of his race it is said by a submarine eruption near the "Mealsack," off Cape Reykjanes in the south of Iceland, and we quite sympathize with those ardent naturalists who offer a thousand pounds for him dead or alive, and a hundred for each of his eggs. But alas! like the Dodo, he is dead and gone, and you shall hardly find him except perhaps on some of the skerries on the east of Greenland. He was consumptive not only of fish, but of chest, for he does not seem to have gone very far north. In the north of Iceland he was not known, though common enough in the south thirty years ago. But peace be to his bones! His nest knows him no more, and the waves and winds sing his requiem. This for ourselves, but our friend is not so tolerant, he is fast relapsing into the alligatorial state. Willy Winkie steals over him, and shuts one eye up as soon as he opens its fellow. Besides, the Sysselmand is a busy man, now here, now there, flitting about like a petrel over these stormy isles, which for the sake of the reader about to be competitively examined, we may say are over thirty in number, about twenty being inhabited; they extend from north-west to south-east some seventy miles, and are in shape like a ray or hammer-headed shark, putting a bluff bold front of forty-five miles broad, sliced and cut by many channels, to the north-west, and tapering away to the fish's tail, which is represented on the map by the "Monk" rock at the end of Suderö or the south island. We go to bed early therefore and rise early; we have our coffee, admire the genial Sysselmand's museum, buy some birds' eggs for friends who collect them in England. For ourselves we collect everything but eggs and money. The first are too brittle to keep, and the last flies away from us as soon as we make it, our purse having got a hole at the end of it. In the forenoon we go over to Nolsö, Needle-isle, which lies

opposite to Thorshaven and helps to form the harbour, and see the famous cave and arch which gives the island its name, and gather stilbites and zeolites and other minerals, but on the whole we are not very fond either of caves or of mines. Once a big piece of rock fell down and nearly swamped our boat when we were seal-shooting in a cave in Orkney, and once again we were in life-risk in Shetland when a great Atlantic roller came in with the ground-swell, and so filled the cave, which was luckily very long and lofty, that our boat was hurried to the far end of the antre, and our scalps were nearly ground along the rugged roof. Need we say that we dislike all caves after such chances, all except that delightful cockney Fingal's cave in Staffa. So too do we as a rule detest mines, the exception being the Saltmines at Hallein. Pleasant work no doubt it is to descend ladder after ladder for hours, scarcely able to breathe for the fumes of lighted torches, which have a tendency to go out. We speak of Swedish mines. In England they may be better lighted, clean swept and garnished. Every now and then the miner makes a little explosion just for fun, which fills the air, or what is called air, with a sulphurous reek, and so you go on for hours half-choked and dripping with the water which always trickles down on you in the best-drained mine; at last, you rub your nose, cold as a dog's, up against something colder still, that is the foot or tail or nose of the mine, beyond which the shaft has not yet pierced, and for all this, what have you seen? Nothing, absolutely nothing. All you have to do is to retrace your steps up those everlasting ladders, and when you get to what is called "bank" you feel as though you had just come off the treadmill after a week's hard labour. No! we say with Sheridan, "Say you have been down a mine if you like, but never be fool enough to go down one." But though there are caves there are no mines in Faroe, in which happy state we hope these mineless isles will remain so far as we are concerned. In the evening we shall dine of course with the Governor, whom we shall find a most delightful man, and his wife a most charming woman. We will tell them English and Danish news, and with a fresh blush "own that Denmark has all our sympathy, and that she must not stand alone—only we don't mean to fight for her or do anything for her, except give her that drug in the diplomatic market, the bitter root called 'good advice.'" After dinner (one dines at four o'clock in Faroe) the protectionist schoolmaster—who put forth that heresy about whales and free trade which we heartily recommend to the attention of Messrs. Coldden and Bright—and some others, get up Faroe dances and songs for us, the dance a strange thread-my-needle sort of measure, and the melody a low wailing minor.

The dancers are all men and the stamping and dust great, but it is a hearty, genuine sort of thing, and wonderfully refreshing after London ball-rooms in June. As we have walked and rowed and eaten and drunk, and shaken hands and talked and laughed ever since early dawn, we go to bed betimes. As for night, in Faroe in July there is "no true night." We borrow this phrase from what the British Almanacs mysteriously say in June, when we have often observed that the nights are not at all complimentary to the compiler of the Almanac or obedient to the Almanac itself; so far from there being no true nights then, they are often as dark as pitch. But in Faroe the night is modest and retiring about the summer solstice, and for weeks and weeks scarcely shows her gloomy face.

In bed we hear our friend who has enjoyed himself immensely, and whose wind has greatly improved with the slackening of his waistband, snoring like a grampus. What a frightful thing snoring would be if you did not know what it was! What a grand idea that in the Norse mythology to make the great god Thor and his mates lie awake all night in the thumb of Skrymir the huge giant's glove, listening and trembling in their shoes at the sound of his snoring which shook the ground like an earthquake. We only wish all our readers were members of the Minerva Club in London, not that they might eat the Club out of house and home, and rob the old members of their newspapers and easy-chairs, but just that they might listen to some of its choice snorers. Why! there is one great naturalist there, Professor Snuffler, whose snoring when he was on that famous expedition of the Alpine Club to Iceland, when it so fully and thoroughly explored and mapped out the unknown land of the Vatna Jokull, brought down on the whole party at the dead of night as they lay warm in their tent a bull of the old Norse breed. Some of the company awoke in fright at the stamping and roaring of the bull at the tent, which he took for another bull as savage as himself, and with which he would do mortal combat. Luckily the cords of the tent were in his way or his horns would have been speedily embedded in the Professor's ample paunch. The beast got entangled and tripped himself up but lay still roaring and roaring. All this time the professor lay on his back and snored and snored. Waking him was out of the question. At last, one of the party thinking the bull's bellowing more unbearable than the professor's snoring, took a lantern, and opening the mouth of the tent turned the bull's eye full on the eye of the bull, who rose and retreated at the dreadful apparition. Next morning the Professor knew nothing of the hideous uproar, and his danger was only brought home to him with his breeches

which he had hung up on a rail hard by to dry. They were found pierced and torn with sundry holes. The angry bull as he went off had thus showed his sense of his rival's cowardice by wreaking his wrath on his unoffending garments. No doubt he meant to say in the Bull language—

“Go, hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.”

Yes! in the Minerva Club snore the Professor and many more. As fish rise to breathe, so these members come to the Club to snore. Sometimes they combine incendiarism with riot, and have been known to set the Club on fire. “On fire?” Yes, literally on fire, not figuratively by their obstinacy and overbearing ways to each other, as when an entomologist great in gnats scowls and scolds at another who is only big in bugs, or when an ichthyologist or a pisciculturist who thinks the finest sight on earth is a salmon in the cold-blooded operation of depositing his spawn, turns his back on a layman who thinks that whales and porpoises lay eggs, and asks where they go to spawn. Oh, naturalists, be patient and brotherly-minded one to another. It is not every man, still less every woman, that knows the meaning of “mammal,” for though most good mothers suckle their young, some do not, and if they do, they may not know that a whale is a nurse and a sister; or if they do, they may know what perhaps you do not, that there is fashion even in the depths of the sea, and that your “right whale,” one who moves in the best waters beyond that Gulf Stream which no vulgar whale dare cross and live, always has a bottlenose whale, a sort of Irish whale, for a wet-nurse. This much we know, and when we know whether these whales are so good and virtuous that they will only let their little ones be suckled by married bottlenoses we will let you know. Meantime be content with what we tell you. But these whales and wet-nurses have put us all at sea with our club snorers and incendiaries. Yes! on our solemn word as reviewers, and therefore truth-tellers, one of our snorers last winter having ensconced himself in an arm-chair after dinner, under the usual pretext of reading the *Herald*, fell asleep, whether it were from the heaviness of his dinner or of the paper. In a few seconds he dropped it, and it fell naturally by its own weight. A corner of it touched the flame of the candle on the table, and in a moment it was in a light, but such a paper is slow to burn, and so our snorer slept on and snored on, to the great danger of the Club and himself. But observe now the use and good of snoring; there is good in everything, even in rats and black-beetles we believe, though we should be glad if any one would tell us. So of snoring, most men would say it was a downright bore, but in

this case it was as good or better than a Fire Escape, for as the slow flame rose with difficulty over the sluggish material, our snorer snored yet more loudly and triumphantly, and at last the waiter, whom the Club keeps mercifully to look after its snorers, getting frightened lest this should be a case of Club apoplexy, followed speedily by stertorous breathing, coma, and death, rushed in, put him out, and so both the member and the Club were saved.

Such thoughts pass through our brain as we lie awake in Thorshaven listening to our friend, who is not the Club snorer whose feats he recalls so painfully. We wish that here too there were a waiter to put him out—of doors, and restore sleep to our eyelids, but in vain. He snores and snores, and at last we fall asleep from sheer fatigue. In the morning we find that the indefatigable Sysselmand has planned a boat excursion for us among the islands. The weather is wonderfully fine, there is little wind, and the tides just now are not very strong. In the morning there is a little mist, but the sun scatters it at an early hour, and we have none of that thick fog which so often shrouds the islands for days, and renders boating anything but pleasant work. The boats are famous both for speed and safety, something like our best British gigs, but built after the Norwegian fashion, high up at stem and stern, and broad enough to be rowed by two men on each thwart. They will live in almost any sea. It is delightful to sit in the stern of one of these craft, and be swept along the sounds and firths between Stromö and Auströ and Swinö by twelve powerful oars. As they give way the stroke chants some ballad of the deeds of Sigurd Fafnisbane, the Siegfried of the *Nibelungenlied*, or of Sigmund Brestisson the peerless champion of the Faroes in the tenth century, who was done to death by the misdeeds of his wily kinsman Thrand of Gata in Auströ. The Faroes are picturesque from every point of view, and an artist might spend the summer months there to some purpose. It is lovely on a fine day to stand on Kirkeby Rein, the hill between Thorshaven and Kirkeby, and look west towards Hestr and Koltr, and away up the firths towards Trodlhoffdi "the Goblin's Head," and Myggences or Midge-ness; lovelier still is it to run up these firths and see their scarped sides and terraces all alive with birds, and the green upland slopes white with flocks of sheep. The outlet into the West Atlantic at Myggences is magnificent, for there are cliffs and needles before which even the famous "Drongs" in North Mavin in Shetland must hide their diminished heads. There is nothing in Foula or the Fair Isle to match with Faroe in this respect. But loveliest of all is it to run down on Faroe in the night before a strong north-west gale from Ice-

land, and to make the land at early dawn. Then as you close with the land, and skirt the front of the islands to turn its north-east corner, you shall see what sea is and what cliffs are. There in a group lie what are called the North Isles, Kadalsö, Kunö, Viderö, and Fuglö or Fowlisle. These tower above all the rest. The cliffs are several hundred fathoms, in some cases more than two thousand feet sheer down, and the water out of sounding depth. You are in a steamer, and may go as near almost as you choose, especially as the wind is fair. So there you run along these mountain cliffs, and your bark seems a mere nutshell tossed to and fro at their feet, but what chance would a sailing-vessel have with such a lee-shore, dashed to pieces in it may be a thousand fathoms with a steep wall as many feet high beetling above you. Lucretius could only fancy that one on shore might survey with ease of mind the mighty struggle for life on the tumbling waves, but with steam what was impossible to the epicurean poet is possible to us, and you can run within a cable's length of the cliffs. Up to Fowlisle your course has been almost due east, but at Swinö (Swine-isle) you round the corner, are at once under the lee of the land almost becalmed under the crags, and shape your course south-west for Thorshaven, which lies at the south end of Stromö (Stream-isle) in the centre of the islands like a true capital. In this way we spend more than a week, and have already seen all the lions. Let us remark that this is not the place for a sportsman. Let no man go with gun and dogs to Faroe, for guns scare away the birds; and birds go far to make the Faroers happy, and even so much as firing a gun is punished by a fine.

One morning just as we are beginning to think that we have seen everything in Faroe, and exhausted everything except the kindness of the people, we hear, even while we are dressing, a great bustle both in and out of the house. What can it be?—groups of men hurry past the door, breathless messengers have hasty interviews with our host, the Sysselmand, whom we hear bidding his servant to get ready his knife and tarry breeks. His cheery voice rings in the passage, bidding us be quick. Be quick for what? Is there a revolution? Have the Prussian men-of-war or boys-of-war come hither to kill peaceful folk with their needle-guns? What can it be? We look out of window and see more and more men, some with knives as sharp as razors, some with hones and whetstones sharpening them and trying their temper with their fingers. Every male of years to bear a knife seems to be there. Even the old protectionist schoolmaster is there with a tremendous blade, and the Lutheran minister flourishes a brand. What can it be? In the South Sea Islands we should say that the priests

and authorities having fattened us, are going to sacrifice us to some of their idols, and eat us afterwards, and we are not sure that wild thoughts of Captain Cook and Feejee and New Caledonia are not running through our friend's head, for he asks, Is it safe to go down? Well, it is plain that if we don't go down, they will come up to us. See! they point with their knives to our window, and with frantic gestures seem to demand our blood, yelling and screaming, the parson and school-master loudest of all, "*Grinder*," "*Grinder*." Now we who are masters of all languages know at once what it all means as soon as we hear these cabalistic words, but we will not tell the secret to our friend; nay rather, we say that the words "*Grinder*, *grinder*" are playful allusions to the part the islander's back teeth will soon perform on his choice cuts. "It means, my dear friend, that you will soon be killed and eaten. Perhaps it has been found out that you threw that stone at the eider-duck yesterday. It is high-treason and sacrilege, followed by execution by the jaws of the populace without benefit of clergy, to throw a stone at a sitting eider. You knew it, and yet you threw the stone." "Nay, but you know you threw it," says our friend; and it is true, but we are not going to be browbeaten, least of all when we did it to show him how tame the eider-ducks are. So we dispute the fact, and should be disputing it still unless Sysselmand had rushed to the door with a great bang, "Will you never come down? Here are two hundred whales embayed in a firth, thirty miles off. We are all going, and of course you will go too." With these words the Sysselmand lets the whale out of the bag, and our friend runs down stairs to eat his breakfast and not to be eaten. We are soon ready. "Here are flinching-knives and here is a harpoon for you," says the Sysselmand, turning to my friend, who grasps it, saying he has never even seen such a weapon before. "What fun for you," says the Sysselmand; "you shall go in my boat, and we shall be in the thick of it. I hope you can both swim, for sometimes the whales toss the boats over in their flurry, and you must swim till you are picked up; but there is no time to be lost in telling you what to do. When the work begins you must do as we do, but don't be so stupid as Ola who cut his own thumb off with his flinching-knife instead of the whale's fin, or like Magnus who harpooned a neighbour's boat instead of the whale, which made a dive just then."

In a very short time we take to the boats. From Thors-haven itself comes a goodly fleet, but out of every firth between it and Westmannahaven (the Irishmenshaven) at the other end of Stromö, where the whales are, and in fact from every firth in the islands which hears the news, fresh boats join the fleet;

and all the boats race to be there as soon as possible lest the whales (Grinder) should turn their noses seaward and escape. Luckily the wind is fair and the tide sets thitherward as well, so we bound over the waves, clutching our knives, and catch the infection of excitement from our shipmates. "I can see why you should go," I say to the Sysselmand. "It is your business to go there in the king's name, but why should the schoolmaster and the parson go?" "Go!" he exclaims, "of course they go. The schoolmaster has a share by law in every whale killed, and another in every whale he helps to kill; the parson has a share too for every whale killed in his parish, and these will be killed in his parish, and he has another share in all he helps to kill. I too have my share by law, but I also have a share in all I help to kill with this boat, and I mean to kill many." The good man is so excited it makes one's heart burn to look at him. There he stands harpoon in hand and flinching-knife at his girdle in his tarry breeks like Ragnar Lodbrog of old on a viking voyage, and in truth there is something wild and savage in the whole expedition, and in old times many a viking warrior sailed in just such boats as these and did doughty deeds. In about three hours we reach the mouth of the Westmannahaven, and the whole fleet cheer and shout as they catch sight of the whales. There they are, looking at a distance like a bar of great buoys or floats bobbing up and down, as ever and anon they pop up their black blunt heads to blow and breathe. A line of boats behind them keeps their noses up the firth, and hinders them from turning, and so they are slowly driven up towards the head of the haven, and if they ever try to turn they are frightened back by showers of stones, and by harpoons thrown out on the water and drawn back with a line. If the uproar and excitement has been great before we see the prey, it rises tenfold when we are sure that the whales are within our grasp, and that we have only to go in and kill and possess them. And now the hour of action draws near, and I think our friend would like to consult his lawyer and make his will before it begins. "Did you hear what the Sysselmand said about the whales upsetting the boat?" he whispers hoarsely. "Yes, what of that, you know you can swim like a duck, and besides the boat is not yet upset." So we leave him to his thoughts in which his own death quite as much if not more than that of the whales fills a great place. But before the action, the captain of the host, the worthy Sysselmand, goes ashore to hold a council of chiefs. So there, surrounded by the schoolmaster, the parson, and all the mighty fishers and fowlers of the islands, he makes them a short and stirring speech, the gist of which is that God had delivered the whales into our hand in spite of free trade and the

schoolmaster, who for once at least was quite abroad. How many there were of them he could not tell, but this he knew that if every man did his duty, and he expected every man to do it, he would not say without flinching, for that was just what he hoped every man would do, but without shrinking and without blundering, not one of those bottlenoses yonder would regain the ocean. It had been long since they had the chance of killing so many at once. Let them be men therefore and slay them all. Before all things let none go into the thick of it but such whose duty it was, let the rest who had to keep the line and coop the whales up remember that theirs was a no less honourable though less active part. They would be under the leadership of the schoolmaster, a veteran whaler, but not so lissom as of yore. As for himself and the parson and these gallant Britons, they would go with a chosen few in their good boats and pursue the whales till there was not one left alive.

At this noble speech, which we think quite worthy of Thucydides, and quite as true, a great shout of applause rises from the admiring ring of chiefs, and after a hasty repast we all return to our boats. Our friend, we thought, walks rather feebly, with something of the air of a man attending his own funeral, if that be possible. "If the worst comes to the worst," he whispers again, "remember I leave you guardian to my children, and as for my debts—" "Come, come," we cry, "this will never do, since the Wills' Act, the law admits of no disposition of goods *per verba de præsenti*, and though you are in Faroe, you have not yet acquired a domicile here. Have you not an *animus revertendi*? Do you not hope to get back?" "Yes! of course I do." "Then you have no domicile here, and so can't make your will according to Danish law, which does admit of a disposition *viva voce*, especially in cases where there is fear of imminent death." But, alas! our friend is in no mood either for law or laughter. We are sure, were he forced to say where his domicile was likely to be, he would say at once that it will shortly be like Jonah's, in the whale's belly. Though, here again, a casuist would remark that even Jonah could have acquired no right of domicile in the whale's belly during the short space of three days. As for the *animus revertendi*, it is plain he must have had it, for he never rested trampling on the whale's intestesin with his nailed sandals, till the poor mammal got man-sick, and threw him up on dry land. For all which curious information we refer the reader to the *Targums* under the word "whale," where the reader will do well to consult the notes of Maimonides, *de gustibus orcarum*.

But there is no help for it, the Sysselmand, after a few vigorous remarks addressed to the men of lesser note, among which

we can only catch the word "Förbanna," which answers in Faroe to the word in English which rhymes with "am," summons his boat, and calls loudly to us to come with him. While all this is passing on land, the scene on the water baffles description; a double row of boats, amounting to more than a hundred, form a curved line right across the firth and hem the whales in. Now showers of stones are added to the missiles hurled against them to keep them straight, for now is the very nick of time; now is the turning-point of the day, lest the whales, scared by the onslaught of the boats which go in to attack them, should turn flukes and rush in a body out to sea. Silly creatures, they do not know their own strength, they have only to make a dash at the boats, which would be scattered and upset in the twinkling of an eye; or if they prefer to avoid the foe without a struggle, they have only to dive under the ring of boats and swim away down the Firth. That would be human nature; but it is not whale nature, which stupidly rushes on its fate, and is drawn by some instinct to seek the bight of the firth where death awaits it. And now we combatants make a start. The fighting-boats are drawn up on shore, inside the ring that hems in the whales. The firth is here about a quarter of a mile wide, and it is about three quarters of a mile to its upper end. It is surrounded by a natural amphitheatre of hills, down one of which rushes a mountain stream, making a waterfall just before it reaches the foreshore. We have room enough and to spare for our bloody work, in which from thirty to forty boats may be engaged. At first we row carefully so that we may not head the whales, rather keeping between them and the ring of boats, from which frequent showers of stones are still hurled. Again and again one might fancy one's-self in the South Sea Islands; the loud shouts, the rude weapons, the strange jargon of speech, the stalwart forms standing up in stem and stern to hurl the harpoons. The first blow had been struck before we came up, but we were soon in the midst of the *mêlée*. The sea at first is white with foam, as the whales, now scared and diving on all sides but still keeping up the firth, lash the water with fin and tail. How boat strives with boat to harpoon and grapple with them as they rise to breathe. As the whale belongs to the boat who first grapples with and kills it, the rivalry is intense. We believe the parson kills the first whale that day, but the Sysselmand is not far behind. In a few strokes a big fellow rises close to us. In an instant our chief has struck him with a harpoon, others grapple him with boat-hooks, and the man nearest his throat draws his long flinching-knife and plunges it into the blubber, which gives a strange crisp sound as the blade

is buried in it up to the hilt. We are close to the poor creature's head, and it turns up its meek eyes in a way to rouse pity in any tender heart. But save our friend and ourselves, there are no hearts in that boat to be troubled with the mute appeal of a whale's eye. Baring his arm to the shoulder, the Sysselmand scores the creature's throat in long gashes with demoniac energy. Torrents of blood follow, and the crisp white coat of blubber, which when cut looks more like a water-melon than animal flesh, is soon cut through; then the hand and the arm must be plunged in up to the elbow to reach the whale's true flesh. In a trice its throat is cut; its frantic efforts to escape, during which it hurries us along with it fast grappled to its side, gradually cease; it turns a little on its side, gives a fling with its tail, and dies. After death the carcass must still be held, as it is whale's nature to sink as soon as the breath is out of its body. It is therefore either buoyed and turned adrift, or handed over to some non-fighting boat to tow on shore. While this has been passing on board our boat, the same thing has been going on with thirty other boats. No wonder that the blue waters of the firth are now deeply stained with blood. Sometimes the whales if unskilfully grappled, break loose and plunge wildly about the water, spouting out, if sore-stricken, water mingled with their life-blood. In one or two cases the scared wretches swim straight on shore, pushing themselves high up on the beach, for there are no shallows here, and it is deep water right up to the edge. But even on land they cannot escape their cruel foe, there are men there ready waiting to cut up the bodies of the slain, who welcome the new-comers with a savage greeting as soon as they set fin on land. Among the boats there are many cases of running down, and in Great Britain many a case of salvage would arise out of those collisions, but here the result is much cursing and abuse, and no bones are broken. The great peril which our friend so much dreaded does happen but not to us; near us a smaller boat is suddenly charged by a whale who rushes at it, dives and upsets it as he passes under it. We would give much to know if that brave fellow made his escape, if so we hope he will live to a green old age, and never seek the to whales inhospitable shores of Faroe again. As for the crew of the capsized boat no one seems to care much about them, but much anxiety is expressed lest the whale should get off. The men swim to their boat which has been righted for them, a shove or two helps them into it, and in a minute they are as eagerly engaged in the fray as before. How do we behave? Splendidly, of course. At first we pity the whales, but the sight under such circumstances soon ceases to be sickening,

and as we grapple with our third whale we beg the Sysselmand to let us cut the mammal's throat. And cut it we do or at least try to do so, but our arm is not as the Sysselmand's arm, nor our heart as hardened as his. We should have cut the whale's throat at last, and we feel a fiendish joy as the sharp knife cuts long gashes in the crisp blubber; but we should have been too long about it, so the Sysselmand takes it away from us and shows us how to do it. No doubt the whale felt more at ease in giving up the ghost under such a skilful hand, and felt hurt, morally hurt, at our bungling. On looking back to our friend in the stern we see him brandishing his knife in a way which gives us great fears for the safety of his nose. But he too has felt the cruel thirst for blood, and his flannel-shirt is blood-besprinkled. In his left hand he holds the tip of a whale's tail which he has cut off as the creature dived alongside. He is as proud of it as a Red Indian of his first scalp. All fear of death has fled. He no longer thinks of making his will, and his wrath against the whole race of whales is hot. "I would not be a whale for something to-day," he shouts as he holds up his trophy, and yet one might learn something even from whales. The patience with which they meet their fate is wonderful, when they feel that struggling is no use. So might many a man learn to die without repining. Most touching too is the behaviour of the mothers who hug their calves, and shield them all they can from the bitter knife. "Bairns will still be bairns," says the proverb, and so it is with whale-bairns. They seem to think it fine fun to frisk about at the top of the water—till they are harpooned. They never think of diving and ducking till it is too late; but the mothers' hearts are set first on saving their children before they save themselves, and many a whale-wife would have got clear off this day had it not been for their motherly love. So the bloody massacre goes on for more than an hour, at the end of which time about 140 whales have bitten the water, and but two or three are left still cooped up. "Shall we spare them?" I ask imploringly of the Sysselmand. "Spare them," he replies with scorn, "why, haven't fifty at least got off and cheated us? Spare them, I trow not, and look there is the parson after the biggest, forty feet long at least. Förbanna, Förbanna, pull men, pull. Ha! the parson launches his harpoon and—misses, give way, boys, we are alongside." Thud, Thud, goes the Sysselmand's harpoon into the whale. The parson comes up a minute afterwards, only to find us fast grappled to our quarry, and that he has lost it. Whether he utters the cabalistic word "Förbanna" we cannot hear in the uproar which quite "deaves" us, but we think it not unlikely.

There are now but two whales left, one of which again falls

before the harpoon of the relentless Sysselmand. The last was also slain, whether by the parson we know not; and now naught remains but the blue sky and green hills and merry waterfall running down to meet the "multitudinous sea incarnadined." Blood-red are the waves, and blood-stained the men and boats that float on them. With slower strokes than when we set out, we seek the shore, to reckon the dead and count the gains. That is a proud moment for our friend as the women of the farm hard by shake him warmly by the hand, and call him "British whale-slayer." His tail-fin is an introduction everywhere. Side by side on the steep beach lay the dead, young and old, male and female, stiff and stark, sorely scarred and gashed with gaping wounds from which the gore still trickles down into the sea. The biggest is about forty-five feet long and the smallest seem mere baby-whales. "Yes," slowly repeats our friend, "to-day at least I am very glad I am not a whale." From which we gather that some other day perhaps he would like to be a whale, though what he would do if he were one, and how he would bear a life exposed to such risks, and so different from that he has passed hitherto in his easy-chair, it is hard to say. On the whole, we would rather not be a whale—no, not even a spermaceti whale—at any time, or in any part of the world. It must be a cold-blooded thing for a warm-blooded mammal to live always in the water, and this no doubt is why this madness ever and anon seizes whales of running their noses against dry land, and so losing their lives. Surely they feel that their true station is that of a saurian splashing about in fen and marsh, and suckling their young on shore. They feel that they were meant for better things, that they have lost caste by taking to the water, the rest of whose inhabitants, the sea-serpent included, call out to the little whales as they swim by: "No child of mine." "Aint you afraid of getting your fins wet?" "Mind you don't take cold." "Why don't you wear a comforter or a hareskin on your chest?" "Where does your mother buy her milk?" "Has your father any roe?" "Does he like caviare?" and a whole string of such idle "gibes and jeers." That we say is why whales rush so blindly every now and then on dry land, because they have known better days, and can't bear the mockery of their scaly foes, who look on them merely as lodgers but not sea-lords in the mighty deep.

The night after the whale-hunt is one of great mirth and jollity. Even the schoolmaster would have drunk to the toast of Free Trade if any one had thought of proposing it, but no one thinks of anything else than whales, and it must be a comfort to the kindred of the departed could they know in what sincere respect and esteem they are held. But we

draw a veil over the orgies of that night. We would give anything for the head of our friend the Bailie, for every man has seven tumblers and more of punch. Our friend would talk if he could, but as he only knows three words of Danish, "Tak" for thank you, "Portvin" for wine of Oporto, and "Kaffé" for coffee—two of these being of foreign origin—he is soon *au bout de son Latin* as the French say, and merely expresses his utmost satisfaction to those about him by nods and winks and smiles. Once he protests to me against the doings of a jolly good fellow near us who has just tossed off his twelfth tumbler of toddy, in each of which he has melted as many lumps of sugar. "He will die of diabetes before dawn, his inside is just a very sugar-mill and rum distillery with only water enough to turn its wheels round." But all things must have an end, and so has this whale feast. We sleep we scarcely know how in a room at the farm, buried under mountains of eider-down. Of course we have the nightmare and whalemare and punchmare. We dream that we are lying in bed, but it is the bed of the mountain torrent close to the farm, and all night through the music of the waterfall is ringing in our ears. Just as we are getting snugly tucked up there, the high fells come down on us on each side and bury us, that is when we sink deeper and deeper under those enormous quilts. Then a giant comes and with one kick casts off the mountains that crush us, that is when our feverish frame cannot stand the quilts any longer and kicks them off. Then a Frost Giant strides off with us to Greenland, wading the ocean which only takes him up to the knee, and hurls us down on the icy fells with such a crash as breaks every bone in our body, that is when getting chilled by the cold draught which comes in at the window prudently left open, we turn over and tumble out of bed on a pile of geological specimens gathered by our friend; it is their sharp points that we take for the Peaks of Greenland. We rise up feeling rather stiff from our exertions of the day before, rather sore from the tumble out of bed, and with just a little headache from the lemons in the punch. All this time our friend sleeps and snores. We are now so used to that feat of the nostrils that it does not disturb us in the least. On the whole we rather like it. Next morning we taste whale for the first time, and being hungry we rather like it broiled; but it is black and bloody-looking, and though we have eaten many worse things—"gam-mel ost" for instance in Norway, and tripe in England—we have also eaten many better dishes, and do not much care to taste it again. All that day the "flinching" properly so called, goes on with those cruel long knives, and it is wonderful to see how cleverly the flinchers cut long strips of blubber from the

carcasses, and quickly reduce them to skeletons. However much whalekind may have been pleased the night before, their feelings if any lingered near the spot must be hurt this day to see the merciless dissection and mutilation of their dead. We soon have enough of the nasty sight; and as we are not as the Feejees and do not eat the bodies of our foes, or care to see him boiled down if fat enough for oil, we are glad to go back with the Sysselmand to Thors-haven. So we take leave of the lovely shores of Westmanna-haven and of the whales, only remarking that none of them young and old are disciples of Mr. Banting, and that there is great room for the spread of his pamphlet in the North Atlantic. "An Earnest Remonstrance to Obese Whales, with a few remarks on the Unhealthiness of Blubber," is a work much needed and may do great good among the cetaceans, though it may stop our supply of oil. A few thousand copies printed on paper made of that famous sea-weed which was to supply the place of cotton, and restored to its native deep, would no doubt be most welcome to every right-thinking whale who might be frightened at finding himself much bigger round the waist than of yore.

At Thorshaven we are received with open arms, and a sort of procession is formed of which we are a part, our friend clutching his tail-fin and wielding his harpoon like a native. Nor is his pride lessened when the Sysselmand informs us that as whale-killers we are entitled to a share of the money made by the boat in the action. So we both receive divers dollars as our prize-money, which we generously hand over to "the Sea-bathing Infirmary for Stranded Whales," or "the Fund for Distressed Cetaceans," or some such equally praiseworthy charity. Thus our time passes swiftly, and now there are but three days more before the steamer is due. Hitherto I have guided our movements, or rather the Sysselmand has guided them for both of us. For ourselves we look upon the whale-fight as our crowning feat in Faroe, and that day at Westmannahaven as worthy to be marked with a white stone for ever in our mind's calendar. I am gorged with blood and whale-meat like an Esquimo, and would be glad to rest and digest my mental food during these three days; but it is otherwise with our friend, that taste of blood has only whetted his appetite for adventure and he still thirsts for more. I see him engaged in earnest talk with the good Sysselmand, whose eyes brighten as the conversation goes on, and at last he shakes his guest heartily by the hand, and says "We will go. We will go this very night. The weather is just right for it." "*It!*" what is "*It?*" I soon know. "I have settled with our good host,"

says our friend, "to start to-night to Myggences-Holm to catch gannets. It will be great fun." Think of a man of fifty years of age, and with broad lands in Britain and shares upon shares in the city, besides Heaven knows how much in consols, going off twenty-five miles at dusk in an open boat with a northerly wind to catch gannets at dead of night. In vain I remonstrate. In vain I ask our friend, who has a Bantingian tendency, whether he proposes to go over "the edge" after the geese. His answer is, and he has plainly got it all up, that on the Drongs off Myggences-Holm there is no edge, and no rope of that kind. "But is there any rope?" "Of course, only come and see." "Do you mean to go up and down it?" "That depends, come and see." There is no help for it, so that very night we set out. The evening is bright, as it often is when the wind is from the north, but rather cold. The tide is with us, we have a strong crew and we get on very well. As we go the Sysselmand beguiles the way by stories of gannets, the *Sulur*, nor are we less amused by the birds themselves, of whom large numbers fly about us, busy fishing for herrings in the firth. "Look at that fellow," down he comes like a shot from sixty or seventy feet into the water, and see he rises with a fish in his bill, which he swallows in a trice, merely to drop down again for another. The number they will catch and dispose of is most amazing. They must have the digestion of a dozen gluttons. As for the Sysselmand, this is his story:—"The gannets come hither about Paul's mass, January 25th, and they are said to go away at the end of September, but in truth some of them stay here all the year round. They are seen in flocks all about the isles, but they only breed on Myggences-Holm at the north-west angle of the isles, and on two Drongs or needles close to the Holm. In April they begin to build. Their nest is strong, and so high that it reaches to a man's knee. They build close together too, though they are anything but good neighbours, and quarrel much among themselves. They only lay one egg, and the first eggs are found in the middle of April, but many of them are much later, for some of the young birds we find fledged and able to fly long before the others. In the month of September we take the young ones, but we cease taking the old ones at St. Olaf's mass, July 29th, so you are just in time."

So the good man goes on telling us story after story about birds until we near the Holm, and we shall soon see how the birds are caught. First of all though the Holm is only a few fathoms distant from the island of Myggences which is inhabited, the sea often runs through the gut at such a rate as to cut off all connexion between the two. First of all then we land on Myggences and make fast one end of a rope. Then we row

across with the other end and make that fast to the Holm, lest the sea should rise and we should be cut off. Along that line baskets of food would be sent to us till the weather moderates. Now we are masters of the position, and can proceed to fall on the gannets who rest on the ledges on the other side of the Holm where the cliffs go sheer down to the sea. We climb to the top of the Holm, and separate ourselves into two parties, and the "rope" is produced by which some of us must soon be lowered over "the edge." For ourselves we look upon it something as an amateur may gaze on Calcraft's rope before it is finally adjusted on a murderer's throat. We regard it simply as an instrument of execution. Besides what is the use of being lowered down forty fathoms, though it be perfectly safe. Can we keep our footing on those narrow ledges, greasy and slippery with the oily refuse of myriads of birds? No, we have never committed suicide, and never mean to be guilty of what some people call "self-destruction." No rope, we trust, shall ever encircle our throat or body. Nor is our friend braver when he comes to the "edge." He too thinks it better far to gaze down on the gannet-slaughter from above than to take part in it himself. He has no fancy for slipping down a hundred fathoms, and then having his body battered to bits by the white surf against the sharp rocks. So we both stay above and the Sysselmand with us. With the rest it is a thing of course. They are as cool as Calcraft himself on the occasions alluded to. They are bound on the rope and slowly lowered, not right on to the heads of the slumbering gannets, but a little on one side so as not to scare the prey by the shower of stones and grit which the lowering brings with it. Down and down they go, and in the dim gray twilight we see them land on the ledge about two hundred feet below us, they unbind themselves and steal on the sleepers, whom we can also see huddled together in hundreds, a mass of chalky white. See! the men steal between the birds and the sea, and stand out against the white surf below on the very brink of the precipice, and now each man rushes forward and throws himself with outspread arms and legs right on the gannets, his aim being to embrace and hold as many as he can. There are four of them, and a good stout strong fellow can overcome twelve gannets in this way at once. When he has got them under him he uses his hands to wring their necks. Nor are the birds slow to seize him with their beaks, but this rather helps him than otherwise, for what the gannet seizes it clings to, and while they hold him he twists their throats. But this feat can only be done once in a night, for after the gannets are once scared they fly away seaward and do not settle again.

After the ledges are cleared in this way, we stand on the

Holm and see the men put off in our boat to catch the gannets on the Drongs, two needles off the Holm, one 180, the other 120 feet high. On the very top of these, which is flat for a few square yards, the gannets perch to sleep. It is exciting to see the brave fellows work their way from ledge to ledge up the steep sides of these needles, each helping the other with his fowling-pole from below till the foremost reaches the top and then helps the rest up. When four or five have reached the top they compass the sleepers in a ring, and then rush on them at a given signal, and drive them all together in a heap into the middle of the flat top of the Drong, when each man seizes and slays as many as he can. As the sun rose these bird-murders are over, and our friend can say that he has both helped to cut a whale's throat and seen how gannets are caught in Faroe. The spoil amounts to about one hundred gannets.

And now we have to think of getting back. As the sun rises the sea rises, there is an angry scud of rain and the weathercock at the farm on Myggences veers to the north-west. "We must make haste," says the Sysselmand, "the weather is about to break up, and we shall have a nor'-wester with a strong stream from the west in no time. Let us get off the Holm as soon as ever we can, unless we wish to stay here a week like Eric Olafsson who lived on rain-water and raw gannet." And we are only just in time. Our boat can scarce live across those few fathoms over to Myggences, and as it is, we stave her badly in taking the land.

We are lucky fellows to get off the Holm as we do, even with a shattered boat. In another half-hour the narrow gut would have been impassable, and the waves of the Atlantic come rolling in with greater fury every moment. Our friend with a fussiness worthy of a woman, if women can be ever fussy, asks when we shall get away from Myggences. "When the wind lulls and the westerly set abates, not before," says the Sysselmand. "We haven't had much of this wind lately, and about this time we often get a good deal of it. We may very well be kept here a week, but we might be in a worse place than Myggences, for Anders the Bonde is a fine fellow, many is the whale he has harpooned, and many hundreds of gannets have felt his fingers. "See the farm lies a little way up the shore, let us go thither, this will be a wild day and we shall be best under roof." So to the farm we go, glad to find shelter from the wind and spray and rain which sweep round us in whirling gusts. "Good day, good day," cries Anders to the Sysselmand. "I saw thee up on the Holm, and knew thou wouldst soon be here. And these English lairds, how do they like hunting *Sulur* (gannets)?" "Cross"—(answering to our

‘Bless me’)—how wet you all are ! Here, Christina and Karin, pull off the gentlemen’s boots, and get dry stockings for them.” Then not waiting for his two daughters who were bashful before the strangers, he drags off our boots himself and hangs up our dripping waterproofs. As we stand by the peat-fire the welcome kaffé is served up by the mistress of the house, a perfect type of the true Faroe housewife. Along with it we have a skorp, which our friend when cheerful, as he for the most part is in Faroe, playfully calls a “scorpion,” but which really is a rusk, and very good food with coffee. In about an hour after Christina bids us come to breakfast, and then we sit down to a sumptuous feast not at all damped by the said “scorpion.” There is halibut and haddock, and a whole roasted lamb, and sweet soup made of bilberries, the soup coming between the fish and the lamb, so that our friend is fairly puzzled, and says he has heard in England of schools where the pudding came first and the meat last, but here is a meal where the pudding comes in the middle. But he is wrong, for after the lamb came young puffins which are really not at all bad, and then comes a real sago pudding flooded with cream. It is a breakfast fit for a king, and certainly any king that had sat up all night on the top of Myggences Holm seeing his faithful liegemen catch gannets, could not have failed to do ample justice to the feast which was washed down by Bordeaux and *Portvin*. After breakfast the Sysselmand and Anders retire into the recesses of the farm to talk over business, and we and our friend are left to amuse the ladies, which I do by answering them questions about the Queen of England and the rest of the Royal Family, about whom we have always found foreign womankind both high and low very curious. Their joy is complete when I bring out of my shooting-coat a photograph of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and what is vulgarly called “the Royal” or “the Princely Infant.” Our friend too who has hitherto been mute as a fish and as speechless, bethinks him that he has photographs of his wife and children in his pocket. He brings them out rather mauled and sat upon, but they pass muster and are much admired as indeed they deserve to be. When we give them our *carte de visite* which always has struck us to be most forbidding, and to be strangely like a murderer either before or after execution, their “taks” and satisfaction are unbounded. In return they give us gloves, *vanter*, spun by their own hands of the softest Faroe wool. So oft as we wear them we shall think of the good housewife of Myggences and her buxom fair-haired daughters.

After a while Anders and the Sysselmand come back. Now

we talk about eider-ducks and their down, which is for the best nearly twenty shillings sterling the pound. But Anders is not easy about his eiders. He used to have as many as 150 pair breeding together on his "land," and many a pound of down he plucked from them; but now what with rats who kill the young on land, and the grampus (*Delphinus orca*) who pulls the old birds down and devours them on the water, there are not half so many. "Last year too," he says, "came some German naturalists in a yacht, and ran by here on their way to Iceland, and as my eiders with their young lay on the water, the men on board her fired at the poor tame birdies and shot ever so many, young and old alike. If there ever was a case of bird-murder that was it, and all the while we stood on the shore powerless, and saw the mothers helping their young to get away on their backs; that was a sight to touch the heart even of a German professor, but they surely have no hearts, for they went on firing and firing at my eiders just as the Prussians you tell me bombarded Sonderborg in the spring, and killed many women and children and made many homesteads waste, only to show how far their guns could carry. It was a sight to break an eider-owner's heart, and if I could have got at the professors I would have broken their heads; and if thou hadst been here, Sysselmand, we would have fined them; but as it was they got off Scot free, as the Prussians have got off as yet, but for every wrong there is a day of wrath coming, and the Germans who slew my poor eiders, and the Prussians who bombard women and children, will smart for it when their cup of wrong-doing is full."

In the afternoon we go out to look at the weather, as if we could not hear what it was indoors. The north-west gale makes every timber shake in the stout building, and the small window panes are thick and dark with salt from the spray. A very few minutes drives us back, and we now begin ruefully to think of the steamer due to-morrow in Thorshaven, and which is to take us back to Britain. "This is getting past a joke," mutters our friend. "Ah," we reply, "but why were you possessed with that strange desire to see how gannets are caught, as if you could not see them and catch them too at the breeding-time on Ailsa Craig or the Bass?" "True, but then here we saw them caught by the rope, and as prophets have no honour in their own country, so to see a gannet in Faroe is quite another thing to seeing a gannet on the Bass, and besides there are a set of wretches who go down to the Bass from Edinburgh, or put off to it from North Berwick, and shoot the poor things with shot-guns much in the same way as those wicked German professors shot Anders' eiders. If I were Sir Hew I would stop them;—for these Cockneys too a place of torment is no doubt reserved,

and they will pass some centuries in a certain place roasting before a slow fire, and when they are done on one side turned by the sharp beaks of twenty gannets." After this eloquent utterance of our friend, we fall a-musing on everlasting punishment, and think what a good thing it must be for many people, and might have mused till now had not the loud voice of Anders calling us to "middag" or dinner recalled us to worldly things. Of that meal we spare the reader any account, but pass over it with the remark that it was even better than the breakfast. In the evening, Anders and the Sysselmand tell us more birdlore over a glass of punch, and the first brings another bill of indictment against another offender. This time it is not the rats or the porpoises that he complains of, but the Fulmar Petrel, *Procellaria glacialis*. "It is with him as with those *förbannat* rats he breaks out, and many men alive now mind the day when there were no rats in these islands. Folk say they came from Norway. I don't think so; if they came from Norway why didn't they come from Norway our motherland long ago with the first settlers? Stuff! I believe they came from Germany, from those"—here *förbanna* is lustily called into play again—" *Tyskere*, whence every curse of our race comes. Now there is not a bird that breeds here, except perhaps that still greater thief the raven, and he too I daresay came first of all from Germany—that is safe from their teeth. 'Tis much the same with the fulmar, fifteen or sixteen years ago he knew his place, our fishers saw him out at sea 100 or 150 miles away, and only a stray bird now and then was driven hither by such a gale as this; but now he has set his ugly foot on my Holm of Myggnes, and on the Goblins' Head of Sandö, and every year he spreads further and further and breeds in more and more places. Nasty stinking beast, why even his egg keeps its stench for years, his flesh no man can eat, and if you sleep on a bed on which even a handful of his feathers have been put by mistake, you will leave it long before morning; and yet this fellow thrusts his nose in among my gannets on the Holm yonder, and is slowly but surely driving them away." "Very true, every word of it," says the Sysselmand. The fulmars are invading the gannets all over the islands, just as the Germans are overrunning Schleswig. These birds are just as bad in their way with the gannets, as the rats and grampuses with the eiders, and I am afraid it will just be as hard work to get the Germans out of Schleswig as the rats and grampuses and fulmars out of Faroe. But who knows, as the fulmar came so he may go, and the time may be when the rat and the grampus may be chased and devoured by some bigger foe. Who can tell? Let us keep heart, Anders."

We however, though our heart is hot within us for the wrongs of Denmark, are in no mood to enter upon the tangled thicket of Schleswig-Holstein, into which a man may rashly leap like the wight of Thessaly, and scratch out both his eyes, but in which unlike that famous Greek he certainly will not scratch them in again. We nod assent therefore, and at the same time the slumbrous movement shows that for us the hour of sleep is come. Have we not been up and awake for two days and a night? We soon go to bed, both as usual in one room, and again our friend regales our ears with his nosehorn. But we have learnt to laugh it to scorn, and we are asleep in an instant.

Very early next morning I am up and out. The rain has ceased, and the wind has somewhat fallen, but the sea and surf are higher than ever. Old Ægir has got his back up, and it is ploughed with many furrows. "No leaving Myggenæs to-day," says the voice of the Sysselmand behind me as I stand gazing on the magnificent view of the North Atlantic swell. "Not from the other side of the island?" I ask. "No, not from the other side with this swell, for though it may be less there under the lee of the land, the sea will be working like a *maelstrom* through Myggenæs Firth which is three miles wide, and our boat good as she is could never live in it." "But the steamer?" "Well, by this time she is no doubt safe in Thorshaven. Captain Andersen is a bold sailor and a man of his word. Three days ago he left Reykjavik in Iceland, and as he has brought this gale with him which is right aft, he has made a famous passage and gone round the north-east angle of the islands fifty miles off, while we are here at their extreme north-west corner. With this wind he would never come by Myggenæs, and I much fear you will lose your passage. You see he is there already; perhaps he reached Thorshaven last night. He is bound to stay there only a few hours, for he carries the mail, and though he is not the man to leave a friend in the lurch he must go before you can get back. In no case could you get back before to-morrow night; say that makes two whole days. He can never wait so long. Take my word for it he will sail to-night, and he ought to sail to-night."

I see the Sysselmand is right, and go back to our friend who is slowly dressing. On the whole he bears the bad news well. As by this time he worships the Sysselmand, he merely says, "We must ask the Sysselmand what to do, make the best of it, and amuse ourselves as well as we can." So we put on that sulky pride which becomes no nation but the British, and drink our early coffee as coolly as if nothing whatever had happened. Next we go to the eiderland of our good host and watch the eiders.

There they sit, a few of them on their nests who have late broods, so tame that you can touch them with your hand, but most of them lie on the water right in the tumbling surf. We wonder how it is they are not thrown on shore and killed, but the eider knows how to deal with the waves. Just as the billow curls before it, breaks, she dives under it, and so escapes its fury; in an instant she is riding easily behind it. So she will sit for hours in the wildest surf. That day we hear more stories from Anders and the Sysselmand, and the girls sing ballads to us as they spin. But though seeming cool as cucumbers, we chafe as much almost as the waves against Myggences that we have lost the steamer. Were we bad-tempered we should seek a victim in our friend, who had brought us hither literally on a wild-goose chase; but we are merciful: besides, he is a good fellow and so we leave him to his own thoughts. We consult with the Sysselmand, whose shifty mind always practical shows itself good at need. "Lost the steamer, what does that matter? How many miles is it to Shetland?" "One hundred and eighty due south-east," we answer. "Well then you won't lose much time. When the wind blows from the north-west we often have it for a week or two, and we get a good steady breeze after one of these gales—they die away by little and little. To-morrow we shall be able to leave Myggences, and in two days one of our fast fishing-yawls will run you down to Unst or Lerwick. For myself I would sooner go so than in the steamer if the wind is fair. I have often been so to Shetland"—or *Hetland* as he calls it—"and I don't pity you at all." Our friend's face beams. See what good this country has done him! A few weeks ago he would not have thought of such a thing, and now he is ready to go from Faroe to Shetland in a half-decked yawl, partly it is true because he can't help it, but really we think more because he looks on it as fine fun. That is what we call having good out of a summer tour. That night the wind lulls a good deal and the sea goes down. Next morning after breakfast we are able to start. All yesterday Anders and his men had been busy at our boat putting a new plank into her. We shake hands with the whole family, and gave Anders that priceless gift a really good English knife, and his wife and daughters packets of needles. The last the women will not take till they have picked out one and run it into our friend to break the spell, for in Faroe as in Scotland it is bad luck to give away needles as they prick away love. We have a short but very lively run under a mere rag of sail to Thorshaven, passing the magnificent precipices of Koltr and Hestr, and reach the town only to find, as the Sysselmand had foretold, that the steamer had left the night before, after waiting twenty-four hours for us. It was

our own fault entirely, and the brave Captain strained not one but many points in waiting so long for us. That night we sleep at the Sysselmand's, but he is an active man and is eager that we should make the best of the wind and be off. He chooses a boat for us manned by five trusty men, makes a bargain for us, though we never knew of any one who was cheated by a Faroer, and for ten pounds sterling we are to be taken to Shetland. Over night our baggage and specimens are put on board, and at three o'clock in the morning the Sysselmand leads us down to the rocky landing-place on which our friend had fallen on first setting his foot in Faroe. Food enough to last a month is put on board, together with wine and cognac, for as the Sysselmand says the wind often changes its mind. We push our yawl out, get sail on her and are off with hearts full of the kindness we have met with. Even at that early hour the old schoolmaster is there, he and the Sysselmand nearly wring off our hands at parting. Magnus Jónsson is the name of our captain. He is a hale and hearty stalwart fellow, with a ruddy face, a true Norse nose, rather turned up at the tip, and auburn hair just touched with gray. A thorough simple sailor soul, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things. With wind right aft we run merrily before it, and as we pass the Southern isles which form that ray's tail to which we likened them, Magnus tells us stories about them, for he is full of legends. "Look yonder away are the two 'Dimons,' the two Beacons big and little. It was on the big Dimon and not on Skufo that Sigmund Brestisson lived, there he slew Ossur, and there at last his kinsman Thrand fell on him at night and tried to set his house on fire, but Sigmund broke out of it with Thorir and Einar, and they three when Thrand pressed them hard with his men leapt into the sea and tried to swim to Suderö, this last isle that we are coming to. There you can see how far it is from the Big Dimon to the nearest point of Suderö, a long sea mile, five of your English miles at least. That's what I call a swim." "But did they reach the land?" "Not all. Sigmund you see was the strongest of them. Thorir was his cousin, and he was very strong too, but not so strong as Sigmund. Einar was the weakest. Well, they swam and swam and when they were about half over Einar said, 'Here we must part.' 'Nay, not so,' said Sigmund, 'lay your hands on my shoulders, Einar,' and Einar did so. So Sigmund swam on a long way further, and then Thorir said as he was swimming behind, 'How long, kinsman Sigmund, art thou going to swim dragging a dead man after thee?' 'I ettle there is no need of that,' said Sigmund, and so he shook Einar off, he had died you see from toil and cold. So the cousins swam on till a fourth of the way

was left, and then Thorir said, 'All our life long, kinsman Sigmund, have we two been together in great love one with the other, but now 'tis likeliest that our fellowship will be sundered. I have swum as far as I can, and I will that thou shouldst help thyself, and take no heed of me, for kinsman mine thou wilt lose thine own life if thou falterest and locest any time over me.' 'That shall never be,' says Sigmund, 'that we two should thus part kinsman Thorir, either we will both come safe to land together or neither of us.' Then Sigmund put Thorir on his back between his shoulders, for Thorir was so strengthless that he could do little or nothing for himself, and so Sigmund swam on till he reached Sandwick in Suderö. There was a surf running on the island just as it runs now, and by that time Sigmund was so weak that now he drove up on land and now he rolled back again with the waves, and then Thorir slipped off his shoulders and was drowned, but as for Sigmund he could just crawl up on shore and lay down and hide himself in a heap of seaweed. This was just about dawn, and so he lay till it was broad daylight. A little way up from the shore was a small farm called Sandwick, and there lived a man called Thorgrim the Bad, a tall man and strong, who had two sons both likely lads. That morning Thorgrim went down to the shore and in his hand he had a pole-axe. As he went along he saw a bit of red cloth peeping out of the wrack, and he kicks off the weed and sees a man lying. He asks who he may be, and Sigmund tells his name. 'Low now lieth our chief,' said Thorgrim. 'But what brought thee hither?' Sigmund told all that had happened. Just then Thorgrim's sons came up and Sigmund begs them to help him, but Thorgrim was slow to help him, and says aside to his sons, 'Sigmund has so much goods on him as it seems to me that we have never had anything like it in our lives, and besides his golden arm-ring is very heavy; methinks 'twere best we slew him, and hid his body afterwards and this deed will never be known.' His sons spake against their father for some time but at last gave in, and so they went up to Sigmund and the lads laid hold of his hair, and Thorgrim struck off his head with the axe. They stripped him of his clothes and buried him there on the beach, and Thorir with him, for the waves had thrown his body upon land. That was what I call a good swim, and what I call a foul deed, though Thorgrim lost his life for it."

And now we run swiftly by Suderö, the last of the islands, and soon run away from them, but the birds still follow us for miles. We lose the guillemots and puffins first, then the tysties and cormorants; the frigate-bird and the gannet and the black-backed gull, *Larus marinus*, and the great skua, *Lestris catarac-*

tes, herring-gull, *Larus argentatus*, never leave us morning, noon, and night. Wherever there is a shoal of fish there are the gannets and the rest. They all seem to like herrings better than anything else, and whenever we meet a shoal, which we do several times, down go the gannets and the gulls straight as a plummet into the water, but no sooner does the herring-gull rise with his prey than the lazy skua is after him and forces him to drop it, then he is quick enough to catch it before it reaches the water. Nor does he spare the great black-backed gull or the gannets, though they hold their own better. But to give even the skua his due, it is false to say that he doesn't sometimes fish for himself. He can work if he chooses, only like many others besides skuas he prefers to make others work for him. So when it happens that there are fish about and no one else to fish for him, he just tries his bill on the prey, though he does it in an awkward way, like a fine gentleman putting his hand to the plough.

The wind still holds, and at sunset Magnus reckons we have run a hundred miles at least. "We call it 250 of your miles to Lerwick from Thorshaven, and if we keep this wind we shall be at Unst by this time to-morrow, for it isn't more than 180 miles from Suderö the southernmost of our islands to Unst the northernmost point of Hetland. Our forefathers thought nothing of running over to Faroe from Norway or from Bergen to Hetland, and their ships were no better than our boats." We turn to our friend and ask him what he thinks of it? He says he wouldn't be cooped up in the steamer for anything, and as for sea-sickness though our boat bounds and pitches along he snaps his fingers at it and defies it and all its works. All day the sun has been hot, but the breeze is cool when the sun is down, which is not till ten o'clock. We turn in and look at the bunks where we may sleep under the half-deck if we choose, but though they are tidy enough, we make up our minds to get out our haps and rough it out on deck. We are well repaid, for all the night through there is no moon and the sea is highly phosphorescent, and burns blue and red and green, like the witches' oils to which Coleridge compares it in the *Ancient Mariner*. It was a strange sight, and as a school of porpoises ran past us at their usual speed they seemed bathed in glory, and each fish left a long trail of light behind him in the deep. "We often see it so," says Magnus, "but none of us can understand it, can you;" and though had we been overbearing naturalists we might have proved to him that it was not only to be understood but necessary according to a natural law, yet as we do not for all that believe that any philosopher has satisfactorily explained this beautiful coruscation of the waves, we preferred to confess our

ignorance and to own that the sea as well as the land and air are full of wonders even to the most scientific.

We are in great luck, we run on bravely in the night, and in the forenoon we sight the high land in Unst some forty miles off. The wind flags a little but is still fair, and the sun is really broiling. Now the birds of Shetland come out to meet us, and we hail all our Faroe friends in inverse order. There are shoals both of herring and mackerel about, and the birds before they dive at our approach, turned up their eyes as if to ask, "Pray whence did you come?" But what amuses us most of all is to see a seal, and one of the larger sort, gravely swimming by himself with a resolute look, as if he had made up his mind not to stop till he reaches Greenland at the very least. Perhaps he has quarrelled with his wife and deserted her, perhaps he is only out like our friend on a summer tour, trying change of food and cold sea-bathing for his health; perhaps he is flying from his creditors and making the best of his way to the United States. Whatever the cause there he is, and he is so bent on keeping a straight course that he will scarce turn out of our way. Magnus eyes him with great respect and fondness, and then says, "The seals are a strange race. No one can altogether understand them. That carle had quite a man's eye, and I'll be bound he could have hailed us if he chose. You know they were men once, the seals." "Yes, we have heard tell of this, but what does Magnus know about it?" "Well," says Magnus, "I didn't see it myself, and so I can't speak about it as if I did, but one believes many things one has never seen, and the parson says we must all live by faith, and so I believe what I am going to tell you, and indeed we all believe it in Faroe. A while ago, thirty or forty years may be, there was a man of Skúfö who wished to get by night from that island across the fiirth to Sandö, so he got into his boat as the weather was good and rowed himself over. When he was almost across he came to a bit of a sandy holm that was there not far from the land, and he saw in the moonlight, for it was at the full, a lot of people on the holm. Well! it struck him as strange because no one lived on the holm and no one lives there now, but he thought he would just see what they were doing. He was a bold young fellow whose heart never failed him, and besides he had a head on his shoulders. As he pulled his boat up he saw ever so many seal-skins lying on the shore, and as he went he picked up one, and held it in his hand scarcely knowing why. As soon as he got near to the folk he saw they were all women and some of them good-looking too, but just as he was going to speak to them they all ran off down to the beach. He was not slow in following them, but they were faster than he was, maybe he

was tired by the long row. But as he looked after them, he could scarce believe his eyes when he saw them each throw a sealskin over their shoulders, and lo! in a trice they were turned into seals and dashed and splashed into the water—all but one, the best-looking of all, who stood there weeping on the shore because she could not get her sealskin. When he reached her she begged and prayed so prettily and in such good Faroese for her sealskin that he had half a mind to give it her, but the more he looked at her the more he liked her, so the end of it was he tied the sealskin tight about his body, and put the lassie into his boat and rowed back home with her. Yes! all the way back, for he wanted to show his bride to his mother. Well, she lived there with them for a little while for all the world like another woman, and when they wanted to have her baptized she said she had been baptized by their own parson in the sea. So they had her confirmed instead, and the end of it was to make a long story short the man married her, and she lived very happily with him. They had children, three or four, and folk began to forget altogether the strange way in which she had come among them. At last it happened one day, maybe just about this time of the year, the man was in his barley-field which had ripened nicely that year for a wonder, and he was reaping it, and his wife was in the house close down at the water's edge in Skuffo, as all our houses are, and the bairns were playing about, running in and out of the barn. At last one of them lifted up the lid of an old chest that was there and dived into it with its little hand, and pulled out an old moth-eaten bit of fur. Off it ran to its mammy to show her what it had got—'See mother what I have found in the barn.' But it was the wife's sealskin, and as soon as she saw it all her old love of the sea came back on her, and she ran down with it to the beach, but before she went she gave each bairn a kiss. Just then the husband was coming home to dinner, and when he saw his wife running down like a mad thing to the water he ran after her, for he thought one of the children must have tumbled into the water. But however fast he ran his wife ran faster still, and he only got to the strand in time to see her draw the old sealskin over her shoulders and jump into the sea and become a seal. Then he saw how it all was, and called after her and upbraided her for leaving her husband and children to go back to the seals, of whom he saw two swimming off with her. But they say a man never can get the last word with his wife and so it was even then, for as she swam off she turned her head round on her shoulders and looked at him with her bright black eye, and said, 'Ah! but I had a seal-husband in the sea before you stole my sealskin and carried me off, and

here he is, and here he has been ever since, waiting for me till I could find my sealskin, and now I am going home with him to my first family, and you will never see me again, but do be kind to my children on land for my sake.' There, that is my story," adds Magnus, "and that is why I say seals are strange creatures, and that they can talk just as well as we if they only choose."

And now we begin to close with the coast of Unst, and can see Stevenson's lighthouse, the rival of that at North Ronaldshay, rising from the rock on which it is built. By five P.M. we are close to it, and we might run in there if we choose on the sandy beach of the deep bay between the cliffs, just where the stream famous for sea-trout runs out from the loch. But we prefer to seek the friendly shelter of Balta Sound on the east side of the beautiful island, and thither we shape our course. All the cormorants in the world seem gathered together in rows upon the rocks, where they sit digesting their food in long lines, row upon row. Tysties and grebes and puffins and guillemots dive and fly about us. The wind is now light but fair, and we have luckily a strong tide. As we sail by the coast Magnus has still some lessons in birdlore for us. "That's what the Danes call a Skarv, and what we call a Hiblingur;¹ what you call here I don't know." "A cormorant," we answer. "Ah, but what do you call that fellow?" pointing to another bird as like the other as two peas are to each other, only that he has a topknot on his head. "A cormorant too," we answer. "What! both cormorants? Well, we are wiser than you. Him we call Skarvar in Faroe, and the Danes call him Topskarv because of his topknot, but he only wears it from Yule till August, all the rest of the year he is like the hiblingur, but there is one sure way of telling them. Look, there's a hiblingur; watch him when he dives. Don't you see he just turns himself over head foremost when he goes under, and there's a skarv, see he shuts his wings close together and takes a little spring into the air before he dives. That's how to tell them. And do you know what we call that?"—pointing to another cormorant sitting on the water, now almost calm, with outspread wings. "You don't? Well, in Faroe we say, when we see the cormorant do that, that he is 'burning salt,' though why we say so I am sure I can't tell. And shall I tell you how you may get within shot of them? You must go in a boat, and when he dives, which he always does when he sees the boat coming a long way off, you must row straight after him, for he always swims under water in a straight line, and when he rises you must row after him again, and he will dive at once, and so on four or five times, but after his fifth dive he

¹ *Graculus carbo*.—Linn.

must stay a minute above water to draw breath, and then you may shoot him, but you must row fast to keep up with him, for he swims at a great rate under water."

Now we run into the fine harbour of Balta Sound, and see a schooner lying off the Factory there. It is just seven o'clock, so we have run down from Faroe in forty hours in the most delightful way possible. As we land we hear the weird wailing screech of the great Arctic Diver sounding from the loch like a condemned spirit, an awful cry to hear in the wilderness all around you far from house or shelter, but now we only laugh at our friend who has never heard it before, and asks rather anxiously what it is. In a few minutes we are seated at tea round a table groaning with food, and present our Faroe friends to our kind host and his family. That night we sleep the sleep of the blest, and next morning we part the best friends in the world with our crew, who we may add soon have a south-easterly breeze which takes them safely back to Faroe. As for ourselves, we take passage in the fish schooner which brings us down to Lerwick in a day, and thence we take the steamer to Kirkwall and Granton. There we and our friend part, he for his wife and children in the south, and we to resume our seat in our easy-chair at Edinburgh. So ends our "Fortnight in Faroe."

And now, reader, for you know of course that it is you and you alone that we have been taking with us on our journey, how do you like it? Say "yes," like a man at once, and be sure that you are often too happy and comfortable at home. When we knew you before you were married, say eighteen years ago, you could go anywhere or do anything. To go back far earlier still: Have we not been with you on the "box" of the "mail" all the way from London to Plymouth, nay even between London and Edinburgh? Think of the agonies we underwent, though we called it pleasure. Would you take that journey outside now? We trow not. You must go first class by the limited mail from Euston Square, or by the day mail by the Great Northern *via* King's Cross, and you must stop half an hour here and half an hour there to sup and dine, and you must have one of the windows up besides, and you scoff at a poor London banker who is fond of the night air, and abuse him for not honouring his own draughts. You call that "wit," and so it is, but you are worse than witty, you are effeminate. You boast yourself better than your grandfather, and so you might be and yet not be worth much; but there are many things which your grandfather could bear better than you, bleeding and calomel, for instance, and into the bargain heat and cold and hunger. He drank his Port and had his gout perhaps, but

then he lived before Mr. Gladstone's cheap wines, and escaped divers aches of which you know but too well. Suppose you called him from the grave, and asked him if he had caught "neuralgia" from sleeping so long in the wet ground, his fleshless jaws would laugh in your face and say he knew not what you meant. As for heart diseases and kidney diseases the doctors had not as yet found them out. Of the spleen he knew something, but then he thought it came from the climate, and that "Port" was "sovrän" for it. In these days the doctors call it dyspepsia and liver, and now we look at you we think that old disease is the one you have got, and if you do not take care it will turn this summer to kidney or heart or head disease. But the plain truth is you are too happy and comfortable at home, your wife is too good to you, your children are too fond of you; in society we remark that you are long-winded; at the club people begin to vote you a bore. You subscribed too to the "Metropolitan Memorial to Shakspeare," that looks very much like softening of the brain. For Heaven's sake don't tempt Providence any longer. Don't stay here where people look up to you and respect you—for your money, but fly to some land where you must learn to shift for yourself, cease to eat your food alone, learn also to kill it. If needs be wash your own shirts. Then you will respect yourself, which you cannot do now, when every one has heard the truth of you from us, and then you will be able to bear the respect of others. Follow therefore, dyspeptic brother, the example in the flesh which we have set you in the spirit. Fly from your wife and family. Have a thorough outing, make yourself as uncomfortable as you can, and when you come back with renewed strength and spirits thank us for having shown you the way to Faroe.

- ART. III.—I. JOULE. *Series of Papers in the Philosophical Magazine in 1841 and subsequent years.*
2. MAYER. *Bemerkungen über die Kräfte der unbelebten Natur. Liebig's Annalen*, 1842.
- Die organische Bewegung in ihrem Zusammenhange mit dem Stoffwechsel.* Heilbronn, 1845.
- Beiträge zur Dynamik des Himmels.* Heilbronn, 1848.
3. HELMHOLTZ. *Ueber die Erhaltung der Kraft.* Berlin, 1847.
- Lectures on the Natural Law of Conservation of Energy, delivered at the Royal Institution.* *Medical Times and Gazette*, April 1864.
4. *Exposé de la Théorie Mécanique de la Chaleur.* Par M. VERDET. Paris, 1863.

IN our recent article on *The Dynamical Theory of Heat* we considered at some length the absurdity of attempting to base extensions of Natural Philosophy upon mere metaphysical speculations; and we showed that without direct experimental proof, or the less direct but still conclusive proof furnished by rigorous mathematical deductions from experimental results, nothing can with any show of reason be predicated of the laws of Nature. Experience is our only guide in these investigations, for there can evidently be no *a priori* reason whatever why matter should be subject to one set of laws rather than another, so long at least as each of these codes is consistent with itself. We particularly instanced the caloric or material theory of heat, as not only unjustifiable in itself, but (while it was received) antagonistic to all real progress. The corpuscular, or material, theory of light furnishes another excellent example. The preposterous nonsense that was gravely enunciated, and greedily accepted, with regard to the nature and laws of light, and the elaborately absurd properties assigned to its supposed particles in order to fit them for their everyday work, would be almost inconceivable to a modern reader, were it not that equally, or more, extravagant dicta of the "great inexperienced" have been, and are even now, propounded by self-constituted interpreters of the original designs of Nature. And we nowhere find them more prevalent, or more pernicious, than in the case of the grand question which we are about to discuss. We have no more reason, before experiment settles the question, to fancy Energy indestructible than the Calorists had for believing in the materiality of heat. The philosophers who said that "*Nature abhors a vacuum*" had at least an experimental basis for their guidance; and, if they had limited the generality of their statement to the class of circumstances really involved in their

experiments, we might have smiled at the peculiarity of the language in which their conclusion was expressed, but we must have allowed it to be correct.

But when we find, in modern times, a sermon, however able, founded without experiment on such a text as "*Causa æquat effectum*," we feel that the writer and his supporters are little in advance of the science of the dark ages, and are irresistibly reminded of the famous Tenterden Steeple. This is the fundamental characteristic of all the writings of Mayer, and therefore we may for the present leave them unnoticed, although we shall afterwards have occasion to consider them as furnishing a most admirable development of the consequences of an unwarrantable assumption. For there can be no more doubt that the works of Mayer, above enumerated, contain highly original and profound deductions from his premises, than that those premises were unjustified by experiment, and therefore not only unphilosophic but destructive of true scientific method.

Let it not be imagined that we undervalue the assistance which science often receives from the wildest speculations—*so long as these are not elaborately enunciated as à priori laws, but are confined to their only legitimate use, the suggestion of new methods of interrogating nature by experiment.* By all means let philosophic minds indulge in any vagaries they may choose to foster, but *let these be kept as private magazines* from which, when required, may be extracted an idea leading to an experimental research. In perhaps one case in a million, the expected result may follow: but, in the many cases in which it does not occur, there are thousands of chances (which will not be lost to the careful experimenter) of discovering something utterly unlooked for. We might give instances of this without number. The discovery of electro-magnetism by Oerstedt was arrived at by his fancy that a conducting wire might act on a magnet if *heated* by an electric current. Kepler's Laws were deduced by an almost incredible amount of numerical calculation based upon the supposition of the existence of all sorts of harmonies, perfect solids, etc. etc., in the solar system. In chemistry this principle has been long recognised as most important, since, in the attempt to produce directly some particular compound, it often happens that the experimenter is gratified by the appearance of some other which he had never dreamt of as capable of existing, or at least of being obtainable by his process. Mayer, therefore, and others who have followed a course similar to his, cannot be considered as having any claims to the credit of *founding* the science of Energy; though their works have become of great value as developments and applications, since the science has been based upon rigorous experiments.

Particular cases of the Conservation of Energy were experimentally discovered, but without any reference to this principle, at early stages of the progress of electricity, electro-chemistry, heat of combination, and various other branches of science; and many curious cases of Transformation and Dissipation of Energy had also been observed. To these we shall advert after we have given a brief sketch of the Laws of Energy and the history of their discovery; as we shall then be enabled to classify them properly, and to show their mutual connexion.

In order that we may understand clearly the terms which it is essential to employ in giving a strictly accurate, although popular, view of these great Laws, it will be useful to give preliminary examples of various forms of energy constantly presenting themselves to our notice. Let us take, for instance, gunpowder. It contains in a dormant form an immense store of energy, or, in common mechanical language, it can do an immense amount of *work*. Its use in blasting is simply to do at little expense, and in a short time, an amount of work which it would take many labourers a considerable time to perform. In virtue of the arrangement of its chemical constituents, it possesses this store of work-producing power. Again, in order that water in a reservoir may be capable of supplying motive power to mills or other machinery, it must be capable of descending from a higher to a lower level, for no work can be got out of still water, unless it have a *head* as it is technically called. When the driving-weight of a clock has run down, the clock stops; and in order that the weight may be again efficient in maintaining the motion of the wheels and pendulum, it must be wound up, or placed in such a position relatively to the earth, that work can be got out of it in consequence of its position. In an air-gun we have a store of energy laid up in the form of compressed air; in a cross-bow, a wound-up watch, or the lock of a cocked gun—in the form of a bent spring; in a charged Leyden jar—in the form of a distribution of electricity; in a voltaic battery—in the arrangement of chemical elements or compounds; in a labourer, primed for work—in the form of a proper supply of food. In all such cases, where the energy is dormant, it is called *Potential Energy*; and its amount is measured by the work which it is capable of doing, and which it will do if properly applied. It would be easy, but unscientific, to break out into thrilling descriptions of the terrors of the impending avalanche, the dangers of the slippery precipice, etc. etc., all of which are mere cases of potential energy; to paint the agonies of the wretch transported to such a planet as Jupiter, where his potential energy, when standing upright, would be for ever increased, as if he carried other two men on his shoulders;

or his Atlas-like position if taken to the sun, where he would be crushed under a load as of thirty of his fellows, and spread over the surface in a cake by a slow viscous yielding, like that which we see in glaciers, or tar, or other such semi-fluid mass! We have given this slight license to our fancy in order to test our readers. Those who have read it with proper disgust are invited to proceed with the article, where they will find no more of it; those who have been pleased with it are exhorted to turn from what must be henceforth to them a dull and dreary path, and betake themselves for their scientific instruction to the popular treatises of the day, where they will find it in copious streams, not generally diluted by more than a faint admixture of sense and of cold and stern science.

The unit for measurement of work usually employed by engineers is the foot-pound; and, though this varies in amount from one locality to another, it is in such general use, and so convenient when absolute accuracy is not required, that we shall employ it throughout. It is the amount of work required to raise a pound a foot high. It is evident that to raise any mass to a given height, the amount of work required is proportional to the number of pounds in the mass, and also to the number of feet through which it is to be raised. Thus to raise a cwt. a furlong high requires the same expenditure of work (73,920 foot-pounds) as to raise a stone-weight a mile high, or a pound 14 miles. And the potential energy of the raised mass, or the work which can be got out of it in virtue of its position, is precisely equivalent to the work which has been employed in raising it.

But if the mass be allowed to fall, we may remark that it gains velocity as it descends, and that the square of the velocity acquired at any point of the path is proportional to the space through which the mass has fallen. Also when a projectile is discharged vertically upwards, it possesses no potential energy at the commencement of its flight, but it has, *in virtue of its motion*, energy, or power of doing work. To measure this energy, we must find how much work it is capable of producing, and we find that it is proportional to the *square* of the velocity. That is, a projectile discharged upwards will rise to four times the height if its initial velocity be doubled, to nine times if trebled, and so on. Now if we introduce the term *Kinetic Energy* to signify the amount of work which a mass can do in virtue of its motion, we must measure it by half the product of the mass into the square of its velocity; and the ordinary formulæ for the motion of a projectile show that, neglecting the resistance of the air, the sum of the Potential and Kinetic Energies remains constant during the flight. There is per-

petual transformation of kinetic into potential energy, as the projectile rises, and a retransformation as it descends.

An excellent illustration is furnished by the simple case of the oscillation of a pendulum, where the energy originally given to the bob, either in a kinetic form by projecting it from its lowest position, or in a potential form by drawing it aside from the vertical, and then letting it fall, is constantly transformed and retransformed every quarter oscillation.

The observations we have made on these simple cases are found to be completely borne out in more complex ones, as, for instance, in the oscillations of an elastic body, such as the balance spring of a watch, a tuning-fork, etc. Here the potential energy consists in a deformation of the elastic body, as in bending a spring, etc. etc. All this however is on the supposition that the bodies are perfectly elastic, and that there is no external resistance to the motion.

The complete theory of all such cases was enunciated in a perfect form by Newton in the *Principia* as a scholium to his Third Law of Motion; in which he not only laid down the so-called Principle of Vis-Viva, and D'Alembert's Principle, for which others long afterwards obtained great credit; but stated, so far as the extent of experimental science in his time permitted, the great law of Conservation of Energy. This remarkable passage appears, until lately, to have escaped notice; or at all events, not to have received sufficient consideration. It is as follows:—"*Si æstimetur agentis actio ex ejus vi et velocitate conjunctim; et similiter resistentis reactio æstimetur conjunctim ex ejus partium singularum velocitatibus et viribus resistendi ab earum attritione, cohesione, pondere, et acceleratione oriundis; erunt actio et reactio, in omni instrumentorum usu, sibi invicem semper æquales.*" By the context it is easy to see that the *actio* here spoken of by Newton is precisely what is now called *rate of doing work*, or *horse-power*. Also the *reactio*, as far as acceleration is concerned, is precisely what is now known as *rate of increase of kinetic energy*. Newton's statement is therefore, in modern phraseology, equivalent to this: *Work done on any system of bodies has its equivalent in the form of work done against friction, molecular forces, or gravity, if there be no acceleration; but if there be acceleration, part of the work is expended in overcoming resistance to acceleration, and the additional kinetic energy developed is equivalent to the work so spent.* As we have already seen, when part of the work is done against gravity, as in raising a weight, or against molecular forces, as in bending a spring, it is stored up as potential energy; and the recoil of the spring, or the fall of the weight, are capable at any future time of restoring the work expended in producing these

effects. But in Newton's time, and long afterwards, it was supposed that work spent in friction was *absolutely lost*. Now, by the experimental researches of Davy, Rumford, and Joule, we know that it is merely transformed into other and more inscrutable, but equivalent, quantities of energy in the forms of heat and electric motion.

But, before we pass to these higher considerations, we may briefly exemplify Newton's great discovery, by applying it to such common cases of transformation of energy as have been already mentioned, or are constantly observed, and which are not much influenced by the production of heat or electricity. Thus, in the case of the simple pendulum, when it is at one end of its range, it has potential energy, in virtue of which work can be done upon it by gravity. This is wholly expended in producing acceleration of motion as the bob descends; and, when it has reached its lowest position, the kinetic energy produced is equivalent to the work so done, that is, to the potential energy lost. As it rises again, work is done against gravity, which is stored up as potential energy; but the work so done comes from the store of kinetic energy possessed by the bob; and when this is exhausted, the bob rests for an instant, to pursue a similar course of transformations. With the change of a word or two, the same explanation applies to the oscillations of the balance-spring of a watch. In the case of a tuning-fork, however, the oscillations rapidly diminish in energy; but here we have still the law of conservation, because part is by imperfect elasticity changed into heat, and what is lost to the fork becomes transformed into the kinetic energy of sound. Its ultimate fate will occupy us presently.

The leading dates in the history of the *foundation* (not the *development*) of the science of Energy, besides those given in our former article, are few and comparatively definite.

In January 1843,¹ Joule showed that mechanical work could be converted into an equivalent of heat mediately by the induced currents of the magneto-electric machine, and thus that current electricity is a form of energy subject to the law of conservation. This step enabled him to apply his previous investigations (dating from 1841) regarding electrolysis to the establishment of the principle of energy in chemical action. Thus, to quote only a few sentences, he says—

"However we arrange the voltaic apparatus, and whatever cells of electrolysis we include in the circuit, the whole caloric of the circuit is exactly accounted for by the whole of the chemical changes."

"The mechanical and heating powers of a current are proportional to each other."

¹ *Memoirs of the Lit. and Sc. Soc. Manchester*, vol. vii.

"I have little doubt that by interposing an electro-magnetic engine in the circuit of a battery, a diminution of the heat evolved per equivalent of chemical change would be the consequence, and in proportion to the mechanical power obtained."

In August 1843, he read to the British Association, at Cork, a paper entitled "On the Calorific Effects of Magneto-Electricity, and the Mechanical Value of Heat." This was inserted in the *Philosophical Magazine* in October and succeeding months of the same year. The main object of the paper is the determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat by causing a small electro-magnetic arrangement to revolve between the poles of a larger electro-magnet, and measuring the heat developed in the smaller coil after the expenditure of a given amount of work in turning it. He displayed great resources as an experimenter in deducing from this combination results, which, considering the extreme difficulty of the process, agreed wonderfully well with each other, and which led to a mean value (838 foot-pounds) of the dynamical equivalent of heat (only) $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. too high. He has shown that some error was to be expected from the impossibility of measuring, and taking account of, the fraction of the whole heat developed, which fell to the share of the large electro-magnet. But he carefully proved that heat is developed in the *whole* circuit, and that it is not merely transferred by induction from one part of the circuit to another: thus supplying an additional proof to that of Davy, of the immateriality of heat. This experiment has since been converted by Foucault and others into a very striking lecture-room illustration of the transformation of work into heat.

The appendix to this paper contains the wonderful approximation (770 foot-pounds) to the equivalent of heat deduced by friction of water, which was examined in our former article. But it also contains the commencement of an application of the principle of energy to physiological processes in the words:—

"If an animal were engaged in turning a piece of machinery, or in ascending a mountain, I apprehend that in proportion to the muscular effort put forth for the purpose, a *diminution* of the heat evolved in the system by a given chemical action would be experienced."

Mayer's Essay (see the head of the article) on Organic Motion is of two years' later date.

Finally, in a remarkable public lecture delivered in Manchester, Joule applied the principle to cosmical phenomena. As this lecture is of considerable importance, and as it seems to be almost unknown even in the scientific world, we need not apologize for inserting an extract or two from a report printed at the time in one of the local newspapers:—

"The general rule, then, is, that wherever living force is *apparently* destroyed, whether by percussion, friction, or any similar means, an exact equivalent of heat is restored. The converse of this proposition is also true, namely, that heat cannot be lessened or absorbed without the production of living force, or its equivalent attraction through space. Thus, for instance, in the steam-engine it will be found that the power gained is at the expense of the heat of the fire. That is, that the heat occasioned by the combustion of the coal would have been greater had a part of it not been absorbed in producing and maintaining the living force of the machinery. It is right, however, to observe, that this has not as yet been demonstrated by experiment. But there is no room to doubt that experiment would prove the correctness of what I have said; for I have myself proved, that a conversion of heat into living force takes place in the expansion of air, which is analogous to the expansion of steam in the cylinder of the steam-engine. But the most convincing proof of the conversion of heat into living force has been derived from my experiments with the electro-magnetic engine, a machine composed of magnets and bars of iron set in motion by an electrical battery. I have proved by actual experiment, that in exact proportion to the force with which this machine works, heat is abstracted from the electrical battery. You see, therefore, that living force may be converted into heat, and that heat may be converted into living force, or its equivalent attraction through space. All three, therefore, namely, heat, living force, and attraction through space (to which I might also add *light*, were it consistent with the scope of the present lecture), are mutually convertible into one another. In these conversions nothing is ever lost. The same quantity of heat will always be converted into the same quantity of living force. We can, therefore, express the equivalency in definite language applicable at all times and under all circumstances."

"The knowledge of the equivalency of heat to mechanical power, is of great value in solving a great number of interesting and important questions. In the case of the steam-engine, by ascertaining the quantity of heat produced by the combustion of coal, we can find out how much of it is converted into mechanical power, and thus come to a conclusion how far the steam-engine is susceptible of further improvements. Calculations made upon this principle have shown that at least ten times as much power might be produced as is now obtained by the combustion of coal. Another interesting conclusion is, that the animal frame, though destined to fulfil so many other ends, is, as a machine, more perfect than the best contrived steam-engine; that is, is capable of more work with the same expenditure of fuel. Behold, then, the wonderful arrangements of the creation. The earth in its rapid motion round the sun possesses a degree of living force so vast that if turned into the equivalent of heat, its temperature would be rendered at least one thousand times greater than that of red hot iron, and the globe on which we tread would in all probability be rendered equal in brightness to the sun itself. And it is pretty certain that if the course of the earth were changed so that

it might fall into the sun, that body, so far from being cooled down by the contact of a comparatively cold body, would actually blaze more brightly than before in consequence of the living force with which the earth struck the sun being converted into its equivalent of heat. Here we see that our existence depends upon the *maintenance* of the living force of the earth. On the other hand our safety equally depends in some instances upon the *conversion* of living force into heat. You have, no doubt, frequently observed what are called *shooting-stars*, as they appear to emerge from the dark sky of night, pursue a short and rapid course, burst, and are dissipated in shining fragments. From the velocity with which these bodies travel, there can be little doubt that they are small planets which, in the course of their revolution round the sun are attracted and drawn to the earth. Reflect for a moment on the consequences which would ensue, if a hard meteoric stone were to strike the room in which we are assembled with a velocity sixty times as great as that of a cannon ball. The dire effects of such a collision are effectually prevented by the atmosphere surrounding our globe, by which the velocity of the meteoric stones is checked, and their living force converted into heat, which at last becomes so intense as to melt the body and dissipate it into fragments too small probably to be noticed in their fall to the ground. Hence it is, that although multitudes of shooting-stars appear every night, few meteoric stones have been found, those few corroborating the truth of our hypothesis by the marks of intense heat which they bear on their surfaces. Descending from the planetary space and firmament to the surface of our earth, we find a vast variety of phenomena connected with the conversion of living force and heat into one another which speak in language which cannot be misunderstood of the wisdom and beneficence of the Great Architect of nature. The motion of air which we call *wind*, arises chiefly from the intense heat of the torrid zone compared with the temperature of the temperate and frigid zones. Here we have an instance of heat being converted into the living force of currents of air. These currents of air, in their progress across the sea, lift up its waves and propel the ships; whilst in passing across the land they shake the trees and disturb every blade of grass. The waves by their violent motion, the ships by their passage through a resisting medium, and the trees by the rubbing of their branches together and the friction of their leaves against themselves and the air, each and all of them generate heat equivalent to the diminution of the living force of the air which they occasion. The heat thus restored may again contribute to raise fresh currents of air, and thus the phenomena may be repeated in endless succession and variety. When we consider our own animal frames, 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' we observe in the motion of our limbs a continual conversion of heat into living force, which may be either converted back again into heat or employed in producing an attraction through space, as when a man ascends a mountain. Indeed the phenomena of nature, whether mechanical, chemical, or vital, consist almost entirely in a continual conversion of attraction through space; living force, and heat, into one another. Thus it is that order

is maintained in the universe,—nothing is deranged; nothing ever lost,—but the entire machinery, complicated as it is, works smoothly and harmoniously. And though, as in the awful vision of Ezekiel, ‘wheel may be in the middle of wheel,’ and everything may appear complicated and involved in the apparent confusion and intricacy of an almost endless variety of causes, effects, conversions, and arrangements, yet is the most perfect regularity preserved; the whole being governed by the sovereign will of God.”

This lecture was delivered on the 28th April 1847, and has consequently some months’ priority over Helmholtz’s very able pamphlet which appeared on the 23d July of the same year. Mayer’s Essay on Celestial Dynamics was not published till 1848.

Thus, in all the scientifically legitimate steps which the early history of the principle records, Joule had the priority. His work has been much extended by others, especially Helmholtz, Mayer, Rankine, and Thomson, in the developed applications of the principle, in many directions. To their results we shall presently direct the reader’s attention; but we wish to impress upon him the fact that the experimental foundation of the principle in its generality, and the earliest suggestions of its most important applications, belong unquestionably to Joule. Trained to accurate experiment and profound reflection in the school of Dalton, the pupil has not only immortalized himself, but has added to the fame of the master.

In Helmholtz’s admirable tract, whose title is prefixed to this article, the whole subject is based upon Newton’s principle, with one or other of the following postulates, from either of which the other is shown to follow.

(a) Matter consists of ultimate particles which exert upon each other forces whose directions are the lines joining each pair of particles, and whose magnitudes depend solely on the distances between the particles.

(b) “The Perpetual Motion” is impossible.

This is, of course, a strictly logical foundation for the science of Energy, if it be taken for granted as an *experimental result* that the perpetual motion is impossible; or if we could be sure that the ultimate parts of matter act on each other in the manner assumed. Unfortunately, it must be confessed that we know nothing as to the ultimate nature of matter, and therefore (a) is not in the present state of experimental science more than a plausible hypothesis. Again, to assume (b) is apparently to beg the question, to assume in fact that the Conservation of Energy applies not only to such cases as Newton had already treated, but to the more mysterious actions of heat, electricity, etc.¹ And though Joule’s experiments have shown that even

¹ That Helmholtz in 1847 regarded the question as a merely speculative.

for these the principle holds good : there is, we fear, still a fond hope entertained by many a self-supposed scientific man (and in this category must be classed many whose authority is recognised by the public), that the perpetual motion may perhaps yet be obtained by electrical processes. This has received a sort of countenance from the fact, that the only complete hypothesis on which the mutual actions of electric currents have yet been explained, requires the admission of mutual forces between moving quantities of electricity, which are *not* consistent with (a), and from which therefore the perpetual motion might be obtained. But before the *facts* discovered by Joule, all such objections must give way ; just as the corpuscular theory of light even if we had not had the undulatory theory to take its place, must have at once been abandoned when it was found that light moves faster in air than in water. Our real difficulty in such a case as this is not with regard to the truth of the Conservation of Energy, but with regard to the *nature of electricity* ; and Weber's result merely shows that electricity does not consist of two sets of particles, vitreous and resinous, not that there is a loop-hole for escape from the grand law of Energy. Such a digression as this is not without its use, if it give any reader a more complete idea of the nature of the difficulties with which science is at present most encumbered ; that they consist more in our ignorance of the nature of matter and force than of the grand laws to which their actions are ultimately subject. The laws of the projectile we know, but the composition of the powder is still an uninvestigated question.

The Theory of Energy, as at present developed, contemplates its Conservation, Transformation, and Dissipation.

The *Conservation of Energy* simply asserts that the whole amount of energy in the universe, or in any limited system which does not receive energy from without, or part with it to external matter, is invariable.

The *Transformation of Energy* is the enunciation of the experimental fact, that in general any one form of energy may by suitable processes be transformed, wholly or in part, to an equivalent amount in any other given form. It is subject, however, to limitations which are supplied by

The *Dissipation of Energy*. No known natural process is exactly reversible, and whenever an attempt is made to trans-

one, which experiment alone could settle, is evident from his remark : "In den Fällen, wo die molecularen Aenderungen und die Electricitätsentwicklung möglichst vermieden sind, würde sich diese Frage so stellen, ob für einen gewissen Verlust an mechanischer Kraft jedesmal eine bestimmte Quantität Wärme entsteht, und inwiefern eine Wärmequantität einem Aequivalent mechanischer Kraft entsprechen kann."

form and retransform energy by an imperfect process, part of the energy is necessarily transformed into heat and *dissipated*, so as to be incapable of further useful transformation. It therefore follows, that as energy is constantly in a state of transformation, there is a constant degradation of energy to the final unavailable form of uniformly diffused heat; and that this will go on as long as transformations occur, until the whole energy of the universe has taken this final form.¹

The remainder of the article will be devoted to a semi-historical enumeration of cases occurring in nature or experiment, and exemplification of the above laws in the circumstances of each case.

The simplest cases are, of course, those of abstract dynamics; when we consider motion under the action of any forces, but unresisted by friction. The pendulum, balance-spring, projectiles, etc., have already been noticed. As another instance, we may refer to the motion of a planet about the sun. When in perihelion, that is, when its potential energy is least, its velocity, and therefore its kinetic energy, is greatest. In the case of a comet moving in a parabolic orbit, the whole energy at any time is equal to the potential energy at an infinite distance from the sun; and in that case, as we know, the velocity, and with it the kinetic energy, disappears. That a cannon ball, fired horizontally *in vacuo*, may just rotate about the earth, its velocity must be such as it would acquire by falling under the action of ordinary terrestrial gravity (at the surface) through a space equal to half the earth's radius; about five miles per second. In this case it would complete a revolution in about 85 minutes, or the seventeenth part of 24 hours.

In all these cases the potential energy involved, whether it depend upon molecular forces, as in a spring, or upon external forces, as gravity, is of the same species as that of a raised weight; and the only form of kinetic energy contemplated is that of visible motion. And here there is constant transformation from one of these forms to the other, and back again, for ever, without loss by dissipation, as the process is in every case exactly reversible. They give us, therefore, little insight into the more complex phenomena to which we proceed. They are all summed up in the law of conservation of *Vis Viva*, which we have already seen to be merely a different form of statement of one of Newton's discoveries. But in the ordinary text-books, the *loss of vis viva* in the impact of imperfectly elastic bodies is coolly asserted, and its amount calculated; not a hint being given that the so-called loss is merely a transformation, partly.

¹ Thomson "On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy."—*Proc. Royal Soc. Edin., and Phil. Mag.*, 1852.

no doubt, into the potential form of distortion of the impinging bodies, but mainly into the kinetic form—heat.

As an example of the simpler cases of this loss by friction, we may consider the experiment originally suggested by Rumford, tried in a very imperfect manner by Mayer, and completely worked out by Joule. When a mass of water in an open vessel is made to rotate by stirring, its free surface assumes a paraboloidal form; and therefore the energy communicated to it is partly kinetic and partly potential, the latter being a temporary transformation of a portion of the former. But, if it be left to itself for a short time, it comes to rest with its surface horizontal, so that both of these forms of energy have disappeared; and the water is, in all respects except its temperature and the effects depending thereon, precisely as it was before stirring. Hence, if it be allowed to communicate its excess of temperature to surrounding bodies, it will remain precisely as before the operation, and by Carnot's axiom we are entitled to regard the heat it has given out as the exact equivalent of the work spent upon it. But the results of this process were detailed in our former article. We need only observe, that when we see water flowing unaccelerated down the bed of a stream, the potential energy is by fluid friction transformed into an increase of its temperature, and thus wasted.

We have already alluded to sound as the form in which part of the energy of a tuning-fork is wasted. Sound consists in fact of a state of air precisely analogous to the state of the matter of the vibrating fork; comprising a certain amount of potential energy in the form of compression or dilatation of air, analogous to the strain in the distorted steel; and a complementary amount of kinetic energy in the vibrations of the particles of air. If air had no viscosity the transference of energy to it from the fork would be simply a case of impact, easily reduced to a question of abstract dynamics; and the energy so transferred would be propagated without loss in a mixed potential and kinetic form, in spherical waves through the atmosphere. The energy of a complete wave in any such hypothetical case is, curiously enough, always equally divided between the two forms: and since, as the wave spreads, the amount of energy in a given volume of air must be inversely proportional to the whole volume of air occupied by the wave, the intensity diminishes inversely as the square of the distance from the centre of disturbance. There is, of course, in the portion of the wave where the air is condensed, a development of heat, but in the rarefaction of the air in the other half of the wave, an equivalent amount of heat disappears; so that, to a first approximation, the mean temperature is unchanged by the disturbance.

But, in the actual case, the viscosity of the air due to fluid friction is constantly converting a portion of the energy of the wave into heat by an irreversible process, and therefore the intensity of sound diminishes more rapidly than the law of the inverse square of the distance (which holds, so far as experiments have yet shown, for light and radiant heat) would require, its energy being constantly wasted in raising the mean temperature of the air.¹ All motions of air, whether sounds or winds, therefore, are ultimately transformed into heat, and thus dissipated and lost, though not destroyed. Whether there is anything analogous to this in the case of undulatory motions in the inter-planetary ether is a grand, but as yet entirely unattempted inquiry.

But in actual experience the results of even the simplest theoretical cases of abstract dynamics are never realized. For, besides the friction between solids, and the viscosity of fluids just considered, every motion of matter is resisted by the all-pervading ether; and, on account of the generation of electric currents, which in their turn become heat, there is in general resistance to motion of conducting matter. The consideration of these more recondite effects will be entered upon a little later; and we will endeavour to render the transition as gradual as possible.

We will now, partly following Helmholtz, consider in order the application of the laws of energy to the various physical forces in the more common cases to which we have not as yet particularly referred, merely mentioning that he commences with a brief sketch of the applications we have already given of Newton's principle to cases of abstract dynamics. Among these is one which we have not yet noticed, viz., that Fresnel, in deducing hypothetically the laws of polarization of light by reflection and refraction, made the conservation of Vis Viva the foundation of his investigations, and arrived at results which are at least very close approximations to truth.

The *direct* relations between mechanical force and heat have been sufficiently considered in our former article, so that we merely allude to them here in order to maintain the continuity of our sketch. The *indirect* relations between energy of all kinds and heat will appear continually in the applications to which we proceed.

We now pass to the consideration of the bearing of the laws of energy upon the production of ordinary (so-called) friction electricity. There are two common methods by which electricity of high tension is *directly* produced, viz., by the ordinary electric machine, and by the electrophorus.

¹ Stokes, on the Internal Friction of Fluids in Motion. — *Camb. Phil. Trans.* 1845. See also *Phil. Mag.* 1851, I. p. 305.

When any two bodies are brought into contact, there is a certain amount of exhaustion of the potential energy of chemical affinity between them (similar to that of water which has reached a lower, from a higher, level) and the equivalent of this is, partly at least (for it is not yet known how, in virtue of their chemical affinity, bodies attract each other at a distance), developed in the new potential form of a separation of the so-called electric fluids; one of the bodies receiving a positive, and the other an equal negative, charge. [The quantity of electricity, so developed, depends upon the nature and the form of the bodies; and is determined by the simple law (whose terms will be presently explained), that the difference of electric potentials in the two bodies, if they be conductors, and possibly in the parts in contact, if they be non-conductors, depends only on the nature of the bodies.] So long as the bodies remain in contact, it is impossible to collect from them any of this electricity by means of metallic conductors; but since, in virtue of their opposite charges, the bodies attract each other more than before, more work has to be employed in separating them than was gained in allowing them to come together. The equivalent of the excess of work appears in the mutual potential energy of the separated electricities. This is, in all probability, the source of the electricity usually ascribed to friction, in fact, the extra work required to turn an electric machine when in good order, supposing the true friction the same, is (speaking roughly, and making no allowance for sparks, noise, production of ozone, etc.) directly as the square of the quantity of electricity produced. Hence the machine acts by contact of dissimilar bodies producing a separation of electricities, and the application of mechanical energy so as to tear these farther asunder. And it is probable that all friction, perhaps not excepting that caused by actual abrasion, is due to the production of electricity.

The electrophorus gives us a good direct instance of the conversion of work into electric potential energy. When the metallic disc is lifted from the excited plate of resin, work requires to be expended to overcome the attraction of the electricity in the plate for the opposite electricity developed by induction in the disc; and the equivalent of this work appears as the potential energy of the electricity thus detached. Hence, when we charge a Leyden jar, whether by the ordinary machine or by the electrophorus, the energy of the charge is a transformation of the work expended by the operator.

The potential, at any point, of a distribution of electricity is the work required to convey unit of negative electricity, against the electric attractions, from that point to an infinite distance. From this definition it is evident that the difference of potentials

at any two points is the work required to carry unit of negative electricity from one to the other; and therefore, by the definition of work, *the attraction at any point in any direction is the rate of increase of the potential at that point per unit of length in that direction.* Hence the potential must have the same value at all points of a conducting body, for otherwise there would be (at points where its value changed) attraction for negative, and repulsion for positive, electricities; and thus a permanent source of electro-motive force, which is inconsistent with the idea of electric equilibrium in a conductor. Thus the potential of any conductor is the work required to remove a unit of negative electricity from any point of its surface to an infinite distance; or, what is easily shown to be equivalent to this, it is the amount of electricity which the conductor would give to a sphere of unit-radius connected with it by a long fine wire.

For any solitary conductor, as it is obvious that a small and a large charge will be *similarly* distributed over it, the potential is proportional to the quantity of electricity in the charge. And it is easily seen that the potential energy of the charge is the work which would have to be expended in bringing the charge, by successive small instalments, from an infinite distance, to the surface of the conductor. Green found, by calculations which we cannot give here, that this is half the product of the charge and the potential; hence, as the potential is proportional to the charge, the potential energy is, *ceteris paribus*, proportional to the *square* of the charge.

A precisely similar process is applicable to such a conductor as a Leyden jar; and, in fact, to any statical distribution of electricity. We thus see how the law, discovered independently by Joule, Lenz and Jacobi, and Riess, that the heat evolved by an electric discharge depends, *ceteris paribus*, on the square of the quantity of electricity in the charge; or in voltaic electricity, on the square of the quantity of the current; accords with the conservation of energy.

Green also showed, by analogous reasoning, that in a jar of given form, and with a given charge, the potential energy is inversely as the surface of the jar, and also directly as the thickness of the glass. The former of these is an instructive example of the dissipation of energy. Thus, if a charge be divided between two equal jars, by simultaneously connecting the pairs of outer and inner coatings, half of the charge passes from the one jar to the other, and in doing so generates heat, sound, and light, each of which corresponds to a loss of energy. The whole amount of electricity still remains, but being diffused over a greater surface, it has less energy than before in propor-

tion to the diminished potential. Thus, with equal charges, and equal thickness of glass, a small jar will give a more powerful shock than a large one.

We have already noticed that contact of two bodies, such as zinc and copper, develops a constant difference of potential between them. From the explanations subsequently given with reference to the potential, we see that this is equivalent to saying that at the surface of contact there is perpetually a force tending to separate the two electricities in a direction perpendicular to that surface, while at points ever so little within either of the bodies there is no such force. The only way in which we can conceive this to take place is by supposing that the surfaces in contact are equally and oppositely electrified. The effect of such an arrangement of electricity is nil on points in either of the bodies, but at the surface of separation it accounts for the force to which is due the difference of potentials in passing from one body to the other. If this be the true explanation, it will follow, as Helmholtz has pointed out, that bodies differ from each other in the amount of the forces, *sensible only at insensible distances*, which they exert upon positive and negative electricity. By no fixed arrangement of *simple* conductors can a current of electricity be produced; in fact it is obvious that if such were the case, the current would continue for ever, constantly producing heat by the resistance to conduction, which is of course impossible.

By means, however, of a very simple arrangement, not involving electrolysis, Thomson has shown how to collect the electricity developed in either of two metals in contact; but, as the principle of energy requires, mechanical force has to be employed. He allows water to drop from a copper can, the drops falling through a zinc cylinder which is in metallic contact with the can. Each drop carries with it part of the electricity of the copper, and if they be collected in an insulated dish, the latter may be charged to any extent. The apparatus is, in fact, an electrical machine worked by gravity; and the energy of the charge acquired by the insulated body on which the drops fall is accounted for by the defect in the heat produced by their impacts. We may contrast this experiment with the common one of accelerating the flow of water from a pierced can by electrifying it. In this case the loss of potential energy by the dissipation of the charge appears in the increase of heat produced by the impact of the falling drops.

But the voltaic arrangement furnishes by far the most powerful effects which can be obtained from the fundamental separation of electricities by contact. By interposing between two metals which have been electrified by contact, a compound

liquid (or electrolyte), these metals are at once reduced to the same potential, a result which could not have been obtained by connecting them in any other way. By the passage of the electricity a portion of the electrolyte is decomposed, and the potential energy thus developed is equal to that possessed by the electricity while separated in the metals. Bring the metals into contact again, and the same series of operations is repeated. This state of things is directly obtained if we close the circuit by connecting the metals by a wire, and then we have constant development of electricities at the points of metallic contact, and constant recombination, attended with decomposition of the electrolyte. This is an exceedingly imperfect view of the action of the galvanic battery, but it gives a general idea of the fundamental processes, and must suffice for the present at least, since the consideration of such complex phenomena as polarization of the electrodes, etc., would lead us into details far too recondite for a popular article. One or two very singular results of Joule's early investigations may be mentioned. It was shown by Faraday, that if the current from a battery pass through any number of decomposing cells, filled with any different electrolytes, the quantities of the various components set at liberty in a given time in each of the cells are proportional to the chemical equivalents of these components; and that the quantity of zinc dissolved in each cell of the battery is determined by the same law. Besides the electrolytic action, there is of course a development of heat in the circuit. Hence, if the energy of chemical affinity consumed in the battery be less than that restored in the decomposing cell, we should have a production from nothing of energy in the forms of heat and chemical affinity. It appears from Thomson's calculations¹ that the electro-motive force required for the decomposition of water is 1.318 times that furnished by a single cell of Daniell's battery.

He says, "Hence at least two cells of Daniell's battery are required for the electrolysis of water; but fourteen cells of Daniell's battery connected in one circuit with ten electrolytic vessels of water with platinum electrodes would be sufficient to effect gaseous decomposition in each vessel."

In Joule's paper of 1841, on the heat of electrolysis, he showed that heat is generated in the circuit in *different* quantities by the electrical evolution of *equal* quantities of hydrogen at equal surfaces of *different* metals, thereby removing the difficulty arising from the fact, that in batteries where zinc is the more oxidizable metal, the electro-motive force is found to vary with the other metal. Thomson,² by applying the principle of energy

¹ On the Mechanical Theory of Electrolysis.—*Phil. Mag.* 1851.

² *British Association Report*, 1852.

to some experimental results of Faraday, showed that a feeble continued current passing out of an electrolytic cell by a zinc electrode, must generate exactly as much more heat at the zinc surface than the same amount of current would develop in passing out of an electrolytic cell by a platinum electrode, as a zinc-platinum pair working against great external resistance would develop in the resistance wire by the same amount of current. We particularly commend to our readers the three papers just mentioned, as containing an immense amount of valuable matter which cannot possibly be given in such an article as this.

The conservation of energy must obviously hold in the case of the mutual actions of permanent magnets, because we know that such magnetic attractions and repulsions can be completely accounted for by an imaginary distribution of magnetic matter, each unit of which attracts or repels another with a force whose law is the same as that of gravitation; and which therefore satisfies the criterion (a) required by Helmholtz's investigation. But the perpetual-motionists have not yet given up attempts to construct self-driving engines by means of permanent magnets.

The force exerted by a closed circuit upon a magnet is precisely the same as that of a uniformly and normally magnetized open shell bounded by the circuit, and of strength proportional to that of the current, and is therefore also subject to the law of conservation. But if the magnet be allowed to move under the influence of the current, it moves *more slowly* than it would under the action of the initially equivalent magnetic shell, and it is more speedily brought to rest after oscillating about the new position of equilibrium. In fact, if the experiment were made in *vacuo*, the needle would ultimately come to rest in the former case, but would maintain its oscillations undiminished for ever in the latter. In the former it evidently loses energy, in the latter it does not. [The hypothetical magnetic shell is supposed to be a non-conductor.] Now, with the principle of conservation to guide us, let us inquire what is the difference between the two cases. Since the motion is slower in the former case than in the latter, there must be a diminution of moving force; but, since the moving force depends *only* upon the strength of the current, this can be accounted for only by a weakening of the current, and this again is simply equivalent to the production of an additional but oppositely directed current in the circuit. Thus we see that, while a current is doing work in moving a magnet, *less* chemical combination takes place in the battery, and therefore less work is done on the magnet than would have been exerted by a permanent magnetic shell; origi-

nally equivalent to the current; and this precisely accounts for the apparent loss of kinetic energy actually observed. While the current is moving the magnet towards its position of equilibrium it is weakened, and therefore the magnet reaches that position with less kinetic energy; when, with this diminished kinetic energy, the magnet oscillates to the other side of its position of equilibrium, the current, now *strengthened* by the mutual action, diminishes still further the range on that side; then is weakened when it ought to have restored the kinetic energy, and so on.

Now we might, by the proper expenditure of mechanical force, produce exactly the observed motion of the magnet, in presence of the closed circuit now traversed by no current, and the conservation of energy immediately suggests the question, Does the presence of the conducting body alter the amount of work necessary to produce this motion? Long ago, Arago observed, that if a copper plate be placed under a vibrating magnetic needle, the oscillations are very rapidly diminished, and the needle comes to rest much sooner than when left to itself. This Damper, as it is called, is still employed in galvanometers of faulty construction, where the great moment of inertia of the needles, and the small resistance opposed to their motion, by the air, render their oscillations long-continued and their observation tedious, and for many rapidly-changing phenomena their use *nil*. Subsequently, Arago showed that if the disc be made to rotate, it carries the needle with it. Faraday cleared up the whole subject in 1831, by his fine discovery of the induction of electric currents in the relative motion of a magnet and a conductor. The damper acts by the reaction (upon the needle) of the currents produced by the relative motion; and it is their energy, or that of the heat into which (by resistance to conduction) they are finally transformed, that forms the equivalent to the loss of energy by the vibrating needle. We now see the complete explanation of the phenomena of mutual action of currents and magnets which we have already mentioned; and whose full agreement with the theory of energy was experimentally shown by Joule in 1843. The magneto-electric machine, which depends entirely upon this principle, is employed on a large scale for many important applications; for instance, it is employed in producing chemical decomposition, as in electro-plating; physiological effects, as in the American medico-electric machines; and light, as in the recent trial at the South Foreland Lighthouse, where an electric spark, much more luminous than the ordinary oil-lamp, was maintained by the work expended by a small steam-engine in turning before a series of electro-magnetic coils a wheel, to whose circumference

a great number of powerful steel magnets was attached. It is also applied, on certain telegraphic lines, to the production of electric currents for the purpose of signalling.

It is only with the *relative* motion of the magnet and conductor that we are concerned, and therefore, although we have hitherto supposed the magnet to move in presence of the conductor, precisely similar effects will be produced if the conductor move in presence of the magnet. Thus, when we consider that the earth acts as an immense magnet on all bodies at its surface, it is obvious that in general all motions of electric conductors are resisted by the earth's action upon the currents developed in them by their motion. Faraday suggested the application of this principle to the construction of a magneto-electric machine in which the earth takes the place of the usual permanent magnets. The apparatus consists simply of a copper disc made to rotate about an axis, and the electricity is collected by two wires, one of which touches the rim of the disc, while the other is connected with the axis. More work is required to turn this disc than would be required by an equal disc of non-conducting matter, and this excess of work is entirely transformed into electric currents. If the axis of the disc be in the direction of the dipping-needle no electricity is generated. This result has been taken advantage of in ascertaining the dip, and furnishes in fact a much more accurate method (though a purely tentative one) than the instrument in common use: being entirely unaffected by friction, which is a most serious impediment to the working of the dipping-needle. But it is interesting to notice, as an immediate deduction from what has just been said, that the heat developed in all moving machinery is partly due to true friction, partly to the viscosity of air, and partly to the earth's magnetism. Thus, for instance, a gyroscope will spin longer if its axis be placed in the line of dip than in any other position, supposing all other circumstances the same.

There can be little doubt of the fact that magnetism consists in something of the nature of electric currents surrounding each separate molecule of the magnetic, or magnetized, body; especially since Ampère, by his construction of solenoids (or heliacal arrangements of conducting wires), produced, without iron or other magnetic metal, all the phenomena of magnetic attractions, etc. Whether these currents exist naturally in all bodies, and are merely reduced by magnetizing force to parallelism, or whether they are *created* by the magnetizing force, matters little to the conservation of energy, so long as it is possible to show that in magnetizing any body, and therefore endowing it with a certain amount of potential energy as regards other magnetic or magnetizable bodies and electric currents, a certain equivalent of

energy disappears. Now this disappearance is always observed, but quantitative determinations are wanting as to how much is spent in magnetizing, how much in heat, sound, etc., which always accompany the magnetization of iron. A very good instance of the conservation of energy is supplied by the fact, that even the softest iron takes time to acquire the full amount of magnetism due to any action of currents or other magnets; and that when the magnetizing force is removed, it does not instantly lose its magnetism. If therefore a piece of soft iron be allowed slowly to approach a magnet, and be then rapidly withdrawn from it, the mutual attraction during the second part of the operation is greater at each stage than during the first; and therefore work must (on the whole) be spent in the process. The iron is restored to its former position, and in a little time its magnetism is lost. The work spent during the operation (neglecting the induced currents due to the relative motion, which are probably the same in iron as they would be in an equal mass of any non-magnetic substance of the same conductivity, and which tend to the same ultimate form) is entirely transformed into heat. If a similar experiment be made with a piece of unmagnetized steel, we have in the energy of the magnetism which it permanently receives the equivalent of the work spent.

That magnetism, whether in a magnetic or a diamagnetic body, depends upon motion, was shown by Thomson¹ to follow as a necessary consequence of Faraday's beautiful discovery of the rotation of the plane of polarization of a polarized ray of light produced by media under the influence of a powerful magnet. Faraday had observed the effect in diamagnetic bodies only; but it was afterwards discovered, by Verdet, that the effect of a paramagnetic body is to produce rotation of the plane of polarization in the opposite direction. These facts constitute a proof of the correctness of Ampère's theory of magnetism; and also of the fact established by Faraday, that a diamagnetic body in a magnetic field takes the same polarity which would be produced in a piece of iron or other magnetic body placed in the same position, but to a less extent than does air or vacuum.

The commonly-received opinion, that a diamagnetic body in a field of magnetic force takes the opposite polarity to that produced in a paramagnetic body similarly circumstanced, is thus disproved by Thomson by an application of the principle of energy. Since all paramagnetic bodies require time for the full development of their magnetism, and do not instantly lose it when the magnetizing force is removed, we may of course suppose the same to be true for diamagnetic bodies; and it is

¹ *Proceedings of the Royal Society, 1856.*

easy to see that in such a case a homogeneous non-crystalline diamagnetic sphere rotating in a field of magnetic force would, if it always tended to take the opposite distribution of magnetism to that acquired by iron under the same circumstances, be acted upon by a couple constantly tending to turn it in the same direction round its centre, and would therefore be a source of the perpetual motion.

A general vortex theory of magnetism, with special assumptions regarding the nature of electric currents, etc., and founded on the conservation of energy, has been given by Maxwell.¹ One very remarkable result, to which he was led by this theory, is an expression for the *velocity of light* in terms of the static and kinetic units of electricity.

In our former article we merely mentioned Seebeck's discovery of the production of electric currents by unequal heating in any non-homogeneous conductor; and we promised to consider, as a case of the conservation of energy, the transformation of heat into work which would be effected by applying such currents to drive an electro-magnetic engine.

If the ends of an iron wire be attached by twisting or soldering to the extremities of the copper wire of a galvanometer, and one of these junctions be heated, the galvanometer indicates the passage of a current in the circuit in a direction from copper to iron through the heated junction. The first application of the theory of energy to this phenomenon is of course as follows. Since heating the junction produces the energy of the current, part of the heat must be expended in this process; though it is of course entirely recovered as heat in the circuit, if the current be not employed to do external work. The existence of the current from copper to iron is thus associated with the cooling of the junction; and it had been experimentally shown by Peltier, that if an electric current be passed through a circuit of iron and copper, originally at the same temperature throughout, it produced cold when passing from copper to iron, and heat when passing from iron to copper. If the two junctions be maintained each at a constant temperature, a constant current passes from the warmer to the colder junction through the iron wire; and by the conservation of energy, the heat developed in the circuit (together with the equivalent of the external work done, if it be employed to drive an electro-magnetic engine) is equal to the excess of the heat absorbed at the warmer junction over that given out at the colder, precisely as in the case of a heat-engine. So far the process presents no difficulties. But it was discovered by Cumming in 1823, that not only is the strength of the current *not* generally proportional to the difference of tem-

¹ *Phil. Mag.* 1862.

peratures of the junctions, but that if the difference be sufficiently great the current may, in many cases, pass in the opposite direction. Thus, in the copper-iron circuit, at the temperature 300° C of the hot junction, the current passes through it from iron to copper. Thomson applied the principle of energy to this case, and derived from it the conclusion that one of three things must happen, the most unexpected of which was found by experiment to be the actual one, viz., the startling result that a current passing in an iron bar or wire from a hot to a cold part produces a cooling, but in copper a heating, effect.

Magnus has shown that sudden contact between the ends of a wire at different temperatures produces a temporary current, which, in copper, is from the cold to the warm end across the junction, but in the opposite direction in platinum.

The theory of such phenomena (and of others far more complex, involving, for instance, crystalline arrangement), in complete accordance with the conservation of energy, has been given by Thomson;¹ but it would be inconsistent with the character of this article to enter into any details on so abstruse a subject. A similar remark must be made regarding his application of the principle to the subject of Thermo-magnetism, or the relation of the magnetizability of various substances to their temperature; one or two of his results may, however, be mentioned. Thus, iron at a moderate or low red heat experiences a heating effect when allowed to approach a magnet, and a cooling effect when slowly drawn away from it; while in cobalt, at ordinary temperatures, exactly the opposite effects are produced. Similar effects are in general produced when a doubly-refracting crystal is turned in the neighbourhood of a magnet.

We will close this meagre sketch of the general application of the principle to the chief phenomena of experimental physics (an application which is every day enabling us to co-ordinate some newly discovered fact, and even occasionally to predict the result of a perfectly novel experimental combination) by considering, very briefly, an instance or two which must be familiar to most of our readers. Thus, in the case of the galvanic battery employed to decompose water, we have the potential energy of chemical affinity in the battery to begin with. This is probably first transformed into electric motion, in fact, according to Joule, heat of combination, like that of friction, is in all likelihood due to resistance to conduction. Part of it, then, becomes heat, which is developed simultaneously in all parts of the circuit, and the rest is expended in producing potential energy in the form of the explosive

¹ *Trans. Royal Soc. Edin.* 1854.

mixture of oxygen and hydrogen. Thus, if the poles be connected, first directly by a wire, and secondly with the decomposing cell interposed in the circuit, and the action be allowed to go on in each case till the same given quantity of zinc has been dissolved in the battery; the heat developed in the whole circuit will be greater in the first case than in the second, by a quantity which can at any future time be obtained by exploding the mixed gases. The sound produced (with the mechanical energy of the fragments of the eudiometer, if it should burst) ultimately becomes heat, and the flash and heat of the explosion are already in that form. Should the battery be made to drive an electro-magnetic engine which is employed in raising weights, in this case also less heat will be generated in the whole circuit than is equivalent to the consumption of zinc in the cells; but in the form of the raised weights this energy is stored up, to take its final transformation into heat at any distance from the battery, and after any interval of time however long. This is one of the finest of Joule's discoveries, that chemical combination (*i.e.*, combustion) may be made to take place without generating at once its full equivalent of heat.

Ruhmkorff's induction-coil is another beautiful instance of varied transformations of energy. While it is in action we have light, sound, heat, electricity, and motion of gross matter, all simultaneously produced, and representing separate portions of the potential energy which is disappearing in the battery. Ultimately, in this case also, the whole energy which thus disappears takes the final form of heat.

A most important question arising naturally from the consideration of the laws of energy is that of the economic production of any species of work. We have seen that in *all* actual processes of transformation energy must be dissipated, and therefore it becomes necessary to inquire what modes of transformation are least imperfect. In our former article we gave Thomson's formula for the proportion of usefully applied heat in the steam or air engine. The fraction of the whole energy which is there wasted is formed by dividing the lower absolute temperature employed by the higher. The reason of the superiority of the air-engine over the steam-engine, as depending on this, has been already pointed out. Joule had proved in 1846¹ that the fraction, of the chemical energy of a battery driving an electro-magnetic engine, which is wasted in the form of heat, is found by dividing the strength of the current when the machine is at work by the strength when it is at rest (which is of course the greater of the two). And he observes that this follows from the

¹ Scoresby and Joule on the Mechanical Powers of Electro-magnetism, Steam, and Horses.—*Phil. Mag.*

fact which he had previously proved, that the heat developed is proportional to the square of the strength of the current, combined with Faraday's discovery, that the strength of the current is proportional to the amount of zinc dissolved in a given time.

Rankine¹ has shown, from general principles of energy, that a similar formula must hold in every case of transformation ; so that we have the means of determining the useful effect of any combination as soon as certain easily-attained experimental data have been found.

The superiority of the air-engine to the steam-engine depends on the fact that we can, with safety, use far greater ranges of temperature in the former than in the latter. If an electro-magnetic engine could be constructed in which the driving current would be very greatly reduced by induction, and if the fuel for the battery (zinc and sulphuric acid) could be produced at anything like the cost of a mechanical equivalent of coal, there can be no doubt that the heat-engines would soon be superseded by the electro-magnetic. But this is, as yet, perfectly hopeless ; for, although the faster the electro-magnetic engine turns the smaller is the proportionate waste of energy as far as the battery is concerned, yet the waste by ordinary friction becomes enormously increased.

We shall make but a very few remarks upon the physiological applications of the laws of energy, since the subject was most ably discussed a few weeks ago by Helmholtz, in a series of lectures at the Royal Institution, of which copious abstracts have been published in an accessible form, as mentioned at the head of the article. Joule's early remark we have already quoted ; and Mayer's pamphlet of 1845 does not add much to the development of the question, though he speculates on the merely *directive* agency of the *Vital Force*, and gives some excellently chosen illustrations of his views. Recent researches in chemical synthesis have broken down many of the supports on which the theory of vital force rested, and the mode of its action has in consequence become exceedingly obscure. But there can be little doubt that, as Joule suggested (in his paper of 1846 already quoted from), an animal more closely resembles an electro-magnetic, than a heat, engine. And it is wonderful that it is a far more economic engine than any which we are yet able to construct. The first idea of this seems to have been entertained by Rumford, for he expressly shows, in his paper quoted from in our former article, that the amount of work done by a horse is much greater than could be procured by employing its food as fuel in a steam-engine. Simple illus-

¹ General Law of the Transformation of Energy.—*Phil. Mag.* 1853. The Science of Energetics.—*Edin. Phil. Jour.* 1855.

trations of the application of conservation of energy to animal processes are found in hibernating animals, which expend a great part of their substance during the winter in maintaining the animal heat; and in the greater supply and choicer quality of food required by convicts in penal servitude than by their less fortunate comrades who are merely imprisoned.

Between animals on the one hand, and the majority of plants on the other, there is a fundamental difference in the application of the laws of energy. In the animal we have chemical combination attended with the production of heat, muscular energy, etc., as transformations of the potential energy of the food (in which of course the air inhaled is to be included). In plants on the other hand, carbonic acid and water, the energy of whose constituents has been lost in animals, are again decomposed, and their potential energy stored up afresh, so that they are once more adapted for food or fuel. It is obvious that this process would be inconsistent with the conservation of energy unless the plant during its growth were supplied with energy from external sources sufficient to account for the energy apparently restored. This external supply is given to plants in a radiant form from the sun. Their green leaves absorb readily, and almost completely, those portions of the light which falls on them which are capable of producing chemical changes. This is beautifully illustrated by the processes of photography. The green light which leaves scatter or allow to pass through them, produces scarcely any effect on the most sensitive photographic preparations; and one of the greatest imperfections of the beautiful art of Daguerre and Talbot, the unnatural blackness of the foliage in photographic landscapes, is due solely to this cause. So far as we yet know, this is a defect which cannot be avoided. Thus it appears that we may compare (roughly) an animal supplied with food to a galvanic battery, in which chemical affinity is exhausted in producing electric motion, heat, and mechanical work; while a plant resembles a cell containing an electrolyte, or a photographic plate, in either of which energy supplied from without in the form of electricity or light is transformed into a restoration of potential energy of chemical affinity. Of course the analogies are by no means complete, but they are sufficient to give the popular reader an idea of the essential difference between the two forms of organic life. For, though by far the greater portion of the energy of the food supplied to an animal is dissipated directly or indirectly as heat, a portion is stored up as potential energy in its flesh, which in turn is employed as the food of man or other animals, or even of the animal itself. And a corresponding deviation, but in the opposite direction, takes place in plants, where radiant kinetic energy is to a certain

extent devoted to the formation of complex products, which, though necessary to animal life, cannot be produced in the animal system.

The energy at present directly available to us for the production of mechanical work is almost entirely potential, and consists mainly of—

1. Fuel;
2. Food of Animals;
3. Ordinary water-power;
4. Tidal water-power.

These we will presently consider more closely; but we have also energy in a kinetic form, as—

5. Winds and Ocean-currents;
6. Hot springs and Volcanoes; etc. etc.

The immediate sources of these supplies are four:—

I. Primordial Potential Energy of Chemical Affinity, which probably still exists in native metals, possibly in native sulphur, etc., but whose amount, at all events near the *surface* of the globe, is now very small.

II. Solar Radiation.

III. The energy of the earth's rotation about its axis.

IV. The internal heat of the earth.

Thus, as regards (1), our supplies of fuel for heat-engines are, as was long ago remarked by Herschel and Stephenson, mainly due to solar radiation. Our coal is merely the result of transformation in vegetables, of solar energy into potential energy of chemical affinity. So, on a small scale, are diamond, amber, and other combustible products of primeval vegetation. Though (II.) thus accounts for the greater part of our store, (I.) must also be admitted, though to a very subordinate place.

As to (2), the food of all animals is vegetable or animal, and therefore ultimately vegetable. This energy then depends almost entirely on (II.) This also was stated long ago by Herschel.

Ordinary water-power (3) is the result of evaporation, the diffusion and convection of vapour, and its subsequent condensation at a higher level. It also is mainly due to (II.)

Tidal water-power (4), although not yet much used, is capable, if properly applied, of giving valuable supplies of energy. As the water is lifted by the attraction of the sun and moon, it may be secured by proper contrivances at its higher level, and there becomes an available supply of energy when the tide has fallen again. Any such supply is, however, abstracted from the energy of the earth's rotation (III.) We will presently advert to the first recorded remarks on this subject.

Winds and ocean-currents (5), both employed in navigation,

and the former in driving machinery, are, like (3), direct transformations of solar radiation (II.) We have already quoted from a lecture of Joule's a clear statement of the bearings of this part of the subject.

So far as our brief and imperfect summary (which it would be easy to extend indefinitely) goes, there remain to be considered only (6) Hot springs and Volcanoes, due to (IV.), but of which no application to useful mechanical purposes has yet been attempted.

We must next very briefly consider the origin of these causes, with the exception of (I.), which is of course primary; though possibly related to gravitation. Helmholtz, Mayer, and Thomson come to our assistance, and suggest as the initial form of the energy of the universe the potential energy of gravitation of matter irregularly diffused through infinite space. By simple calculations it is easy to see that, if the matter in the solar system had been originally spread through a sphere enclosing the orbit of Neptune, the falling together of its parts into separate agglomerations, such as the sun and planets, would far more than account for all the energy they now possess in the forms of heat and orbital and axial revolutions. We cannot here enter into details as to the amount of each of these forms of energy in the members of the solar system. The reader will find them given with more or less detail in the writings of the three authors just named. Thomson's numerical results, with reference to the "Age of the Sun's Heat,"¹ are amongst the most recent, and are probably the most accurate of any that have been given on this vast subject. It is sufficient to observe that these calculations entirely forbid the supposition once entertained, that the sun's heat is due to chemical combination (or combustion). If the sun's whole mass were composed (in the most effective proportions) of the known bodies which would give the greatest heat of combination, the entire heat that could be developed by their union would but supply the sun's present loss by radiation for about 5000 years. But geological facts show that for hundreds of thousands of years the sun has been radiating at its present, if not at a much higher, rate. The potential energy of gravitation is the only known antecedent capable of accounting for the common facts of the case. And the sun still retains so much potential energy among its parts, that the mere contraction by cooling must be sufficient (on account of the diminution of potential energy) to maintain the present rate of radiation for ages to come. Moreover, the capacity of the sun's mass for heat, on account especially of the enormous pressure to which it is exposed, is so great, that (on the least, and most, favourable

¹ *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1862.

assumptions) from seven to seven thousand years must elapse, at the present rate of expenditure, before the temperature of the whole is lowered by one degree centigrade.

As regards the transformation of energy, this presumed origin of the sun's radiation is most instructive, and we have only to mention the as yet unexplained relations which have been observed to exist between solar spots on the one hand, and two such distinct phenomena as terrestrial magnetism and planetary configurations on the other, to show that the grand subject has as yet been barely *sketched*; and that every step towards filling in the details will be of importance as well as novelty in science.

As regards dissipation of energy, all the members of the solar and stellar systems are of course in the position of hot bodies cooling. The smaller bodies would of course be less heated by the agglomeration of their constituents than the larger; and, even if they had been equally heated, would cool faster. The original fluidity of all the larger masses is attested by their nearly spherical forms, rendered more or less oblate by their axial rotations. Dissipation by radiation takes place very freely until the surface cools sufficiently to solidify to some little depth; and is then, on account of the low conductivity of rock masses, reduced to a very slow rate. Though a great portion of the interior of the earth must be still at a high temperature, the surface temperature is not perceptibly increased by conduction through the crust. The sun, however, has been calculated to give out energy so profusely, that the radiation from one square foot of its surface amounts to 7000 horse-power. This estimate is possibly too low, as no account is taken of absorption by the matter which fills all space between the earth and sun.

But while the heat of the sun and planets is thus being lost by dissipation, the energy of their axial and orbital motions is, on account of resistance, being gradually converted into heat. This process is so slow that its effects have as yet been observed only on one of the smaller comets, but it is certain that on this account all the planets will in time fall in to the sun, whose store of energy will thus be for a short time recruited. One noticeable point in Mayer's *Celestial Dynamics* is the effect of tidal friction in dissipating the energy of a planet's axial rotation. [J. Thomson had worked this out eight years before, but unfortunately did not publish it.] The general tendency of tides on the surface of a planet is to retard its rotation till it turns always the same face to the tide-producing body: and it is probable that the remarkable fact that satellites generally turn the same face to their primary is to be accounted for by

tides produced by the primary in the satellite while it was yet in a molten state.

Numerous and beautiful though they have been, the applications of the laws of energy to the solar system are yet merely in their infancy; and, till they have been carried into further detail, it would be presumptuous to attempt to shift the field to stellar or nebulous systems, of which our knowledge is so small in comparison.

In this short account of the discovery and development of the grand laws of nature, so far as they are yet understood, we have confined our illustrations to the simplest cases; and the reader must not imagine that we have alluded to more than a small fraction of the known facts which have been directly shown to agree with them. It is as if, in treating of the theory of gravitation, we had contented ourselves with the proof that Kepler's laws of the planetary motions follow from it, and that it enables us to compare the masses of the earth and sun; without even mentioning lunar and planetary perturbations, or precession and nutation, as far more recondite facts also perfectly explained by it.

By means of extracts, notices, and general remarks, we have sufficiently characterized the various works enumerated at the commencement of the article, with the exception of M. Verdet's Lectures. In our former article we considered them so far as they referred to the direct relation between heat and mechanical effects. We can now say of them as a whole, what we said of a part, that, though brief, they are exceedingly clear and comprehensive. As before, our objections are confined to their historical portion, and will be easily understood by the reader. We will make but two, though there are several passages equally open to unfavourable comment. Thus (p. 82) M. Verdet says—

“A une somme donnée d'actions chimiques de nature donnée doit correspondre un dégagement constant de chaleur, quelle que soit la constitution de la pile et du circuit où les deux phénomènes se produisent à la fois. Cette conclusion théorique a été vérifiée par une remarquable expérience de M. Favre.”

As we have already mentioned, Joule, in 1843, showed by experiment that—

“However we arrange the voltaic apparatus, and whatever cells of electrolysis we include in the circuit, the whole caloric of the circuit is exactly accounted for by the whole of the chemical changes.”

The earliest of M. Favre's experiments was published in 1853.

Again (p. 101), M. Verdet says—

“ Lorsque l'animal est en repos, ce travail a pour équivalent la quantité de chaleur que l'animal dégage incessamment pour compenser la perte de chaleur due au rayonnement, au contact de l'air et à l'évaporation. Lorsque l'animal est en mouvement, une portion du travail des affinités chimiques a pour équivalent le travail effectué par ce mouvement ; le reste seulement se convertit en chaleur, et par conséquent à une même somme d'actions chimiques produites dans l'intérieur de l'organisme, doit répondre un dégagement de chaleur moindre dans l'état de mouvement que dans l'état de repos.

“ Ces idées introduites pour la première fois dans la science en 1845, par Jules-Robert Mayer, font faire à la physiologie générale un progrès, etc.”

What is this but a mode of stating, somewhat less concisely than Joule had done in 1843, the *hypothesis* that

“ If an animal were engaged in turning a piece of machinery, or in ascending a mountain, I apprehend that in proportion to the muscular effort put forth for the purpose, a *diminution* of the heat evolved in the system by a given chemical action would be experienced ”?

It is, no doubt, to be ascribed to the facts that Joule's papers appeared only in the *Philosophical Magazine*, and that some of his most valuable remarks were made in the Appendix to one of them, that these important discoveries have been thus attributed to others.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Warden*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1861.
2. *Barchester Towers*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1861.
3. *Dr. Thorne*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1861.
4. *The Three Clerks*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1860.
5. *The Bertrams*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Third Edition. London, 1860.
6. *Framley Parsonage*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London, 1861.
7. *Orley Farm*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London, 1861-62.
8. *The Small House at Allington*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London, 1864.
9. *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1861.

SIR WALTER SCOTT somewhere compares the critic who selects an entertaining novel for the subject of his invidious labours, to the mischievous child who plays with his new toy to-day, and finds a still more exciting amusement in tearing it in pieces to-morrow; and it must be owned there is something almost ungrateful in coldly dissecting books that are written for our amusement after they have served their purpose of amusing us. On the other hand, novels now-a-days are not quite so humble in their pretensions that the simile of the child and his toy should indicate the relation between them and their readers. Even if they are not written with the object of illustrating or refuting any particular theory of life, or system of morals, or doctrine of theology, it is impossible for a man of any mental power at all to invent human beings and set them in motion without touching, expressly or by implication, the problems of human existence. If the world be a school in which we cannot live a day without learning something, no true picture of the smallest fragment of it can be altogether insignificant; and though few people, now that Miss Edgeworth is forgotten, read novels for the purpose of improving their minds, it is only very happily constituted persons that can be certain of always escaping that result. And, indeed, the functions of criticism would be miserably curtailed if amusing novels were considered too sacred, or dull ones too trivial, for handling. It is probable that the writing of such books at this moment absorbs more talent than any other literary pursuit; and it is certain that no amusement is so universal as the reading of them. The popularity of a novelist who is popular at all is so enormous that every suc-

cessful novel, good or bad—and some very bad novels have been among the most successful—is a phenomenon worth studying. Such a study will be far from fruitless if it only convince us how little ability, imagination, or culture, it takes to set all England talking. This humiliating conviction, we are afraid, would be only too often the result of an analysis of the novel of the season; and it would not be at all uninteresting to investigate the sources of so much unmerited popularity. Our present task will be less amusing, but certainly much more agreeable; for if bad novels sometimes fascinate a deluded public, neither do good ones often fail of success; and Mr. Anthony Trollope's have unquestionably deserved their good fortune.

The novelist *par excellence* of the moment is assuredly Mr. Trollope. His works can by no means be placed in the highest rank; but within their own range, nothing better ever came from an English novelist. In our view, it is no drawback to their merit that they are the books of a man whose peculiar temperament is scarcely that of the literary artist. If we may judge on such a point from his writings, we cannot help thinking it a happy accident that Mr. Trollope should have written books at all. The wit and liveliness of his story and dialogue, and the simplicity, ease, and vigour of his style—an admirable style—are unquestionably the graces of a master of his craft. But the whole tone and habit of mind implied in these novels is that of a man of activity and business, rather than of a man of letters. His books are the result of the experience of life, not of the studious contemplation of it. A rare degree of talent was required for their production, but the kind of talent which was required is not, perhaps, uncommon. Books like *Barchester Towers* are certainly not very numerous; and therefore it may be assumed that the writers are few, who possess such gifts as the author of *Barchester Towers*. And yet it is probable that the same powers of observation, the same shrewdness, good sense and humour, are expended every day on the common affairs and common amusements of life by people who never dream, or who only dream, of writing novels.

The great charm of Mr. Trollope's novels seems to lie in this circumstance. While we read them we are made to share, in the easiest way, the experience of a man who, in going through his own daily business, has been brought in contact with an immense variety of people; who has looked at so much of the world as it came in his way to consider, with a great deal of keenness, kindness, and humour; who thoroughly understands, because he shares the thoughts and feelings of the majority of educated Englishmen; and who sets himself to describe his own

world and ours, with vivacity and grace, with a delicate appreciation of the niceties of character and manners, and in plain straightforward English. The result is a picture of society, wonderfully real and true. It is not merely that the incidents are such as occur, and the characters such as may be met with every day. The atmosphere also is that of real life. Mr. Trollope, if his books survive, will afford invaluable materials to the future historian of the manners of the nineteenth century; not like some of his contemporaries, by minute dissection, either of society or of individual men and women, but at least by a very agreeable exhibition in his own person, as well as in his characters, of the common opinions, sentiments, and habits of the men of his own day. We shall look to him in vain for such an analysis of mankind in society, as Balzac has given us in such marvellous perfection for a fragment at least of the world of France; and the great novelist whose loss we all deplore, for probably, a larger section of the world of England. To compare him, indeed, with Thackeray at all, were both useless and misleading. They are too dissimilar to furnish common points for comparison. Their disparity, according to a sound doctrine of Coleridge, excludes comparison. With all his subtle power of observation, Mr. Trollope has few of the qualities of the satirist, and is still more slenderly endowed with any of the qualities of the moralist. The force of his peculiar talent deserts him, if he strays for a moment into the regions where Thackeray has shown most unmistakeably the true elevation of his genius. And yet there is one point in which he resembles if he does not even rival the greater writer. There is no other male novelist that we remember, who has seized so successfully the true character of the petty intrigues of society, of family feuds, of household discomforts and household pleasures, of small malignities and daily kindnesses. He seldom attempts, with success, to penetrate deeper than other people to the ultimate springs of all the good and evil, "all the wealth and all the woe," which he sees and depicts on the surface of the world. But the surface world with which he does deal, the characters which come within his range, the manners, affections, sympathies, of ordinary people, the common activities and occupations, the accidents and trivial realities of life, these things are represented with marvellous truth and minuteness of detail, and at the same time with a certain sobriety of tone which is singularly characteristic of English society.

The effect of all this is probably heightened by the somewhat inartistic obtrusion of the author himself and his opinions. It is natural in the houses to which Mr. Trollope introduces us that there should be a good deal of talk about Mr. Carlyle and

pre-Raphaelites, and the Bishop of Oxford, and the system of pleading at the bar. It is equally natural that such talk should be lively and sensible, without indicating any very profound insight into the real meaning and character of men, or books, or pictures, or institutions. If the plot of Mr. Trollope's novels were of paramount importance, such superfluities would be more objectionable. But the realist in fiction is careless about plot. His sole object is to describe men's lives as they really are; and real life is fragmentary and unmethodical.

We do not know whether this is Mr. Trollope's opinion, or whether he has any theory on the subject at all; but we know that it is not by dexterous manipulation of his story that he hopes to sustain the interest of his readers. That moves on, not indeed very rapidly, but easily and naturally enough; and ever as it moves, we are made to understand more clearly how thoroughly this story-teller despises the arts by which curiosity may be kept on the stretch. One or two of the scenes have some connexion with each other, and follow each other in natural sequence; but this is by no means the case with the majority. In many of these books, the chapters which carry on the story, and lead up to the catastrophe, are probably fewer in number than those which have nothing whatever to do with either the one or the other. This is a serious fault in art; and in policy, if Mr. Trollope desires his novels to be read often, it is, we think, a dangerous error.

But here it is necessary to discriminate. We are not of those who think that a perfect plot, or what is called so, is essential to a good novel. A plot may be a very ingenious invention; but it generally implies at once an isolation and interdependence of characters and interests which never found its counterpart in real life since this world began. Ten or twelve people are so absolutely cut off from the rest of mankind, and linked so closely to one another, that the most insignificant cannot move an arm without hastening or retarding a catastrophe, the gradual evolution of which is the end of their miserable existence. Such phenomena are rare in the actual world; and by no means essential to the interest of those novels which appeal to higher feelings than curiosity. In these, there is no reason that we can see, why the people should not hang together as loosely as in real life. The characters need not be isolated from the world, nor from all the interests of humanity which do not affect the catastrophe. A novel is not a drama; and we have time, in our way to the conclusion, to pause upon details and to wander into byways. If the novelist can trust himself to let his story stand still, while he elucidates a nicety of character, or describes a picturesque or a humorous situation, there is no

reason why he should not disport himself in this way, so long as he continues to amuse his readers. Even a dramatic writer, if his dramas are to be read, may be allowed a certain license in this respect. On the stage, a play must move; in the closet we are delighted that the action should pause, while Egmont displays the Golden Fleece to his Clärchen, or describes to her the stately Regent of the Netherlands. But all this is permissible, only because, although it has no tendency to evolve the *dénouement*, it throws light upon the characters in whom it is presumed that we are interested. It is not the least inconsistent, therefore, with that unity of feeling and interest which is absolutely indispensable in the drama, and almost equally important in prose fiction. But if the scenes for the sake of which the story stands still, in no way concern the principal characters, and are remote from the leading interest of the piece, their introduction at all is a blot, more or less excusable according to the skill with which they are described, but always awkward and inartistic. The interest of *Orley Farm*, for example, turns upon the trial of a certain Lady Mason, nominally for perjury, but virtually for forging her husband's will. A trial involves barristers, attorneys, and witnesses. It is obvious that all these people must have interests in life, unconnected with Lady Mason; and it is right that this should be made apparent in a novel which aims at representing things as they are. But when two or three months are interposed—for the book was published in monthly numbers—between Lady Mason's committal for trial and the opening speech for the prosecution, in order that the high-life love affairs of her junior counsel, and the low-life love affairs of an unhappy witness, to say nothing of the eatings and drinkings of that witness's brother-in-law, should be detailed at length, this is surely carrying reality to a dangerous pitch. It is imitating nature, as it was said that Richardson imitated nature, *jusqu'à l'ennui*.

For Mr. Trollope scarcely seems to be sufficiently aware that the time-honoured rules which he disregards so pleasantly are founded on principles as real and permanent as the love of novel-reading itself. Superfluities and irrelevancies are objectionable in a novel for no other reason than because they make it less interesting. Even in a novel there is a certain strain on the reader's attention. The strain is at its minimum if every particular scene is good in itself, and also contributes to the general movement of the book; but many a stout swimmer has perished in sight of land, because the power which might have carried him triumphantly to the conclusion has been thrown away on an unnecessary episode. If that, as he somewhere

hints, is a slight impropriety in Mr. Trollope, which would have been a fatal fault in some of his predecessors, it is only because he sins more gracefully than they. It may be that his episodes are in themselves amusing; the incomparable liveliness with which he tells his story does not often desert him, even in his digressions; and his readers are seldom allowed to guess how narrowly they have escaped being bored. His peculiar merit as a story-teller, lies in the conduct of particular scenes; and the ease with which these lead into one another, blinds one occasionally to their real incoherence. But his novels would be still more interesting than they are, if, in the construction of the story, they were more artistic.

This, however, is a point on which criticism may easily degenerate into pedantry. It is no blame to Mr. Trollope, who writes novels, that his talent is in some respects undramatic; for after all it is no more desirable than it is necessary that either in the marshalling of scenes and incidents, or even in the delineation of character, the novel should conform to the conditions of the drama. The dramatist who describes his characters, instead of making them reveal themselves, fails in the principal object of his art. But the novelist is tied down by no such rigorous rules. It is his privilege to describe, if he is so minded, what a play-writer would be bound to represent. And as long as he can do so without becoming tedious, we know no other reason why he should not be permitted to explain, in his own language, whatever he may find it troublesome to make his characters themselves express.

Mr. Trollope, indeed, occasionally tells us, on the first introduction of a character, that he will allow it to unfold itself as the story proceeds; but that only means that he will describe it a little more minutely by and by, and illustrate what he describes by its walk and conversation. Some of his characters are rather vague and shadowy, but the greater number are very far otherwise. He not only draws very clearly and correctly the salient features, by means of which all men recognise their fellows, but with still more felicitous delicacy and precision, the minuter shades of sentiment, by which ordinary people, living the same life and holding the same opinions, are nevertheless distinguished from one another. His books are full of ordinarily upright, generous, and well-bred people, who in the real world in which they might easily have lived, would not be supposed to rejoice in any very striking or peculiar physiognomy. But Mr. Trollope, with the delicate perception which he possesses, seizes upon the distinctive features which underlie so much apparent uniformity, and creates, or rather portrays, a character which is not the less amusing, because it is perfectly

commonplace. Some female writers have possessed this peculiar subtlety in still greater perfection, but then it is accompanied in Mr. Trollope, with a masculine maturity and knowledge of the world, to which there is no kind of parallel in Miss Austen nor in any of her English sisters. And yet it is not by penetrating very far below the surface that the character is rendered so lifelike. His books are a wonderful mirror of the world ; or at least of a certain portion of the world. Of the heart, they reveal few secrets that are hidden from the generality of mankind.

Miss Austen's name reminds us of a talent, in which that exquisite delineator of character was deficient. She cannot describe the faces of her heroes and heroines. Mr. Trollope's powers in this direction are admirable. In the delightful art of portrait-painting in words, we doubt if any master has surpassed him. We can scarcely think of a rival excepting Count Anthony Hamilton. The gift is by no means a common one. It may be easy enough, perhaps, to describe the exaggerated features of imaginary monstrosities, so that the dullest reader cannot mistake one caricature for another. The difficulty lies in conceiving such characters. No one but Mr. Dickens could have invented Mr. Quilp ; but most people who happened to meet so extraordinary a monster, would be able to give some recognisable description of his personal appearance. It is a much more difficult task so to describe clergymen, and squires, and barristers, and young ladies and gentle matrons, such as we all of us know hundreds, that the written words shall give us a more distinguishable portrait than the pencil of an able artist. Yet, if the readers of *Orley Farm* will compare Mr. Trollope's pictures with those of Mr. Millais, they will certainly pronounce the former the better portrait-painter of the two.

We remember but one occasion on which the painter has beaten the novelist, and that is in one of the illustrations to the *Small House at Allington*, the beautiful drawing of old Mr. Harding at the door of Barchester Cathedral. Both head and figure are full of the finest possible expression,—the very simplicity, purity, and sweetness of Mr. Trollope's delightful conception, "where all is conscience and tender heart."

This happy talent goes a great way towards giving their unquestionable verisimilitude to Mr. Trollope's men and women. Only one or two of the greatest of his predecessors have invented characters who take the same place in our memory as familiar acquaintances. It does not in the least degree diminish—it rather increases—the skill which was required for their creation ; but perhaps it may help to account for our familiarity with them, when they have been created, that they are not, as we have said, extraordinary people. Some of them have a little

more wit than is common ; but they are not stronger, abler, or braver, richer in imagination, or more tender in sensibility than a courteous novelist must suppose the generality of his readers to be. But if there be not found among his people a single specimen of that ideal elevation of character which is rarer, perhaps, but just as true to the nature as the most commonplace of us all, what an infinite variety of good English men and women has he not made known to us ! Of all writers he has the most delicate feeling of the private life of our day ; and it may be that the completeness and truth of his best pictures result quite as much from the innumerable minute touches by which the relations of the characters are indicated to the general life of the society in which they live, as from the distinctness of the characters themselves. In so complex a state of society as ours, all people are connected by so many intricate and slender threads to the general body of their profession, of their class in society, of the nation itself, that the most searching annalist will not easily discover in any human being what characteristics are factitious, and what are original and his own. You do not penetrate to the man behind the bishop by robbing him merely of his lawn-sleeves and apron. The merely accidental associations of a lifetime are so closely interwoven with the mind and heart of every man that, unless some occasion arises to stir up the depth of his passions, he is better known to his dearest friends by the things that are outward and conventional than by his own more intimate nature. A wonderfully lifelike picture may therefore be produced by a skilful combination of features that are merely external ; and if to such features of this kind as are supposed to be peculiar to the individual, one or two strongly-marked class-characteristics can be added, the result will be a portrait as recognisable to most readers as their own familiar acquaintances. The latter elements of character are more freely, or at all events more obviously, used by Mr. Trollope when he is writing about clergymen than on any other occasion. Perhaps this is owing to the subject. The opinions and sentiments, amusements, and occupations of Civil Service clerks must be as familiar to him, and we have no doubt he has represented them quite as truly, as those of bishops, deans, and prebendaries. But the cloth is a more glaring badge in these days than any other, and assuredly Mr. Trollope has known how to use it. None of his sketches of human nature are better ; none are more humorous, more truthful, more full of cheerful, frank good-nature, or more thoroughly redeemed from insipidity by a sufficient infusion of the salt of sarcasm, than those in the books that first made his fame—the *Warden* and *Barchester Towers*. His venerable, indolent, tender-hearted, soft old Bishop Grantly ;

his vain, feeble, henpecked, dapper little Bishop Proudie ; his Archdeacon—high-handed, terrible, and commanding ; above all, his admirable Warden—the most scrupulous, the most conscientious, the gentlest, and yet the firmest, the kindest, and most musical of human beings. These, to say nothing of so many slighter, graceful sketches of clerical wives and daughters ; nor of the evil spirits of the tale, the Slopes and Mrs. Proudies ; nor of the venerable cathedral and its stately services, and the sacred atmosphere of the Cathedral Close, in which everything is solemn, clerical, and wealthy, and everything—except the ravens, as to which we are entirely incredulous—is appropriate and in its place ;—these are the people who first won for Mr. Trollope the affections of the novel-reading world ; and these, we suspect, notwithstanding the immense variety of rivals whom he has since made known to us, are still the favourite characters of his admirers.

These are the favourites : but we are not quite sure that they are either the most difficult or the most successful performances of the artist. There are a class of people in England, even more numerous than clergymen, and even more like one another. There are young men in the world, now-a-days, which, to judge from the novels of the last generation, was not formerly the case. In the old times, when there still were heroes, no one thought of bestowing on a young man, who was born to make love, and be strong and handsome, and meet with difficulties, and be helped out of them, any superfluous character or interest. Mr. Trollope has abandoned the old tradition. Here, indeed, he is surpassed by a greater writer. He has given us no picture so true, so searching, and so painful, as Arthur Pendennis. But nowhere, as it seems to us, has his talent been more successfully employed than in describing the characteristic features of young Englishmen. Peregrine Orme, Johnnie Eames, Charley Tudor, and half-a-dozen more, are portraits of a kind that nobody before Mr. Trollope has succeeded in drawing. The last of the three is one of the best. How he comes up to London, very young, and not particularly well educated ; how he obtains a berth in the fastest and idlest of all public offices ; how he plunges into all sorts of low dissipations ; how he succumbs to the fascinations of gin-and-water, tobacco, and the bar-maid of the " Cat and Whistle ;" how he almost plights his troth to that young lady ; how infinitely he prefers reputable society, and women who are gentle and refined ; and how he is saved from Norah Geraghty and the abyss, and marries charming Katie Woodward, and becomes a popular novelist ; all the mingled good and evil of this life, and the light-hearted, impassible temper which makes it possible, is described, we think, as ad-

mirably in the *Three Clerks* as any character or career of which Mr. Trollope has told his readers. In one of his later books he is equally successful with a youth of a different species. We do not remember, in our experience of novel reading, any such unexaggerated character of a prig as Lucius Mason in *Orley Farm*. He has been educated at a private school, and afterwards in Germany. He has had less than the usual opportunities, therefore, of measuring himself with others, and discovering where he excels and where he is surpassed; and his talents, his knowledge, his self-confident ambition, his dignity, his persuasion that nothing considerable has yet been done with philology and the races of men as a combined pursuit, and his pleasing conviction that no human being ever read, wrote, or thought, before he came into the world, are very skilfully described in themselves, and contrast very well with the manly ignorance of Peregrine Orme; his simplicity, and his love for rats. Lucius Mason has terrible things to suffer in the course of the story, and he bears his griefs, as indeed he bears his prosperity also, so that no one can help respecting, and no one can persuade himself to like him.

If Mr. Trollope's boys are almost as good as the bishops, his girls are even better than the boys. No other writer that we know of, can show you so charming a gallery of graceful and natural English girls. The delicacy of his touch is nowhere so masterly as in describing his heroines, and their love affairs. They are not too stiff, too sensible, or too discreet. There is a kind of effusion in the best of them, such as Lucy Roberts and Lily Dale, which it requires the greatest possible tact to manage. Mr. Trollope in general manages it admirably. If he occasionally forgets his cunning, it is only a momentary lapse; and even when he allows his favourites to say things that are scarcely ladylike, they do not entirely cease to be ladies.

Mere pictures of character, however, would never have made Mr. Trollope's novels so amusing, or nearly so popular, as they are; and we have said already that as a constructor of plots he has some serious deficiencies. How is it then that his characters in action are made so interesting? It is owing, we believe, to the universal interest in every species of conflict between men. It is simply a new version of the old fighting stories of our boyhood, transferred to a far more delicate atmosphere; and we watch the struggle between Mrs. Proud and Archdeacon Grantly, with very much the same kind of anxiety as that with which we used to regard the engagements of the Deer-slayer with the bloody Mingoes. It has been well said of Mr. Trollope that he is a master of what may be called "social

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tactics;" and the critic from whom we borrow the observation points very justly as a minor illustration of this sort of strategy to the skilful manœuvring of Lily Dale in her contest with Hopkins the gardener. "I always like," says Lily, "to get him into the house, because he feels himself a little abashed by the chairs and tables, or perhaps it is the carpet that is too much for him. Out on the gravel walks, he is such a terrible tyrant, and in the greenhouse he almost tramples on one." The only unfortunate effect of this peculiar talent is that it makes it rather unfair to quote particular scenes from these novels. The strategic movements in this kind of social war are so subtle and delicate that you must have the whole of them before you, to appreciate their skill and humour. But here is a good scene from *Barchester Towers*. In this case, the war is rather complicated. The immediate subject is the Wardenship of Hiram's Hospital, which ought to be given to Mr. Harding; and the belligerents are Archdeacon Grantly on the one side, and the Bishop of Barchester, his wife, and his chaplain, on the other. But this latter force is divided against itself. The Bishop's wife and the Bishop's chaplain are struggling for the sole government of the Bishop; and although the chaplain is ultimately defeated, with great loss and some disgrace, he is not unsuccessful in occasional skirmishes; and in the following he is triumphant. Mrs. Proudie has commanded her lord to give the wardenship to a certain Mr. Quiverful, and the chaplain has recommended Mr. Quiverful to withdraw from opposition to Mr. Harding's claims.

"It was hardly an hour since Mrs. Proudie had left her husband's apartment victorious, and yet so indomitable was her courage that she now returned thither panting for another combat. She was greatly angry with what she thought was his duplicity. He had so clearly given her a promise on this matter of the hospital. He had been already so absolutely vanquished on that point. Mrs. Proudie began to feel that if every affair was to be thus discussed and battled about twice and even thrice, the work of the diocese would be too much even for her.

"Without knocking at the door she walked quickly into her husband's room, and found him seated at his office table, with Mr. Slope opposite to him. Between his fingers was the very note which he had written to the archbishop in her presence—and it was open! Yes, he had absolutely violated the seal which had been made sacred by her approval. They were sitting in deep conclave, and it was too clear that the purport of the archbishop's invitation had been absolutely canvassed again, after it had been already debated and decided on in obedience to her behests! Mr. Slope rose from his chair, and bowed slightly. The two opposing spirits looked each other fully in the face, and they knew that they were looking each at an enemy.

"What is this, bishop, about Mr. Quiverful?" said she, coming to the end of the table and standing there.

"Mr. Slope did not allow the bishop to answer, but replied himself. 'I have been out to Puddingdale this morning, ma'am, and have seen Mr. Quiverful. Mr. Quiverful has abandoned his claim to the hospital, because he is now aware that Mr. Harding is desirous to fill his old place. Under these circumstances I have strongly advised his lordship to nominate Mr. Harding.'

"Mr. Quiverful has not abandoned anything," said the lady, with a very imperious voice. "His lordship's word has been pledged to him, and it must be respected."

"The bishop still remained silent. He was anxiously desirous of making his old enemy bite the dust beneath his feet. His new ally had told him that nothing was more easy for him than to do so. The ally was there now at his elbow to help him, and yet his courage failed him. It is so hard to conquer when the prestige of former victories is all against one. It is so hard for the cock who has once been beaten out of his yard, to resume his courage and again take a proud place upon a dunghill.

"Perhaps I ought not to interfere," said Mr. Slope, "but yet——"

"Certainly you ought not," said the infuriated dame.

"But yet," continued Mr. Slope, not regarding the interruption, "I have thought it my imperative duty to recommend the bishop not to slight Mr. Harding's claims."

"Mr. Harding should have known his own mind," said the lady.

"If Mr. Harding be not replaced at the hospital, his lordship will have to encounter much ill will, not only in the diocese, but in the world at large. Besides, taking a higher ground, his lordship, as I understand, feels it to be his duty to gratify, in this matter, so very worthy a man and so good a clergyman as Mr. Harding."

"And what is to become of the Sabbath-day school, and of the Sunday services in the hospital?" said Mrs. Proudie, with something very nearly approaching to a sneer on her face.

"I understand that Mr. Harding makes no objection to the Sabbath-day school," said Mr. Slope. "And as to the hospital services, that matter will be best discussed after his appointment. If he has any permanent objection, then I fear the matter must rest."

"You have a very easy conscience in such matters, Mr. Slope," said she.

"I should not have an easy conscience," he rejoined, "but a conscience very far from being easy, if anything said or done by me should lead the bishop to act unadvisedly in this matter. It is clear that in the interview I had with Mr. Harding, I misunderstood him——"

"And it is equally clear that you have misunderstood Mr. Quiverful," said she, now at the top of her wrath. "What business have you at all with these interviews? Who desired you to go to Mr. Quiverful this morning? Who commissioned you to manage this affair? Will you answer me, sir?—who sent you to Mr. Quiverful this morning?"

"There was a dead pause in the room. Mr. Slope had risen from his chair, and was standing with his hand on the back of it, looking at first very solemn and now very black. Mrs. Proudie was standing as she had at first placed herself, at the end of the table, and as she interrogated her foe she struck her hand upon it with almost more than feminine vigour. The bishop was sitting in his easy chair twiddling his thumbs, turning his eyes now to his wife, and now to his chaplain, as each took up the cudgels. How comfortable it would be if they could fight it out between them without the necessity of any interference on his part; fight it out so that one should kill the other utterly, as far as diocesan life was concerned, so that he, the bishop, might know clearly by whom it behoved him to be led. There would be the comfort of quiet in either case; but if the bishop had a wish as to which might prove the victor, that wish was certainly not antagonistic to Mr. Slope.

"'Better the d—— you know than the d—— you don't know,' is an old saying, and perhaps a true one; but the bishop had not yet realized the truth of it.

"'Will you answer me, sir?' she repeated. 'Who instructed you to call on Mr. Quiverful this morning?' There was another pause. 'Do you intend to answer me, sir?'

"'I think, Mrs. Proudie, that under all the circumstances it will be better for me not to answer such a question,' said Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope had many tones in his voice, all duly under his command; among them was a sanctified low tone, and a sanctified loud tone; and he now used the former.

"'Did any one send you, sir?'

"'Mrs. Proudie,' said Mr. Slope, 'I am quite aware how much I owe to your kindness. I am aware also what is due by courtesy from a gentleman to a lady. But there are higher considerations than either of those, and I hope I shall be forgiven if I now allow myself to be actuated solely by them. My duty in this matter is to his lordship, and I can admit of no questioning but from him. He has approved of what I have done, and you must excuse me if I say, that having that approval and my own, I want none other.'

"What horrid words were these which greeted the ear of Mrs. Proudie! The matter was indeed too clear. There was premeditated mutiny in the camp. Not only had ill-conditioned minds become insubordinate by the fruition of a little power, but sedition had been overtly taught and preached. The bishop had not yet been twelve months in his chair, and rebellion had already reared her hideous head within the palace. Anarchy and misrule would quickly follow, unless she took immediate and strong measures to put down the conspiracy which she had detected.

"'Mr. Slope,' she said, with slow and dignified voice, differing much from that which she had hitherto used, 'Mr. Slope, I will trouble you, if you please, to leave the apartment. I wish to speak to my lord alone.'

"Mr. Slope also felt that everything depended on the present interview. . . .

"And yet it was not so easy to keep his ground when he was bidden by a lady to go; or to continue to make a third in a party between a husband and wife when the wife expressed a wish for a *l'été-à-l'été* with her husband.

"Mr. Slope," she repeated, "I wish to be alone with my lord."

"His lordship has summoned me on most important diocesan business," said Mr. Slope, glancing with uneasy eye at Dr. Proudie. He felt that he must trust something to the bishop, and yet that trust was so wofully ill-placed. "My leaving him at the present moment is, I fear, impossible."

"Do you bandy words with me, you ungrateful man?" said she.

"My lord, will you do me the favour to beg Mr. Slope to leave the room?"

"My lord scratched his head, but for the moment said nothing. This was as much as Mr. Slope expected from him, and was on the whole, for him, an active exercise of marital rights.

"My lord," said the lady, "is Mr. Slope to leave this room, or am I?"

"Here Mrs. Proudie made a false step. She should not have alluded to the possibility of retreat on her part. She should not have expressed the idea that her order for Mr. Slope's expulsion could be treated otherwise than by immediate obedience. In answer to such a question the bishop naturally said in his own mind, that as it was necessary that one should leave the room, perhaps it might be as well that Mrs. Proudie did so. He did say so in his own mind, but externally he again scratched his head and again twiddled his thumbs.

"Mrs. Proudie was boiling over with wrath. Alas, alas! could she but have kept her temper as her enemy did, she would have conquered as she had ever conquered. But divine anger got the better of her, as it has done of other heroines, and she fell.

"My lord," said she, "am I to be vouchsafed an answer, or am I not?"

"At last he broke his deep silence and proclaimed himself a Slopette.

"Why, my dear," said he, "Mr. Slope and I are very busy."

"That was all. There was nothing more necessary. He had gone to the battle-field, stood the dust and heat of the day, encountered the fury of the foe, and won the victory. How easy is success to those who will only be true to themselves!

"Mr. Slope saw at once the full amount of his gain, and turned on the vanquished lady a look of triumph which she never forgot and never forgave. Here he was wrong. He should have looked humbly at her, and with meek entreating eye have deprecated her anger. He should have said by his glance that he asked pardon for his success, and that he hoped forgiveness for the stand which he had been forced to make in the cause of duty. So might he perchance have somewhat mollified that imperious bosom, and prepared the way for future terms. But Mr. Slope meant to rule without terms. Ah, forgetful, inexperienced man! Can you cause that little trembling victim to be divorced from the woman that possesses him? Can you provide that they shall

be separated at bed and board? Is he not flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone, and must he not so continue? It is very well now for you to stand your ground; and triumph as she is driven ignominiously from the room; but can you be present when those curtains are drawn, when that awful helmet of proof has been tied beneath the chin, when the small remnants of the bishop's prowess shall be cowed by the tassel above his head? Can you then intrude yourself when the wife wishes 'to speak to my lord alone?'"

When it is said that a writer's strong point lies in the representation of characters, as they affect one another in society, the limit of his power in drawing character is pretty plainly indicated.

So much, as we have said already, of men's characters in a highly civilized age is made up of associations, manners, conventionalities, that it would be almost as impossible to make a modern Englishman in a novel develop himself, except through the medium of those external characteristics, as it would be to make him talk without the use of language. But, though it be impossible to reach the inner man except through this complicated upper integument, his real heart and mind are nevertheless beneath it; and if the character of the man is to be made fully known to us, it is from within that the artist must proceed. Now, it would not be true to say absolutely that Mr. Trollope shows us nothing in his people that we should not see for ourselves if they were our living acquaintances. Many of them, at least, have something more than manners, physiognomy, and costume. The scrupulousness of the Warden, for example, and the unscrupulousness of Alaric Tudor, are inner qualities, in the presentation of which Mr. Trollope goes somewhat farther than he is accustomed to do, below the surface. But then they are only qualities, and a man does not consist of a bundle of qualities any more than he consists of a bundle of habits. Or if he does, they are too numerous to be detailed, so as to let us know much about him. You have no full view of a man's character when every mental and bodily characteristic that at any particular moment he possesses has been numbered and labelled for your inspection. Even, if this were done with the most perfect completeness, you would know little unless you had imagination enough to combine into one all-embracing whole the separate parts you have been permitted to look at. But, it never by possibility can be done with anything approaching completeness. The simplest character in the world, if you look at it piecemeal, is so complex, intricate, and many-sided, that a lifetime will hardly be sufficient to inspect its innumerable aspects, for only a lifetime will be sufficient to display them. As Emilia says, "It is not a year or two shows us a man." Some of our readers will remember the touching and beautiful

essay in which Charles Lamb, talking of his present self with all disfavour, recalls with so pathetic and humorous a tenderness the merits of the child Elia. Any one who without going quite so far back as his infancy can form a distinct image of what he himself was years ago, will be conscious of a contrast between the past and present, almost as startling as that between the childhood of Elia, and all that the introspective essayist conceals under his terrible asterisks. He will find it almost impossible, ponder he never so wisely, to lay his finger on the relation that subsists between that past and present. He will be perfectly conscious, no question, that however his character may have been modified by time and events, it remains the same character still. But he will be just as thoroughly assured that the points of character which in that unforgotten past he presented most prominently to all men's view, were those which, for his familiars now, there is no possibility of perceiving.

And therefore it is that separate features, ever so vividly depicted, no more represent a man's character than a narrative of half-a-dozen accidents that have happened to him can be called the history of his life. One particular aspect of his character, or several, may have been described; one or two more or less significant fragments may have been presented to the reader; but the man himself is different from a combination of the fragments. Mr. Trollope has given us more of his Barchester parsons than their mere external peculiarities, but he has not enabled us to form a conception of what they are out of the four corners of Barchester Towers. Try to abstract them from the circumstances in which you have seen them, place them in another age and a different costume, and the clear outline becomes faint, and the vivid picture is the shadow of a shade. Mr. Trollope indicates his own deficiencies distinctly enough when he bids farewell to Archdeacon Grantly. "We fear," he says, "that he is represented in these pages as being worse than he is; but we have had to do with his foibles, and not with his virtues. We have seen only the weak side of the man, and have lacked the opportunity of bringing him forward on his strong ground." He is brought forward afterwards in another book, but not so as to make us understand him better.

It seems to us that Mr. Trollope is never successful in dealing with that which he has had no opportunity of subjecting to actual scrutiny. He generally fails in the characters in whom the intellectual element is predominant. With all his subtlety in certain directions, his talent is positive and unideal; and his tact and insight leave him, when he tries to handle subjects and people, whose proper habitation is in a rarer atmosphere than that of society. He is much less familiar with ideas, than with

manners, feelings, and habits; and when the interest of a character is meant to turn on the conflict of thoughts in a mind of unusual speculative power, he is singularly unsuccessful.

It is true that he seldom attempts such a character. In his many pictures of clergymen, for example, he will show us anything rather than their opinions and feelings about religion. He tells us, indeed, that his Grantlys and Slopes differ widely from one another; but their differences are merely hinted at as the origin of certain social feuds. It is in these feuds that the real interest of the novel is intended to lie; and the opinions of which they are the most insignificant result, the beliefs which lie at the root of some of the characters, and must be supposed to have had the most searching and powerful influence upon all, are generally left in the vague. This is perfectly right. Mr. Trollope is wise in confining himself to common life; and any one who would know how wise, should compare *Barchester Towers* with *The Minister's Wooing*, and be thankful that the pleasant humour of Mr. Trollope has nothing in common with the shocking profanity of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. But unhappily Mr. Trollope is not always wise. He sometimes does attempt character, the interest of which shall lie in nothing that can be seen in the common intercourse of society; and he never makes such an attempt without failure. Mr. Arabin, for example, we have always thought a failure. What is intended in this character, is the representation of a fine mind, under the influence of reactionary but ardent and profound convictions. The idea was a good one; but Mr. Trollope has neither knowledge enough nor speculation enough to work it out. A life, the interest of which lies in thought, is precisely the life which he is least capable of adequately setting forth. We are, somewhat indiscreetly, promised a remarkable character, a thinker, a controversialist, a brilliant leader of the church. We are given a clergyman beset with certain social perplexities. If Mr. Trollope were writing about Plato or Julius Caesar, he would tell us nothing about either, except their difficulties and triumphs in the society of their day. George Bertram's is a more ambitious portrait than that of Mr. Arabin; and it is of a kind that no living novelist but the author of *Adam Bede* has shown any real capacity for painting. Bertram's unworldliness is extremely well described; but when Mr. Trollope attempts to show us how his devotional feeling is dried up, and the faith that is in him is shaken by the coldness of his mistress and the harsh realities of life, it is impossible to help feeling that we have been seduced into regions of the heart that have never yielded up their secrets to the novelist, who moves over the surface of every-day life with so easy and assured a mastery. We

do not assert that such a character as Bertram was meant to be is quite beyond the reach of Mr. Trollope. But at least we may say that such an achievement, if he should ever accomplish it, will be the fruit of silence and reflection. These are not the successes which an author can attain, who thinks it necessary every year to write two or three novels that will sell. There is another class of people who are better described than the Bertrams and Arabins, but not quite so happily as the Mrs. Proudis and Lady Luftens. The eccentric characters, we think, are not drawn with so much skill as the commonplace ones.

Bertie Stanhope, for example, in *Barchester Towers*, and his sister Madeline, the Signora Vesey Neroni, although they are certainly amusing, have not, we think, the reality of their fellows. It may be possible, for aught we know, that they are copied from living originals; and in that case we should say that Mr. Trollope had failed in attempting to embody, in a character certain exceptional features, and probably the cause of his failure might not be difficult to trace. When Mr. Dickens develops an extravagance into a human being, every one understands that this is an inhabitant of an unreal world, peopled by Micawbers and Pickwicks, "where no cold moral reigns," and whose denizens the most prosaic of critics would not dream of trying by the common standard. But Mr. Trollope copies the eccentricities of the Signora with the same literal accuracy with which he draws the more familiar features of Dr. Proudie. It is not his object to expand either one or the other into a caricature, and both alike are made to move among the common scenes and people of everyday life. Of the Bishop, indeed, as of the Signora, he describes no more than the accidents, not the essence from which they spring. But his readers are familiar with the conditions under which the Bishop lives and moves. An immense mass of associations and feelings is floating in their minds, with which they half-unconsciously connect whatever is told them about him. The reader, therefore, himself brings no inconsiderable aid in supplement of the reality of the Bishop. But all such resources fail him with Madeline Stanhope; and so he pronounces the Bishop natural and life-like, and Madeline incredible, distorted, and out of place. The most unmistakable proof that she is a failure, is the coarseness and clumsiness of her manœuvring at the very points where, if Mr. Trollope had kept anything like his usual grasp of the character, it would have been most subtle. The last scene with Mr. Slope is both clumsy and vulgar, and the scene with Eleanor is improbable, and perfectly useless.

Bertie is a great deal better; and if we do not quite believe in him, as we do in the Tudors, Ormes, and Masons, he is more

amusing than any of them. Here is his first appearance at Mrs. Proudie's reception:

Ethelbert Stanhope was dressed in light blue from head to foot. He had on the loosest possible blue coat, cut square like a shooting-coat, and very short. It was lined with silk of azure blue. He had on a blue satin waistcoat, a blue neckhandkerchief which was fastened beneath his throat with a coral ring, and very loose blue trousers which almost concealed his feet. His soft glossy beard was softer and more glossy than ever.

"Do you like Barchester on the whole?" asked Bertie.

"The bishop, looking dignified, said that he did like Barchester."

"You've not been here very long, I believe," said Bertie.

"No—not long," said the bishop, and tried again to make his way between the back of the sofa and a heavy rector, who was staring over it at the grimaces of the signora.

"You weren't a bishop before, were you?"

"Dr. Proudie explained that this was the first diocese he had held."

"Ah—I thought so," said Bertie; "but you are changed about sometimes, a'nt you?"

"Translations are occasionally made," said Dr. Proudie; "but not so frequently as in former days."

"They've cut them all down to pretty nearly the same figure, haven't they?" said Bertie.

"To this the bishop could not bring himself to make any answer, but again attempted to move the rector."

"But the work, I suppose, is different?" continued Bertie. "Is there much to do here, at Barchester?" This was said exactly in the tone that a young Admiralty clerk might use in asking the same question of a brother acolyte at the Treasury.

"The work of a bishop of the Church of England," said Dr. Proudie, with considerable dignity, "is not easy. The responsibility which he has to bear is very great indeed."

"Is it?" said Bertie, opening wide his wonderful blue eyes. "Well, I never was afraid of responsibility. I once had thoughts of being a bishop, myself."

"Had thoughts of being a bishop!" said Dr. Proudie, much amazed.

"That is, a parson—a parson first, you know, and a bishop afterwards. If I had once begun, I'd have stuck to it. But, on the whole, I like the Church of Rome the best."

"The bishop could not discuss the point, so he remained silent."

"Now, there's my father," continued Bertie; "he hasn't stuck to it. I fancy he didn't like saying the same thing over so often. By the by, Bishop, have you seen my father?"

"The bishop was more amazed than ever. Had he seen his father?" "No," he replied; "he had not yet had the pleasure: he hoped he might;" and, as he said so, he resolved to bear heavy on that fat, immovable rector, if ever he had the power of doing so.

“ ‘He’s in the room somewhere,’ said Bertie, ‘and he’ll turn up soon. By the by, do you know much about the Jews?’ ”

“ ‘At last the bishop saw a way out. ‘I beg your pardon,’ said he; ‘but I’m forced to go round the room.’ ”

“ ‘Well—I believe I’ll follow in your wake,’ said Bertie. ‘Terribly hot—isn’t it?’ This he addressed to the fat rector with whom he had brought himself into the closest contact. ‘They’ve got this sofa into the worst possible part of the room; suppose we move it. Take care, Madeline.’ ”

“ ‘The sofa had certainly been so placed that those who were behind it found great difficulty in getting out;—there was but a narrow gangway, which one person could stop. This was a bad arrangement, and one which Bertie thought it might be well to improve. ”

“ ‘Take care, Madeline,’ said he; and turning to the fat rector added, ‘Just help me with a slight push.’ ”

“ ‘The rector’s weight was resting on the sofa, and unwittingly lent all its impetus to accelerate and increase the motion which Bertie intentionally originated. The sofa rushed from its moorings, and ran half way into the middle of the room. Mrs. Proudie was standing with Mr. Slope in front of the Signora, and had been trying to be condescending and sociable; but she was not in the very best of tempers; for she found that, whenever she spoke to the lady, the lady replied by speaking to Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope was a favourite, no doubt; but Mrs. Proudie had no idea of being less thought of than the chaplain. She was beginning to be stately, stiff, and offended, when unfortunately the castor of the sofa caught itself in her lace train, and carried away there is no saying how much of her garniture. Gathers were heard to go, stitches to crack, plaits to fly open, flounces were seen to fall, and breadths to expose themselves;—a long ruin of rent lace disfigured the carpet, and still clung to the vile wheel on which the sofa moved. ”

“ ‘So, when a granite battery is raised, excellent to the eyes of war-faring men, is its strength and symmetry admired. It is the work of years. Its neat embrasures, its finished parapets, its casemated stories, show all the skill of modern science. But, anon, a small spark is applied to the treacherous fusee—a cloud of dust arises to the heavens—and then nothing is to be seen but dirt and dust and ugly fragments. ”

“ ‘We know what was the wrath of Juno when her beauty was despoised. We know to what storms of passion even celestial minds can yield. As Juno may have looked at Paris on Mount Ida, so did Mrs. Proudie look on Ethelbert Stanhope when he pushed the leg of the sofa into her lace train. ”

“ ‘Oh, you idiot, Bertie!’ said the Signora, seeing what had been done, and what were to be the consequences. ”

“ ‘Idiot!’ re-echoed Mrs. Proudie, as though the word were not half strong enough to express the required meaning; ‘I’ll let him know —;’ and then looking round to learn, at a glance, the worst, she saw that at present it behoved her to collect the scattered *débris* of her dress. ”

"Bertie, when he saw what he had done, rushed over the sofa, and threw himself on one knee before the offended lady. His object, doubtless, was to liberate the torn lace from the castor; but he looked as though he were imploring pardon from a goddess.

"Unhand it, sir!" said Mrs. Proudie. From what scrap of dramatic poetry she had extracted the word cannot be said; but it must have rested on her memory, and now seemed opportunely dignified for the occasion.

"I'll fly to the looms of the fairies to repair the damage, if you'll only forgive me," said Ethelbert, still on his knees.

"Unhand it, sir!" said Mrs. Proudie, with redoubled emphasis, and all but furious wrath. This allusion to the fairies was a direct mockery, and intended to turn her into ridicule. So at least it seemed to her. "Unhand it, sir!" she almost screamed.

"It's not me; it's the cursed sofa," said Bertie, looking imploringly in her face, and holding up both his hands to show that he was not touching her belongings, but still remaining on his knees.

"Hereupon the Signora laughed; not loud, indeed, but yet audibly. And as the tigress bereft of her young will turn with equal anger on any within reach, so did Mrs. Proudie turn upon her female guest.

"Madam!" she said—and it is beyond the power of prose to tell of the fire which flashed from her eyes.

The Signora stared her full in the face for a moment, and then turning to her brother said, playfully, 'Bertie, you idiot, get up.'

"By this time the bishop, and Mr. Slope, and her three daughters were around her, and had collected together the wide ruins of her magnificence. The girls fall into circular rank behind their mother, and thus following her and carrying out the fragments, they left the reception-rooms in a manner not altogether devoid of dignity. Mrs. Proudie had to retire and re-array herself.

"As soon as the constellation had swept by, Ethelbert rose from his knees, and turning with mock anger to the fat rector said: 'After all, it was your doing, sir—not mine. But perhaps you are waiting for preferment, and so I bore it.'"

Mr. Trollope's humour is limited very much in the same way as his description of character. It is the humour of a good observer. He has a thorough appreciation of all that is amusing in the various scenes and characters with which he comes in contact, and he succeeds in conveying the same sense to his readers in a very easy and delicate manner. But it is always that which he has seen that he appears to be describing, and he describes it as it really was. His transcript is uncoloured from the resources of his own fancy. And his humour accordingly is very light, graceful, and pleasing, when there is anything pleasing or graceful in the subject which he is treating; but when that presents no such attractive qualities, the humorist also becomes heavy and repulsive. When Mr. Trol-

lope takes the trouble to describe, with minute and literal accuracy, the characteristic vulgarities of low-minded people, whose aspirations and enjoyments alike are centred in their animal nature, he produces a picture that is mean, and hateful, and contemptible enough, but neither amusing nor even laughable. A story in the *Cornhill Magazine*, called *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, is an example of this. There is hardly anything in the book which is not as offensive to all good taste and right feeling as it is supposed to be in the real life, which the book professes to represent. Some of the worst offences of this kind are in his last novel, and certainly one of his best—the *Small House at Allington*. We are grateful to Mr. Trollope for the vulgarities of his London boarding-house; but only because it induced us to go to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and compare Mrs. Roper's with Todgers's. A painter or a novelist may depict as much as he pleases the lowest and vilest things in the world, provided only that in so doing, he can exercise our understanding like Hogarth, or make us laugh like Dickens. If he cannot do either, let him stick to what is pleasant. What object, for example, is to be gained by the elaborate portraiture of such a person as Mr. Moulder, in *Orley Farm*? A commercial traveller, in the grocery and spirit line, whose face and body roll with fat; whose eyes are bloodshot; who has something in his face that is masterful, and almost vicious; who kills himself with eating and drinking; whose brandy-and-water goes into his blood, and his eyes, and his feet, and his hands, but not into his brain—such a commercial traveller, in the hands of some humorists we know of, might have been made intensely amusing. But the literal detail of these peculiarities is only disgusting. A writer who desires to make fun of things and people that are mean and vulgar in themselves, must have an inexhaustible power of moving laughter, if he would not shock instead of amusing us. He must idealize and exaggerate; he must not be content to copy, with dull veracity, the amiable traits of people like Mr. Moulder. A drunken old hospital-nurse, who tortures her patients and mixes their medicines with snuff, is probably quite as repulsive a figure, and not much more entertaining. But the hand of a master has seized upon every ludicrous point in her character; idealized every feature; placed her in every grotesque situation, and heightened every ridiculous contrast; vivified her bonnet, her umbrella, her chest of drawers, and her bed; put the most amusingly appropriate language in her mouth; and endowed her, from his own inexhaustible fancy, with a life and richness of absurdity that makes her the most laughable old woman, all things considered, in the whole realm of fiction. It is pitiful to think what Mr.

Dickens might have made of Mr. Moulder, and what Mr. Trollope would have made of Mrs. Gamp.

Even the inimitable raillery of Mr. Trollope's political satire is in danger, when he gets among dull people, of becoming as heavy as they. Nothing can be better, in general, than his mode of quizzing political parties and public men. He laughs at living bishops, statesmen, and authors. But when he is most personal he is always good-humoured; and whether he is personal or not, he seldom ceases to be entertaining. Nothing can be more clever or more perfect in its way than his *Convent's* Custody Bill in the *Warden*, or his struggle of the gods and the giants, or Mr. Harold Smith's cry for new blood in *Framley Parsonage*. But even this cunning leaves him in *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*; and the debating society, by means of which he is pleased to represent in a figure the British House of Commons, is almost as stupid as the advertisements of Brown, Jones, and Robinson themselves.

Imagination is so variable a word that it is hardly possible to convey one's meaning by attributing or denying imagination to any writer. There is no fair use of the word, however, in which it can be said that the inventor of so many good characters is destitute of imagination. But of that degree of imagination Mr. Trollope is certainly not possessed, which should enable him to give reality to characters remote from daily life, or to interest us in subjects that do not commend themselves to our sympathies by a beauty and grace of their own. And yet one of the most remarkable novels he has written undoubtedly falls under those conditions. *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, as far as we can gather, is among the least popular of his writings. We can easily understand why it should be so. The subject is miserably painful; Mr. Trollope's mode of treating it makes the book more oppressing than any novel ought to be; but nothing he has written contains more of his peculiar power.

Macdermot of Ballycloran is the unhappy owner of "about six hundred as bad (Irish) acres as a gentleman might wish to call his own." His father had died when he was twelve years old, deeply in debt to the builder of his house of Ballycloran. The builder had taken a mortgage over the property to which the heirs succeeded, and the weight of that fatal mortgage had crushed poor Larry Macdermot. When the story opens, Macdermot is about fifty years old, "but a total want of energy, joined to a despairing apathy, have rendered him by this time little better than an idiot." So imbecile and torpid has he become, that he cries like a child if he is left during the morning without his whisky-and-water; he is never drunk and never

sober; and he sits over the fire whining and slobbering over his wrongs and persecutions till he has drunk himself into silence. He has two children—a son and daughter. Mr. Trollope is always happy in describing young English ladies; but the happiest and brightest of his Lucies and Madelines is not better drawn than poor Feemy Macdermot. "She was a tall dark girl, with that bold, upright, well-poised figure which is so peculiarly Irish. She walked as if all the blood of the old Irish princes was in her veins. Feemy also had large, bright brown eyes, and long, soft, shining, dark hair," and other equally attractive personal advantages. But her toilet, unhappily, was not irreproachable as to neatness and tidiness; her mother had died before she had grown up, and she had no one to look after her but her idiotic old father and her brother Thady. She would have been a fine creature had she been educated, but she had not been educated; her feelings and courage were strong; and they stood her in the place of mind. Thady had been brought up to no business, except to harrow the tenantry for money; he could read and write, but little more; but he had ardour and energy, if he could have had anything to be energetic about; he felt the degradation of his family, and he loved his sister better than any living creature. The best friend of this unhappy family is Father John, the priest of the parish. And Mr. Trollope, who has delineated the dignitaries of *Barchester* so successfully, is no less skilful in depicting the peculiarities of this Irish priest—his hospitality and his empty larder—his two tumblers and the stone jar of whisky under his bed—his books, his *St. Chrysostoms* and his *Charles O'Malleys*—piled one on the top of another in his little sitting-room, and closely packed in great boxes in every room in his cottage; his talent for wheedling his fees in pence and shillings out of Irish peasants at a wedding; his simplicity, his warm-heartedness, his charity, and his real ability and good sense. Father John hints to Thady that since a certain Miles Usher, a captain of Irish police, had been paying constant visits to *Ballycloran*, people had begun to talk of him as Feemy's lover; that he ought to speak to his sister on the subject; and that if things are not as they should be, he must tell Captain Usher that he will be welcome at *Ballycloran* no longer. But Thady, with the fondest brotherly affection, is totally unfit for so delicate a duty, and his uncouth and blundering fashion of interfering, only alienates Feemy, without inducing her to be circumspect. By and by Usher is promoted and ordered to a different part of the country; he is deaf to poor Feemy's entreaties that he should speak to her father, or make any arrangement for their marriage; and at last, in despair, she consents to leave her

father's house with him by night, and travel with him to his new quarters, under a promise that he will marry her in Dublin. On the night that has been fixed for the elopement, Usher is detained by an accident; Feemy has to wait for him at the gate of her father's house, till, from cold and dread of discovery, she can hardly move. When at last she hears her lover's gig on the road, she sees that Thady has come to the door, and is listening to the sound of the wheels: "all but fainting, she just preserves her senses sufficiently to torture her;" Usher leaves the gig; she tries to rise and whisper to him, but she is unable; and when he stoops and lifts her from her seat she has really fainted. Meanwhile Thady has come down the avenue unperceived. He sees a man stoop and lift something in his arms. As he comes nearer he sees "it is a woman's form that the man is half dragging, half carrying, and he hears Usher's voice say loudly, and somewhat angrily, 'This is d—d nonsense, Feemy; you must come now.'" Thady by this time is close to him, strikes him with a heavy stick which he always carried; strikes him again, and he falls dead without a groan. Thady is tried for murder. Feemy dies on the very day of the trial. No evidence, therefore, of the way in which Usher met his death can come from her; no one else saw the blow struck; and the circumstances in which it was given do not appear at the trial. The view taken by the jury is that the death of Usher was premeditated, and that Thady was the sworn instrument of a society of murderers, to whom the revenue officer had become obnoxious. After the worst of the bad speeches which Mr. Trollope puts into the mouths of imaginary barristers, the jury return a verdict of guilty, and Thady is condemned and executed.

We have not given anything like a complete outline of the story; but its principal motive is the death of Usher, and the consequent condemnation of Thady. The characters are all of them drawn with remarkable force; and Thady especially—his natural high-mindedness, his sense of his own degradation and that of his family, and the rough surface with which all the deplorable circumstances of his life had encrusted his nobler, and finer feelings, till they could find no outlet, struggle as they might,—Thady is represented with a tragic power, of which Mr. Trollope has hardly given any indication elsewhere. The history of his feelings before the homicide, and after it; the successive stages of his misery from stunned despair to resignation; are related with a moving simplicity and with perfect gravity, but with a terrible reality of detail. The pain of this story is so utterly unredeemed, that one is driven to ask how far the novelist was entitled to write it. There is a dull monotony of degradation about the atmosphere of the book, which even

the humours of Father John are insufficient to lighten. The coarser humours of some of the other characters infinitely deepen it, and almost the only purifying element is to be found in the finer qualities of the man, who, in the last page, is hanged for murder. That men's souls should be purged by pity and terror is the justifying motive of all tragedy; but the terror and pity should be drawn from the deeper conflict of higher passions than any that are touched in Mr. Trollope's tale. From beginning to end we are left on the same dull level of wretchedness. A man, the monotonous misery of whose life has offered no scope for the development of the nobility that is in him, strikes a sudden angry blow, and is condemned—most wrongly condemned to die for it. And then the confused suffering, the desolation, the degrees of agony by which he is crushed, are minutely narrated—for our instruction? That the approach of a shameful death should develop the tenderness and unselfish affection of the poor man's nature, as Mr. Trollope shows very finely that it does, is only a partial justification for this most painful book. That such things are, and that the saddest lessons are to be read from them; nay, or that such a character and such a fate as Thady Macdermot's appeal keenly to all human sympathies—these are no sufficient reasons for describing them in a novel. The very reality of the representation, in a book that after all we take up for amusement, makes us feel utterly ashamed, as we read, because that we are playing with human miseries. That Mr. Trollope has no such meaning we know well; and he may tell us that his object is gained, if we rise, as we ought to do, humbled and sad, from the perusal of his novel. But, then, that is not a fair object in writing novels, nor a common one in reading them. We wish to be amused, and not to be disquieted in mind. All the agonies of the Macdermots, it is true, are trifling compared with the tremendous woes which we are not unwilling to contemplate in tragic poetry. But these are the woes that spring from the high passions of great natures. Unmixed pain in a novel of to-day is merely intolerable. Are there not heartaches enough in the world? Our only consolation is to reflect that there is really no case against Thady after all, and that Mr. Trollope is certainly mistaken either about the nature of the evidence, or about the result of the trial.

But homicide is not the crime with which Mr. Trollope deals most successfully. The peculiar kinds of meanness and dishonesty of which men of the world are most apt to be guilty, could not be represented with more delicate skill, or more admirable fidelity, than in such characters as Mr. Crosbie, in the last book, who being engaged to one of the very best of Mr. Trollope's heroines, sells himself to marry an Earl's daughter, or,

as Alario Tudor in *The Three Clerks*, who speculates with his ward's money.

If Mr. Trollope has not searched the recesses of the heart, that very deficiency stands him in good stead when he is drawing such characters as these. There is no deep-rooted wickedness in Crosbie or in Tudor. In the height of their offences they fall but little below that middling elevation of character, beyond which Mr. Trollope will not exalt even his heroes. They are weak, and they are tempted, and they succumb. They do very contemptible things, but they are not irredeemably bad; and when they have smarted under such cutting, yet restrained scourgings, as no dispenser of poetical justice knows better than Mr. Trollope how to administer, we are glad to think that they may take their places once more among mankind, and are not driven for ever beyond the pale. They are defeated, but they are not absolutely crushed; and after their punishment and disgrace, neither their author nor his readers are unwilling to take them into favour. They are like their prototype, Gil Blas. Hateful, when he is the favourite secretary of the Duke of Lerma, we forgive him after his fall, and are almost as well pleased as he is, with the pavilions of Liria. There is no deficiency of sound morality in all this, any more than of knowledge of the world. Mr. Trollope shows nowhere so much of what Dr. Arnold called "moral thoughtfulness," as in the kind of retribution with which he visits such delinquents as Crosbie and Alario Tudor.

There is, indeed, no very broad and palpable system of rewards and punishments in his long series of novels, any more than in the world which they are intended to represent. The good apprentice does not always become Lord Mayor; nor is the idle one sent to the gallows. When he does make use of that implement, we have seen it is his hero whom he hangs. And in the *Small House of Allington*, one of the most charming girls in the world is left unmarried at the end of the book. But although there is no hint of any kind of connexion between good and evil in themselves, and good and evil fortune, bad actions produce their moral consequence as they do in the world. Crosbie's retribution is admirably described, and it is of a kind which it fell peculiarly within Mr. Trollope's province to describe well. He deserts Lily Dale and marries Lady Alexandrina, only to keep or to gain a position in society; and as soon as he is irretrievably doomed to a distinguished marriage instead of a happy one, his pride and place in the world are gone. Here is a picture of social degradation:—

"Crosbie had consented to go to the party in Portman Square, but had not greatly enjoyed himself on that festive occasion. He had

stood about moodily, speaking hardly a word to any one. His whole aspect of life seemed to have been altered during the last few months. It was here, in such spots as this, that he had been used to find his glory. On such occasions he had shone with peculiar light, making envious the hearts of many who watched the brilliancy of his career, as they stood around in dull quiescence. But now no one in these rooms had been more dull, more silent, or less courted than he; and yet he was established there as the son-in-law of that noble house. 'Rather slow work, isn't it?' Gazebee had said to him, having, after many efforts, succeeded in reaching his brother-in-law in a corner. In answer to this, Crosbie had only grunted. 'As for myself,' continued Gazebee, 'I would a deal sooner be at home with my papers and slippers. It seems to me these sort of gatherings don't suit married men.' Crosbie had again grunted, and had then escaped into another corner."

There is another subject on which we have a single word to say, before we bid farewell to Mr. Trollope. His satire is generally lively and good-humoured. It is acrid only when he talks of lawyers. Them, and the system they administer, he honours with relentless enmity.

Now, we are by no means of opinion that a novelist should be forbidden to trench upon political, or moral, or theological questions. It would be a poor piece of business, indeed, to represent men, and women, and society, without being allowed to exhibit the action of opinions and institutions on the tone of society and on the character of individuals. But a novelist who chooses to deal professedly and repeatedly with a subject of such magnitude as the system of administering justice in this country, and expresses in many different ways the strongest opinions in favour of that system or against it—a novelist, like any other writer who, by discussing a public question, assumes a public function important in proportion to his opportunity of making himself heard—is bound to investigate the question with honest diligence, and reflect before he speaks. If he do so, he may make what attack he pleases upon people or on institutions, and we shall not be entitled to impeach his honesty of purpose, even when we think him wrong. Mr. Reade, for example, may or may not be unjust in his prosecution of mad-doctors, elephants, and governors of jails; but if his charges are not all made out, at least he makes it plain that that is not because he has failed to make these criminals and their ways the subject of serious study. We cannot say the same for Mr. Trollope. He is constantly expressing his conviction that if all barristers are not liars, yet the tendency of their profession is to make them so, and their business to propagate falsehood; and yet he does not seem to us to have taken the trouble to

acquaint himself in the slightest degree with the system under which they exercise their profession, with the position in which they stand towards their clients, their opponents, and the court, or the nature of the duty they undertake. No doubt there are points in which the moral position of an advocate is anomalous and difficult. It is not always an easy matter for the most experienced to balance the conflicting claims of his client, of the court, and of his own honour; and a man who has made himself master of the subject might do good service by explaining where those different duties really come into collision, where they only appear to do so, and how the moral difficulties that result from that collision should be met. But before he does so, even in a novel, if he be an honest writer, he will ascertain what the real difficulties are, and how they are met now by the men who give the tone to their profession. He will ascertain the exact degree of license, which the English bar permits to its members, in the advocacy of a cause. And when he has investigated those important points, he will probably discover many things which have not yet dawned on the comprehension of Mr. Trollope. He will discover that it is irregular for counsel in a criminal trial to declare emphatically his own conviction of his client's innocence; that if he do so, knowing well from that client's own statement that he is guilty, his brethren of the bar will hold the same opinion of his falsehood as other English gentlemen; and that if he tamper with the opposite attorney, in the hope of suppressing a prosecution, he degrades himself beyond redemption in the eyes of his profession as in those of the world. These are the sins of the great Mr. Furnival, in *Orley Farm*. The last, we suppose, is meant to be an exceptional offence; but it is also meant to be the natural result of a lifetime spent, as Mr. Trollope describes it elsewhere, in turning black into white. It is odd enough that Mr. Trollope, who thinks so badly of the Bar, should speak of the Judges as if they were persons whose truth it is impossible to doubt. There is no influence in the formation of a man's character more potent or general than the practice of his profession; and it is strange that men whose youth and manhood have been passed in the practice of every kind of falsehood, should suddenly, in their age, become the great exemplars of veracity. And yet Mr. Trollope has not overstrained his compliment to the Judges. If you except one or two great thinkers, there is no class of men with whom a regard to truth is a principle of action to anything like the extent to which it is the principle on which English Judges are in the habit of thinking and acting. And, *pace* Mr. Trollope, the reason is not very far to seek. It is because, for their lives long, they have tasked

their minds in the investigation of truth, in questions in which they themselves have had no kind of interest. We do not say that the practice of advocacy can, by no possibility, twist the mind. In some points it is unfavourable to the moral being, in some even to the intellect. But in this respect it does not stand alone. Every profession has its characteristic tendencies to evil. The human mind, no more than the body, can be kept in one attitude without danger of disease. And since truthfulness, in the strict sense, is the rarest of human virtues, it must probably be that which is most easily affected by the peculiar morbid tendencies of all mental occupations alike. Even the profession of novel-writing is not exempt from the infirmities by which other professions are beset. Let Mr. Trollope consider whether a man's perfect truthfulness, in the highest sense of the word, is not placed in danger, when he drags before his own petty bar, individuals or corporate bodies, and condemns them as false, without troubling himself to master the facts of the charge under which he is trying them. He has indeed answered the question already, in talking of the writings of an author whom he chooses to nickname Mr. Popular Sentiment. "The artist who paints for the million must use glaring colours," says Mr. Trollope; and the remark is almost as applicable to the author of *Orley Farm*, as it is to the earlier and more amusing assailant of the Court of Chancery and the Circumlocution Office.

Let us not be mistaken. We are not answering Mr. Trollope's objections to the morality of advocacy. We only say that he has not entitled himself to an answer. When he tells us how the great Mr. Furnival, who is the leading counsel in a case, not only directs that a particular junior shall be retained, and selects that junior because he is utterly unknown except for certain opinions about the morality of defending the guilty, but approaches that fortunate young barrister, through one of Her Majesty's judges, who is made to offer him the case, and the hand of his daughter in marriage, and to assure him that he may safely hold a brief on this occasion, because he himself (the learned Judge) would have done so, if he had been convinced of his client's innocence "at the beginning;" when all this is explained to us by Mr. Trollope, we cannot help saying that a more accurate knowledge of the etiquette of the profession would at least put him in a position to make his attack upon the morality of the profession with infinitely greater force and effect. The views of the Judge in question, Mr. Justice Stavely, are peculiarly perplexing. We should like to know what that particular point of time may be, which Mr. Trollope and Judge Stavely consider "the beginning." The Judge tells his scrupulous young friend, that if he should be

"driven to change his opinion as the thing progresses, he must go on as a matter of course." The "progress of the thing" can hardly mean the actual trial in Court, because in this case Mr. Felix Graham sees reason to change his opinion before the trial, and yet goes on as a matter of course. Besides, the reasons—apparent it should seem, even to Mr. Trollope—why a barrister must not, but in very exceptional cases, throw up his brief in the course of a trial, because he has come to think his client in the wrong, are just as good reasons for his continuing to hold the brief when he has once undertaken the case, although after studying the evidence which has been laid before him, and consulting with other counsel and with the attorney, he has come to be of opinion that his client is in the wrong. But when is it that he is to make up his mind whether he may undertake the case or no? Not "after the thing has progressed?" that is to say—not after he has had an opportunity of knowing in a civil case whether his client is right or wrong, in a criminal case whether his client is guilty or innocent. He must not undertake a criminal case unless he is fully convinced at the beginning that his client is innocent. But he must not take the means of being fully convinced, which alone produce conviction in a reasonable mind, because, when the thing has progressed so far, that his withdrawal would be equivalent to a declaration that a lawyer knowing the true state of the facts had found his client guilty upon good evidence, he must then go on as a matter of course. To save his conscience he must be satisfied that his client is innocent, but he must not, in order to be satisfied, be so rash as to investigate the question. In that case he would be committed to the defence. The doctrine is illustrated by the practice of Mr. Felix Graham. He is convinced of Lady Mason's innocence, and therefore may safely undertake to defend her. But the grounds of his conviction are simply these, that she lives within three or four miles of Judge Stavely, that she is generally respected, and that one or two people who know nothing about the case think her extremely ill-used. As soon as he himself really understands the case he is driven to change his opinion. But having been "fully convinced" upon no evidence whatever, it is too late to withdraw, and he continues to hold the brief.

Mr. Graham is said to be a very able man as well as a very high-minded man. He is Mr. Trollope's model barrister, and it appears that such a barrister, if he defends a prisoner, must in the first place be fully convinced of his client's innocence; but then also he must know absolutely nothing about the matter. In other words, he must be convinced of his client's innocence, on precisely the same grounds as those on which Mr.

Trollope is convinced of the immorality of advocacy as practised by the bar of England. Which were absurd.

Of the external aspect of courts of law, however, Mr. Trollope does know something. He is very familiar with all that is striking and picturesque in the ordinary conduct of a trial. His satire is gayest and most trenchant when it is directed against certain practices which may be witnessed every day, even in our superior courts; and we have no desire that it should be restrained. There are persons in all professions who have no decency, no manners, and no self-respect. When such men exercise with coarse brutality the kind of power which an unscrupulous counsel has over a timid witness, by all means let the whip of the satirist be cracked for their improvement. They are pachydermatous to everything but ridicule: and no one will laugh them to scorn more effectively than Mr. Trollope. But his satire loses all its point when he confounds their malpractices with the necessities of their profession, and that is a blunder which he makes at every step. To torture a witness for the purpose of making him lie is a wicked and degrading occupation, whether the torture be inflicted through his mental or his physical nature. There are men who are not ashamed to confess themselves guilty of such crimes; but we do not believe they are numerous; they are not the leaders of the bar. By all means let Mr. Trollope protect mankind, if he can, from the suffering which they inflict. But when from punishing such offenders he diverges into a discussion of the principles of the law of evidence, let him in the first place take the trouble to understand them. Mr. John Stuart Mill has remarked, that few persons know enough of things to say whether a dispute is merely about words. On the same principle, it is not every novelist who knows enough of jurisprudence to say whether a legal argument is a quibble or not; and a writer who makes so many blunders, as, if it were not tedious, we could easily point out in Mr. Trollope's very numerous examinations of witnesses, is hardly in a position to decide whether the law of evidence is so irrational that the application of its principles in a criminal trial tends to the conviction of the innocent, and the acquittal of the guilty. Yet that must be the meaning of Mr. Trollope's account of Mr. Allewinde. "The unfortunate junior," says Mr. Trollope, "who fondly thought that, with the pet-witness now in the chair, he would be surely able to acquit his client, finds that he can hardly frame a question which his knowing foe will allow him to ask, and the great Mr. Allewinde convicts the prisoner, not from the strength of his own case, but from his vastly superior legal acquirements." Mr. Trollope disapproves of cross-examination. He may possibly be right, although

we do not share his opinion, nor greatly respect it. But he must consider that it is one thing to torture a man in order to make him lie, and another to question him in order to show that he is lying, or that he is forgetful, or stupid, or that he is prejudiced and incapable of seeing or describing without colouring what he sees and describes. The accuracy of a witness, his opportunities of observation, and his capacity of telling what he has seen, without confounding it with what he has conjectured, are as important as his sincerity. "The difficulty of inducing witnesses to restrain, within moderate limits, the intermixture of their inferences with the narrative of their perceptions, is well known to experienced cross-examiners." Experience seems to have proved that a cross-examination is the most effectual method of distinguishing the inferences, and the perceptions, as well as of testing the veracity of the witness. That may be a false opinion, nevertheless, and if a writer of Mr. Trollope's ability holds a different view, which is founded upon thought and knowledge, it is very desirable that he should express it; but he is bound to know about the matter first, and then he is bound to express himself rationally. He must show where the present test fails, and he must be prepared to substitute another. When he contents himself with saying that cross-examination "is opposed to truth and civilisation," he expresses so coarse and summary a conclusion, of an intricate question, in language so silly and unmeaning, that he does not deserve to be answered with gravity or respect.

We have probably said enough about an author who is so familiar to our readers. His name will not stand among the highest in his own department of literature; but some at least of his books deserve to live. Writers of fiction may be divided roughly into two classes, Cervantes being the unquestioned leader of the one, and Le Sage, though not so unapproachable in his greatness, being the leader of the other. Mr. Trollope is of the house of Le Sage. Incomparably inferior to the great master in power and genius, he yet resembles him in this, that he represents ordinary characters, and paints real life as it is, only omitting the poetry. The highest object of imaginative literature he neither attains nor aims at. His novels will not raise our minds very far above the weary trivialities of common life; but although they contain nothing very great or elevated, they are simple, natural, and moral, and if we can be amused with a picture of common life—as all people with any healthy curiosity of mind must be—he paints it for us, of the present generation, with an almost unrivalled delicacy and discernment. No novels are more pleasant than the best of Mr. Trollope's.

ART. V.—*Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster.* By D'ARCY W. THOMPSON. Edinburgh, 1864.

THIS volume is the work of an accomplished scholar, and of a man of original mind and feeling. It will be suggestive, and in some respects instructive, to those who take a special interest in education; and it will amuse and delight the larger class of readers who have more taste for human nature than for abstract discussions. The author is evidently not a mere classical scholar: still less is he a mere grammarian, although a great deal of his book is occupied with grammatical questions. He heartily enjoys the great writers of antiquity, and looks at them with his own eyes and from his own point of view. But he appears to be as thorough a student of the modern as of the ancient languages and literatures. He is altogether free from the pedantry and prejudices of the ordinary classical student or teacher. His faults are indeed all the other way. He is almost too free from conventional and traditional views of things, and too partial to what many will call his own crotchets. We should think, indeed, that his brethren, in our schools and Universities, would find more in his theories to arouse than to convince them; but whatever else they may think of him, they will never call him dull or commonplace. Freshness of feeling and vigour of mind are the primary conditions of writing a good style, but fine scholarship is a great aid to the acquisition of that accomplishment. Mr. Thompson claims for himself the possession of one qualification for the task of writing a good grammar: "The directness and plainness of speech that characterize my countrymen." We heartily wish that a large proportion of his countrymen could write with the singular force and accuracy which we recognise in this volume, and which appear to be the result as much of a careful linguistic training, as of strong natural endowments. A critic may indeed question the taste as well as the judgment displayed in occasional passages of the book, but he will attribute these defects (if they are so to be regarded) rather to the oddities of a humorist and "sentimentalist" (in the better sense of the word), than to inadequate power or ignorance of the true effect of words. There are other passages in the book of great beauty and pathos, the effect of which is enhanced by the careful but unforced simplicity with which they are expressed. Even the most unfavourable critic of Mr. Thompson's manner and opinions will often envy him the happy force and invariable liveliness of his language.

The title of the book is by no means sufficient to indicate the

nature of its contents. It is rather suggestive of that kind of work in which the author relies more on a literary faculty for writing about everything in general and himself in particular, than on the interest and importance of his subject. Such books have no doubt their value; they are said to be the favourite food of a large class of readers, while they are excessively distasteful to an ungenial minority. To glorify one's-self in print is at least a more venial offence than to do so in conversation. In the former case you cannot bore your neighbour, except with his own consent. It is undeniable, also, that some of the pleasantest works, both of ancient and modern literature, consist, in a great degree, of personal revelations. In no other works are we brought into such immediate contact with real qualities of human nature and real modes of human experience. But even if all such writers were equally sincere, there is a great difference in the original value of the nature and experience which they reveal. Thus the admirers of Horace and Montaigne may be forgiven if they are less partial to the self-communings of those who write about themselves because they have no ideas beyond their own unremarkable pursuits. But whatever may have been suggested to us by the title of the *Day Dreams*, we were happy to find that it was not to be included in this category. Mr. Thompson does indeed found his remarks on his own personal experience; he tells us a great deal of what he has gone through, of what he is doing, and of what he hopes or wishes yet to do. He allows us to see into his own heart and mind; and he secures our personal sympathy, more even than our assent to his opinions. But he does all this without being offensive. And the reason why he succeeds where other clever men fail, is that, notwithstanding the personal form which his book has assumed, he is not primarily interested in himself, or in any ideal of himself, which he wants the public to admire. He does not care to be taken for a man of more learning, or genius, or fashion, or knowledge of the world, than he really is. He writes in the first person because it is through his own experience that his convictions have come to him, and because it is the most direct way of bringing those convictions to bear on others. He has a doctrine to enforce, which has been first enforced upon himself by the labours, the mistakes, the success, the aspirations of his own life. He shows us everywhere that he cares more for his calling than for himself, and that he thinks of himself chiefly as an instrument for furthering and elevating the work to which he has devoted his life.

What, then, is the purpose which gives consistency to this medley of personal memories and experience, of humour and

sentiment, of ingenious philological speculation and literary criticism, which comes before us under the title of *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster*? The author hints to us in his happily chosen motto, that his book is meant to be "not a dream, but a blessing." If from nothing else, yet from his fine and touching dedication, we should gather that it was written under the influence of serious feeling, and with the hope of effecting some worthy object. That object may be briefly described as the elevation of his own profession. We do not mean solely or chiefly its elevation in social estimation; although he has expressed without bitterness, but with proper pride, his sense of the vulgar prejudices which unfortunately have not yet ceased to disgrace the public opinion of Scotland in this matter. In no position of life is it more important to employ a gentleman and a man of superior culture than in that of a teacher of boys who are expected themselves to become gentlemen and men of educated minds; nor is it possible for a community to secure the hearty and willing services of such men so long as their professional position is a drawback, and not, as in all other cases of professional position, an advantage to them. But although he touches this in passing, it is not the burden which Mr. Thompson feels intolerable, and which he wants to get rid of. He seems long to have felt that there is something radically wrong in all our elementary teaching; that it is a dreary and monotonous routine, wearisome and unprofitable alike to teacher and taught. He dwells in a vein of genial discontent on his own experience in both capacities. It is not with the subject but with the method of instruction that he finds fault. He upholds the advantages of linguistic training and of high classical culture in the education of the mind; and he fully realizes the pleasure as well as the profit which attend the more advanced stages of a classical education. But he is oppressed by the sense of the long uninteresting road which leads to these stages; he sees that only a few of those who start upon it proceed to their journey's end, and that they reach it fatigued rather than refreshed, and perhaps weakened rather than invigorated. He fancies that this road can be made shorter, easier, more attractive; and he desires for the sake both of master and pupils that the elementary teaching of the ancient languages may become a refined and intellectual exercise to the former, and their acquisition a natural and delightful process to the latter.

Before expressing our assent to or dissent from these sanguine views, we shall quote a passage in which Mr. Thompson expresses them in his own language:—

"And all the while, we should be endeavouring to deceive our little fellows, by concealing from them the real amount of their increasing

stores. So long as we abstained from using a pedantic and dull grammar, we should easily deceive, in this respect, a number of their parents, who would be firmly persuaded that their children were learning nothing. For in the minds of many people, education is inseparably connected with the idea of difficulty and tediousness. They imagine that a great deal must be accomplishing, when painful efforts are being made. They find a grim satisfaction in the feeling of obstruction. So, when you row a boat against the stream, you hear the water ruckling at the prow, and you feel virtue go out of you at every sweep of the oar; and the boat is almost stationary. But, when you row with the current, you hear no noise of rippling; you scarcely feel your oar; and the boat is gliding like a swan.

"Some such method as that above—and remember, a *vivid voce* method can, at the best, be drawn in but faintest outline upon paper—would lead boys to catch with rapidity sentences *of great length, so long as the construction were not involved*. They would almost insensibly be brought to think in Latin; that is to say, it would very soon sound as ridiculous in their ears, to put *ille* after *amo* as to put *he* after *I love*; and this intuitive perception of the grammar of a language, as connected with its musical sound, is one of the first requisites for a subsequent thorough knowledge of, and capacity of *easy handling* the same. And the process for acquiring this intuitive perception is not so difficult as it is usually thought to be. It is, in fact, not a very high mental process. It is acquired by postilions abroad and foreign waiters here, without great difficulty or delay. But although it is not a highly intellectual acquisition, it is a wonderfully useful one, to serve as a foundation for a really intellectual structure. And I am convinced that some such process should be employed with a novice in Latin, and in any language he may be approaching; and that it is a positive cruelty to pin him wholly down for a year to monotonous lessons of memory, or to worry him too soon with formal rules for parsing."

We think the main value of Mr. Thompson's book, apart from its literary interest, is, that he has raised this question. He is contending against a real evil, and his position and experience render him an important witness both as to the evil and its remedy. Some reform is undoubtedly needed, chiefly for this reason, that a large number of boys never acquire the elements of Latin and Greek thoroughly, while they find no time for learning anything else. We wish to see a change in both of these points, and Mr. Thompson's book will be very useful if it direct attention to the subject. Still his evidence and his suggestions must, we think, be received with considerable qualifications. We think that he exaggerates the sense of dreariness which boys experience in grappling with the difficulties of Latin and Greek as they are usually taught. No one indeed looks back on the struggle with those difficulties as among the bright memories of his school-days. Yet we doubt if any boy is conscious of that sense of barren and wasted labour which a

man of superior mind must often feel when he is obliged to teach subjects on a level with boyish capacities. The discontent with established methods of teaching arises in part from the disappointment which a man of active mind experiences in not being able to enjoy the exercise of his higher faculties in the ordinary work of his class. He rebels against its routine and drudgery, and transfers something of his own feeling to his pupils, forgetting perhaps that, at their ages, he himself was equally incapable of feeling the tedium of routine work, and of deriving enjoyment from the exercise of thought. We think also that Mr. Thompson entertains far too sanguine views in regard to the intellectual pleasure of which boys are capable. He seems almost to fancy that the acquisition of the ancient languages, which to the mass of boys is chiefly valuable as a rigid discipline, might be made as pleasant as listening to a fairy-tale. We notice particularly that he would make this acquisition as much a receptive process as possible,—that he would be inclined to spare boys even the trouble of turning up dictionaries and vocabularies. We have known instances of boys and girls too who had been taught Latin for a year or two on something like this principle, who were supposed to acquire an easy command of the language almost imperceptibly, and who at the end of that time knew so little, and that little so inaccurately, that it was found necessary to make them begin the study anew on the old conventional method. Perhaps, too, Mr. Thompson's plan of giving more rational explanations of the forms and uses of cases, etc., and his scheme of teaching English, French, German, Latin, and Greek as "dialects of one common language," would puzzle rather than enlighten the young understanding. We fear that it is a part of the constitution of things that boys as well as men must find a good deal of their work disagreeable. They must learn, both mentally and morally, on authority, and cannot be expected to understand the reason of everything. They are, in general, blessed with lively and retentive memories, and it is chiefly through that faculty that the foundations of their future culture must be laid. It is, comparatively speaking, of little moment that a boy should have for the time keen enjoyment in his lessons, provided that he acquires thorough habits of application without being overtasked, and acquires some command over instruments which may by and by afford exercise and enjoyment to the various faculties of his mind, as they begin to unfold themselves. Such instruments the classical languages and literatures are in their higher stages, and healthy boys have so many other sources and capacities of amusement, that we do not look upon their condition as very deplorable, even if they cannot be brought thoroughly to like their Latin grammar.

Still, after saying so much on the other side of the question, we heartily agree with Mr. Thompson in thinking that there are some important and remediable mistakes in our system of classical instruction. Much must always depend on the individual master; and, if we were to judge from the powers of clear statement, and from the vivacity of mind displayed in the book now under review, we could think of no one more likely than its author to beguile the youthful mind into the pleasant paths of learning:—

“ Ut puerorum ætas improvida ludificetur
Laborum tenuis, interea perpetet amarum
Absinthii laticem, deceptaque non capiatur,
Sed potius tali pacto recreata valescat.”

There is no reason why our elementary grammars and school-books should not be simplified, and at the same time (without being burdened with recondite philology) be reformed in accordance with the results of recent grammatical and philological research. Mr. Thompson thinks that “the Syntax,” necessary to be learned, may be included in “two pages;” and in another place (at page 119), he says:—

“I assert that a good Latin grammar might be limited to twenty-four pages, and sold, with a large profit, for sixpence; and that this bookling, with an extra outlay of half-a-crown, might, with a competent master, carry scholars over two years of work.”

He would confer a great service on parents, boys, and school-masters, if he would only write such a grammar, suited for general use. There are, again, parts of our classical teaching that may be looked upon as non-essentials, and, in the case of the majority of boys, may be dispensed with. This is the case especially with the writing of verses. This task is by no means altogether useless even for the majority of boys. It calls for the exercise of ingenuity, under strict conditions; it is a boy's first trial of anything like art. It is a task in which he has to exert himself, not merely to be a passive recipient. Even to young boys it is often that part of their work in which they are for the first time conscious of pleasure. It is, besides, almost essential for the most finished scholarship, that this accomplishment of verse should have been acquired, not indeed that the full-grown scholar may amuse his leisure by turning nursery rhymes into iambics or elegiacs, but that he may have a finer and subtler perception of the genius of Greek and Roman poetry. Still, with all these admissions in favour of the time-honoured practice, there remains this drawback, that in the case of nine boys out of ten, it occupies much more time than it is worth. We should therefore limit its practice to the few who learn their ordinary lessons with more ease than their

fellows, or who, from natural aptitude, find it an amusement rather than a task. More time would thus be set free for the acquisition of modern languages and "useful knowledge," which should be carried on in company with, but not in antagonism to, those studies, which, though more slowly acquired and of less immediate application, are more truly the necessary training of a highly organized intellect.

But there is a greater evil in our elementary teaching in Scotland than antiquated grammars or verse-making. It is an evil so obvious to common sense, that it has often been pointed out, though we are not aware that any attempt has been made to remedy it. We of course refer to the custom of carrying on all boys, at the same rate of progress, through different stages of their course. Whether this custom is kept up in deference to the vanity of parents or the immediate interests of masters, there is no doubt that it is more fatal to sound elementary education than any other cause. Even the idleness and cricket of English schools, of which we have lately heard so much, are scarcely so mischievous in their results on education. A boy, carried on in his classics or mathematics to a stage beyond what he is fitted for, goes off the road at once, and at every step plunges deeper and deeper into the mire, until he is thankful to give up the journey altogether, and enter on some more familiar way. We do not believe that the masters themselves are in favour of such a system, but they cannot be expected to originate any changes which, according to present arrangements, would injure their interests in proportion to their efficiency. But we think the time has come when, for many reasons, there ought to be an inquiry into the working of our schools as there has been into that of our Universities, which we should hope would result not only in a reform of our school-teaching all over the country, but also in an adequate recognition and remuneration of the services of our schoolmasters.

Mr. Thompson is a radical reformer though not a revolutionist on the subject of our school education. He will carry most of his readers with him, when he points out the defects of our existing system; but we doubt if he will convince other teachers to follow his own method. We doubt altogether the possibility of teaching the languages of ancient Greece and Rome according to the method by which living modern languages are acquired. The acquisition of an ancient, to a much greater extent than a modern language, involves the gradual habituation to new modes of thought. The minds of the civilized nations of modern Europe are cast in the same mould; they differ from each other in opinions, sentiments, and manners, but not in mental structure. The study of Latin and Greek, in which languages the relations of ideas and objects are expressed in accordance with ancient modes

of thought, is thus a much slower and more difficult process than the study of French and German; but at the same time it is much more efficacious in enlarging the mental capacity, and in training the mind to unfamiliar processes of thought. For this reason it has been found, both in England and Germany, to be the most fitting preparation of the faculties for critical and philosophical study. If those languages could be acquired in an easy, conversational way, they would lose their chief value as a mental discipline. We admit the necessity of having better and simpler grammars and text-books. We admit too that such a teacher, as Mr. Thompson appears to be, may illustrate even grammatical lessons so as to make them lively and interesting to his pupils. But still the lowest foundations of scholarship must be laid almost entirely in the memory. The inflexions of Latin and Greek words, the rules of syntax, and above all, the common meanings of a great number of words must be acquired, unreasoningly, in the two or three first years of school attendance. And this is the reason why we cannot agree with some educational reformers, that the commencement of the study of Latin and Greek may be advantageously deferred till the minds of boys are more mature. The memory for words is more retentive and more accurate before the higher faculties are awakened; and tasks which are felt to be a great drudgery after the development of the maturer powers of understanding, produce no such impression at an earlier stage of education. A judicious teacher will not expect too much from boys; he will be satisfied with accuracy in the first place, and will be content to look forward to the time when they will make a more intelligent use of the materials which they accumulate in the earlier years of their classical studies. As a boy advances from the mere task-work of accurately rendering Latin and Greek sentences into English to the work of interpreting the great classical authors, he will find full scope for the exercise of his judgment and reasoning power, of his taste and imagination, of his power of expression, and of all his higher intellectual sympathies. But the condition on which these faculties can be adequately exercised on classical studies is, that they should act on the foundation of accurate and tolerably extensive knowledge; and the most essential part of that knowledge is best acquired in the years when the memory is most active, and the reasoning power is not indeed altogether inoperative—because even then it acts as a silent aid to the memory—but is still latent and unconscious.

We fear that to Mr. Thompson, and to other enthusiasts in education, our views will appear to be mere unreasoning conservatism. We cordially sympathize with his aims; and our first impression on reading his clear and lively statement of his

method was, that this was at last a hopeful attempt to solve the difficulties connected with the earlier stages of education. The most valid objections against classical education arise out of the difficulties which surround its commencement. It is scarcely necessary to argue that it is a good system for boys who work well at school, and whose position and future destination secure to them the advantages of a long preparation for the business of life. But the great difficulty is to make this study, so far as it goes, a useful training for those who are obliged to cut short their education, and enter on the work of life at an earlier period. And for both classes, there seems to be no doubt that this particular study must more and more admit the claims of rival studies—of modern languages and literature, of history, and of science. The advocates of classical education have to meet the double difficulty—of teaching their classics more thoroughly, and of doing so on a less exclusive system. This is the problem which the Public School Commission proposes to the great schools of England; and if our school teaching in Scotland has been less limited in its scope, we are afraid that it has failed in want of thoroughness even more than that of England. We fear, on the whole, that Mr. Thompson's suggestions are hardly a satisfactory solution to difficulties, which will require the careful consideration of many persons interested and engaged in our school and university education. One strong objection to the adoption of his views is, that they are not capable of general application. Mr. Thompson himself might succeed with his system, while an equally good scholar, but a less fluent and ready linguist, would find the conversational method break down entirely in his hands. It is desirable that, within certain limits, every teacher should have a good deal of latitude in his method of teaching. It is only by the success of new experiments that much advance can be made in what is, after all, a purely experimental process. For any real improvement we must rely chiefly on the ability and enthusiasm of individual teachers, and on the common sense of the general body. Mr. Thompson has abundance both of ability and enthusiasm, and even if he fail to establish his main points, he has done no ordinary service to our schools and schoolmasters, by raising the question which he discusses in so interesting and attractive a style.

There is, however, a great deal more in Mr. Thompson's books than mere suggestions for educational improvement. There are several chapters, such as those with the quaint titles, "*Back to Babel*," "*Dissolving Views*," "*The King of the Alphabet*," etc. devoted to philological speculation, which are very ingenious writing and very interesting reading on a dry and difficult topic. We don't, however, profess our competency to answer the

author's question as to the value of his views, which he puts at page 183:—

“Am I in earnest, Reader, or simply hivering? Have I made some curious discoveries? or, what is more probable, some curious blunders? Have I sprung a mine of philology, or sprung a leak? The issue either way will serve to point a moral: will encourage or deter, by demonstrating the advantage, or the danger, of trusting to mother-wit.”

There is perhaps no branch of knowledge in which a man is more tempted to rely on his mother-wit, and in which discovery seems to be more accessible to happy guessing than philology. But there is no study which demands more caution and more special learning. It is easy enough for an ingenious mind to make guesses, and, in doing so, to light occasionally on discoveries; but the great difficulty is to find a true criterion by which to distinguish guessing from certainty. We must leave Mr. Thompson's “mine of philology” for the inspection of the two or three competent critics, who have devoted their lives to similar inquiries. But whatever may be the value of his own novelties, there is no doubt that he states in a very clear and lively manner some points, on which we fancy there is now a general agreement among scholars.

There is also some very original and genuine criticism on the style of the ancient authors, and, especially, of the Greek and Latin poets, scattered through these pages. One of the best chapters in the book is that which the author has chosen, for some unexplained reason, to call “Solar Specks.” He there gives us the results, in the way of criticism, of his own reading of Homer and of the Augustan poets. The value of his criticism consists in its entire independence. Mr. Thompson reads his classical authors in the way in which a cultivated scholar will always read them for his enjoyment. The true way to enjoy and appreciate Homer and Thucydides, Lucretius and Tacitus, is to take the best text of these books (in the clearest type and most convenient forms), and read them through without looking at a note, and with as little reference to a dictionary as possible. This is the plan which Mr. Thompson's imaginary Principal of his “Schola in Nubibus” recommends to his shadowy pupils, when they enter the University. We fear it will only be “in nubibus” that young lads, on entering the University, will be able to dispense with commentaries and lexicons, but we hope that for the sake of those not “in nubibus,” future commentators will try to interpret their authors in as simple a style, and within as limited a compass as possible, and will not go on raking up all the chaff of their predecessors merely to show that it

is chaff. The ultimate stage at which we arrive in the interpretation of a classical author is when we get him "to explain himself by himself." But before we can accomplish this return to nature, a great deal of artificial toil must be undergone. The power of entering immediately into the spirit of a great representative author and of his epoch, is the last result and highest reward of scholarship. But in acquiring this power we must lean much on the help of others. Even when we think we can see for ourselves, we are none the worse of comparing and correcting our point of view by that of other inquirers. Mr. Thompson would have perhaps been a safer and more useful critic if he had had a less absolute reliance on his own sight; but then he might not have been so suggestive and entertaining a writer. Thus, we think the opinion he has formed of the main subject of the *Iliad* (p. 130), "that it was the glory of Troy, and that Hector was the real hero of an Ionian poet's fancy," slight and unsubstantial. His criticism on the action of the poem does not seem to us to "hold water;" but even if it were sound so far as it went, it would not help the reader in the way in which a few penetrating sentences of Mr. Arnold help him,¹ to read that poem with a deeper and clearer appreciation. But, on the other hand, Mr. Thompson, reading from his own point of view, and in search of his own special objects of interest, opens up, as it were, a new vein in the criticism of ancient poetry. The original force of his mind, acting through his special faculty for scholarship, leads him to explore the mental conditions under which the great poems of antiquity were composed, by a minute examination of metrical and syntactical effects. The following remarks, for instance, about the Homeric poems, is a specimen of what we consider a novel and valuable line of investigation:—"From the extreme perfection of the metre in the two poems, and the *extreme inaccuracy in the use of conditional and dubitative moods*, it is obvious that the poems were brought to a completion in an age of high civilisation."

His criticisms on Latin poetry appear to us on the whole sounder than his observations on Homer, and they are especially valuable and original, by drawing attention to the more artificial style of the great Latin, and especially of the Augustan poets, as exemplified in their departure from the natural position of words. The difficulty which a modern reader finds in satisfying himself that he understands the effect of ancient as thoroughly as of modern poetry, does not arise from the dissimilarity between ancient and modern sentiment and ideas, but from the widely different practice of ancient and modern writers in regard to the collocation of words. This is really one of the greatest, if not the very greatest chasm between the modern

¹ *Lectures on translating Homer.*

and the ancient mind. We cannot suppose that what appears to us arbitrary and unnatural, appeared arbitrary and unnatural to a Greek and Roman. We cannot doubt that certain powerful effects were produced on the minds of ancient readers or hearers by what Mr. Thompson calls 'the daring disregard of simplicity' in such writers as Virgil and Horace. But we cannot realize to ourselves what those effects were. To an educated Roman the style of Virgil and Horace may have appeared as natural—if not as simple—as the style of Plautus or Catullus; but to our modern mental structure the one appears strange and involved, the other plain and direct. From the fact that the educated Romans themselves gave an undoubted preference to those of their writers whose style appears to us most conventional and artificial, we are led to the inference that that style was the result of high art rather than of artificiality, and produced a deeper and more lasting, if a less immediate, impression on the mind, than the language of less thoughtful and elaborate artists.

We have dwelt, perhaps, long enough on those parts of Mr. Thompson's book, which provoke controversy or suggest inquiry. But we said in the beginning of this article, that if the chief value of the book consisted in its educational suggestions, it contained also abundant attractions for the general reader. We shall subjoin a few specimens of the pleasant half-humorous, half-serious strain in which the whole volume is written. Take, for instance, the following graphic description of one of the Ushers of St. Edward's :—

"But before quitting for ever the old Under Form, let me say that my quarrel has been with a system and not with persons. The only unfeeling man, under whom I had been placed, was the genteel clergyman of the riding-whip. My other Masters were good and kindly men, who went according to order through a dull routine, believing in it most probably, and quite powerless from their position, if not also from their abilities, to modify it to any material extent. One of them, before passing further, I must specially recall. He was the only classical Usher; the only classical authority not in orders; a tall, gigantically tall and muscular Scotchman, of the name of Ramsay. *He was, also, the only classical teacher without a cane.* He used a strap; *Scoticè*, the tawse. Was it because he was only an usher and a layman? or was it a kindly record of his own more merciful training in his dear native land? Good soul: even in the using of this innocuous instrument, he kept his elbow on the desk, to spare us the full sweep of his tremendous arm. There was a silly legend current among us, founded only on his physical strength, that the cane had been denied him, after his having once cut unintentionally through a boy's hand,—an idle myth, that wrapped a possibility in specious falsehood. To see the huge *torso* towering above the comparatively puny desk, it was like the figure-head of a

man-of-war. Why, with a cane the man could have hewn a beadle to the chine, and with a birch have minced us mannikins to collops. I wonder if he had an ancestor at Bannockburn : such an one, I could imagine, with a great two-handed sword, would have chopped off English heads like turnips. I have an indistinct idea of there having been something very soft and tender in the domestic relations of that biggest and best of ushers.

"But, farewell! good, kindly Usher! and farewell! good gentlemen of the Under Form!—ye deserved a better fate than the fate of Sisyphus *Æolides*."

Or take, again, the following not unkindly and not unreasonable complaint :—

"And now, Reader, I would willingly draw you on with me through an initiatory course of Greek; and show you how interesting and amusing may be made the study of its regular declensions and conjugations; how the bare branches of its rudiments may be clothed with green leaves; how with the besom of common sense we should sweep aorists and polysyllables underneath the schoolroom grate. Or, leaving grammar on the ground-floor, I would fain carry you along with me up our Greek staircase to Plato and *Æschylus* and *Aristophanes* in the drawing-room, or to exercises in prose and iambs in the garret. But, Reader, how can I hope to retain you so long, when I fail to retain my own pupils? If I begin my march at *Penna* with half a hundred little privates, before the march is ended my company has been eight times decimated, and a sorry decade is left for the closing of the campaign. Some have fallen by the way, and been buried in lawyers' offices, or counting-houses, or beneath bank-counters. Some have deserted, and gone to serve commanders, who gave them a finer uniform and less toilsome work.

"I met the other day a former pupil, whose school-fellows are still under me: he stopped to shake me by the hand, and I was delighted to see him, for, though his talents were below mediocrity, he was a well-conditioned, manly little fellow. If he were still in his old school-class, he would probably be a successful candidate for the last place but one. I asked him what he was now engaged in, and he told me, somewhat nervously, that he was attending the class of *Logic* and *Metaphysics*. And this reply of his set me thinking, Reader, of that wondrous chain of gold that binds to one another all things in nature, animate and inanimate; how the green grass grows upon the idle hills to feed the silly sheep; how the silly sheep browse thereupon to fatten you and me; and how the great round world, with its green hills, and its silly sheep, and all its boys and schoolmasters, is bound by the chain of gold fast to the throne of Zeus. So, looking into that frank and pleasant face, I thought: 'Well, my boy, thou art not living altogether in vain. When thou quittest this thy bleating-ground, thou wilt leave some tags of wool behind thee. And the fleece of thy modest fees will cover with an over-coat the learned form of a most excellent professor.'"

We must quote one passage of a "higher mood," to show that

our author is a master of pathos as well as of humour, and that "the schoolmaster" has a warm human heart as well as a fervid enthusiasm:—

"Meanwhile, at the end of the last bench upon my class sat a boy who was very backward in his learning. He was continually absent upon what seemed to me frivolous pretences. These absences entailed upon me much additional trouble. I had occasionally to keep him and a little remnant in the room when the others had gone out to play; to make up to him and them for lost time. And on one occasion my look was very cross, and my speech very short; for it seemed to me provoking that children should be so backward in their Latin. And when the work was over, and we two were left alone, he followed me to my desk; and said: 'You have no idea, sir, how weak I am.' And I said: 'Why, my boy, you look stout enough.' But he answered: 'I am really very weak, sir; far weaker than I look!' and there was a pleading earnestness in his words that touched me to the heart; and, afterwards, there was an unseen chord of sympathy that bound the master to the pupil, who was still very dull at Latin.

"And still he would be absent; at times, for a day or two together. But it excited no surprise. For the boy seemed to sit almost a stranger among his fellows; and in play-hours seemed to take no interest in boyish games. And by and by he had been absent for some weeks together. But I was afraid to ask concerning him; thinking he might have been removed, as many boys had been, without a letter of explanation, or his shaking me by the hand. And one morning I received a letter with a broad black edge, telling me that he had died the day previously of a virulent, contagious fever.

"So when school was over, I made my way to his whilome lodging; and stood at the door, pondering. For the fever, of which the child had died, had been to me a Death-in-life, and had passed like the Angel of old over my dwelling, but, unlike that Angel, had spared my first-born and only-born. And because the latter sat each evening on my knee, I was afraid of the fever, and intended only to leave my card, as a mark of respectful sympathy. But the good woman of the house said: 'Nay, nay, sir, but ye'll see the Laddie;' and I felt drawn by an influence of fatherhood more constraining than a father's fears, and followed the good woman into the small and dim chamber where my pupil was lying. And, as I passed the threshold, my masterhood alipt off me like a loose robe; and I stood, very humble and pupil-like, in that awful Presence, that teacheth a wisdom to babes and sucklings, to which our treasured lore is but a jingling of vain words. And, when left alone, I drew near the cheerless and dismantled bed, on which my pupil lay asleep in his early coffin. And he looked very calm and happy, as though there had been to him no pain in passing from a world where he had had few companions and very little pleasure. And I knew that his boyhood had been as dreary as it had been short; and I thought that the good woman of his lodging had perhaps been his only sympathizing friend at hand. And I communed with myself whether aught I had done could have made his dulness more dull. And I felt thankful for the chord of sympathy

that had united us, unseen, for a little while. But, in a strange and painful way, I stood rebuked before the calm and solemn and unrebuking face of the child on whom I had frowned for his being backward in his Latin."

These specimens will justify the admiration we have expressed for the style and spirit in which this book is written. We differ considerably from many of Mr. Thompson's views and theories; but we hope we have not failed in appreciating the enthusiasm and love which he shows for everything connected with his calling, and the fine kindly temper in which he urges his case. We are satisfied that the book will do good, as well as afford very pleasant reading. It will co-operate with other influences to call attention to the teaching and endowments of our schools in Scotland. And this is the point on which all persons who are interested in what is called "the higher teaching" should, for some time, concentrate their efforts, if they want to carry out successfully the University reforms, which have lately been inaugurated. It will also give a stimulus to improvement in classical instruction. The old complaints against the study of "the dead languages" are now no longer heard. But they have done good in modifying the spirit in which classical education, in its higher branches, is carried on. If, for instance, any one will look at the Oxford Examination Papers for the last ten years or so, he will see that they are intended to test the thought and general culture called out by the study of the classics,—which thought and culture may be made equally available in dealing with the philosophical, religious, political, and literary questions and interests of the day,—rather than to encourage a special aptitude for mere linguistic attainments. The appreciation of the value of classical study is as high as it ever was, and it is, at the same time, more general and more intelligent, than it used to be. But schools and universities are now beginning to see, what educated men of the world have long seen, that (to use Mr. Thompson's words) Latin and Greek must "take their part with other studies in rendering" a student "an accomplished man," instead of being "used in excess for the purpose of stuffing him into a useless University Prize Pig." In accordance with this conviction, a change is coming over our methods of teaching both at school and college; and though we do not expect or desire to see so radical and perhaps visionary a reform as that advocated in these pages carried out in our higher schools, yet we should have no fear of the future education of our country, if there were many men taking part in it who had the same love for their work and the same liberal turn of mind which we recognise in the author of this volume.

- ART. VI.—1. *Christian Missions, their Agents, and their Results.* By T. W. M. MARSHALL. Second Edition, 2 vols. London, 1863.
2. *A Brief Review of Ten Years' Missionary Labour in India.* By JOS. MULLENS, D.D. London, 1864.
3. *The Missionary Life and Labours of Francis Xavier, taken from his own Correspondence, etc.* By the Rev. HENRY VENN, B.D., Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. London, 1862.
4. *History of the Propagation of Christianity among the Heathen since the Reformation.* By the Rev. WM. BROWN, M.D. Third Edition, 4 vols. Edinburgh, 1854.
5. *Lectures on the Tinnevelly Missions, etc.* By the Rev. R. CALDWELL, LL.D. London, 1857.
6. *History of the London Missionary Society.* By WM. ELLIS. Vol. i. London, 1844.
7. *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.* Vol. xxii. London.
8. *A History of Christian Missions during the Middle Ages.* By GEORGE FREDERICK MACLEAR, M.A. Cambridge and London, 1863.
9. *Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie.* By HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D., Dean of Ely. Cambridge, 1864.

WERE the literature of missions as noble as the theme, it would be a pleasing task to extend farther the list of books at the head of this article. We have given only a selection of those we have been compelled to read; but even these, we fear, will prove too many. For this kind of literature is not generally "easy reading," and it is still more difficult to digest. When Xavier wrote home to the Society in Europe, his official letters were not a little different from his private correspondence. They were not so much meant to tell the exact truth, as to "edify believers." The great Jesuit could, when he chose, both see clearly, and tell plainly what he saw; but he could also pen epistles that gave as little real insight as some of Cromwell's speeches. Nor has Xavier been the only offender in this way. How many letters are to be found, in the missionary records of all the churches, of this highly edifying kind, prepared for that purpose by the writers, and still further cooked perhaps by secretaries and committees at home; and when the reader has carefully, even painfully, got to the end of them, and asks what is the sum of the whole matter? has he not often felt that there was no fruit of all his labour, except that a kind of vague and generally edifying mist somehow dimmed his vision? One wants to see what is

actually doing; but that is scarcely the object of missionary reports—or if it be, the good men manage somehow to “darken counsel” by the multitude of good words. Let any reader take up the mission record of any church, and when he has gone through it, let him tabulate the result, and estimate the precise amount of light he has thus acquired. If his photometer does not register zero, he may count himself fortunate in his magazine. Yet we do not blame the missionaries, nor even the home committees, secretaries, and editors altogether. The root of the evil lies in the traditionary idea that edification, rather than information, should be the aim of these reports.

Nor will the inquirer find his path much clearer, when he turns to the more formal histories of missions. Perhaps no books bearing the name of history require more careful sifting to get at the simple truth, hid under euphemisms, under sectarianisms, under particular theories, and under the special interests of “the Church,” the “Connexion,” or the “Society.” Take the large book of Father Marshall, which he evidently reckons to be also a great book, comparable to *Bossuet's Variations*, though his modesty but suggests the comparison in order to decline it—only nobody else would ever have thought of it at all. This Jesuit Father has laboured, with paste and scissors chiefly, but also not without a certain faculty of plausibility, to produce what, he hopes, will be accepted universally by his own church, and also by ill-informed persons out of it, as the veritable story of Christian missions among all nations of the earth. For this end, with a profuse and superlative candour, he summons Protestant witnesses only whenever it is at all possible to get them. Out of their own mouth they shall be judged; and even by their verdict shall the Romish Church be vindicated. But the observant reader will no doubt be a little startled to find Miss Harriet Martineau quoted as a Protestant witness, and the *New York Herald* as “an influential organ of Protestantism” in America. In fact everybody is a Protestant who does not happen to be a Roman Catholic, or a Hindoo, or a Mohammedan; which is a convenient classification. Then too, if a bilious missionary happens to write a dyspeptic sentence of despondency, as missionaries will do now and then, it is carefully quoted as the final issue of all his labours and prayers. If a bit of discreditable gossip exists in mission literature, Father Marshall scents out the carrion, and serves it up as the natural result of Protestantism, not without effort to make it as offensive as possible, smiling, of course, with sublime candour all the time. Moreover, the art is sadly overdone in this controversial history. All missionaries of the Church of Rome are saints, martyrs, heroes; whatever they do is right, wise, and holy; but all

Protestant missionaries are poor married creatures, caring for their comforts chiefly, incapable of sacrifice, doing therefore no manner of good. It is bad also in an illiterate Wesleyan to destroy the hymns of the Feejees; but quite right in Xumarraga to burn the picture-writings of the Mexicans. It is wicked in the Protestant missionaries to keep the Jesuits out of Tahiti; but very proper in Richelieu to "prohibit the admission of Protestant colonists into Canada." Finally, Father Marshall appears to have a cordial hatred of the country that gave him birth, and to cherish a hope that it may be humbled before long, and firmly to believe that the amiable Mexican and Brazilian nations are full of pious Christians, while the people of England are something worse than heathens; all which, it is to be supposed, will commend itself to the dutiful and loyal Irishry, who form his congregation, more than even to the most extensively "liberal" of our Protestant population. Not that this history is altogether worthless. With much careful sifting, one may get an idea or two out of it, worth dwelling upon, and even some facts not readily found elsewhere, which may be partially relied upon. But without charging the respectable Father with dishonesty, we must conclude this book, after careful examination, to be a work of incredible candour, which very simple readers may perhaps believe.

Yet when we turn to Protestant authorities, hoping to find matters better ordered among them, the result is nowise satisfactory. They do not, indeed, paint their own proceedings in quite such roseate hues as the Jesuit used for his Society. They do make some allowance for occasional mistakes and shortcomings, in more or less euphemistic phraseology. Neither do they weave so elaborate a web of damaging testimony against their opponents, as has been skilfully meshed by Father Marshall; which is so far creditable. But they nearly all assume that Christian missions to the heathen began little more than half a century ago. They do not reckon Roman Catholic missionaries among the teachers of Christ, nor their converts among the Christian populations. Thus Dr. Brown, who is, on the whole, a fair and truthful historian, declines to notice the Romish missions, on the plea "that there would often be no possibility of distinguishing between truth and falsehood in the narrations of the missionaries," and quotes M. Cerri, secretary to the Congregation *de Propaganda Fide* in the latter part of the seventeenth century, as his authority for this conclusion. On the credit, then, of this report, the world-wide activity of Romish missions, which, after making all allowance for exaggeration, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in human history, is passed by as an empty glittering bubble,

floating about here and there and everywhere, but of no consequence, earthly or otherwise. Nor does Dr. Mullens, in his excellent statistics, take any account of the old missions in Madura or Ceylon, though his object is to show the present condition of Christianity in India. Nay, so far do some of them carry this spirit, that Mr. Venn speaks of the Nestorians in Goa, though rotten to the core, as a Christian Church, but will by no means allow the same title to the Franciscans and Jesuits. Mr. Venn bears an honoured name, but his life of Xavier will scarcely add to the estimation in which it has long been held; for the book is narrow and carping to a degree; in praise the most grudging, in blame the most ready and punctual, that we have come across, for some time, at least, in the ranks of respectable literature. For a large view, then, of general missionary enterprise, we shall get small help from Protestant writers on the subject. Substantially, they treat the Romish priest as no better than a Brahmin or a Bonze. The gospel is brought for the first time to India by the Society for Propagating the Gospel, and to China by Dr. Morrison, though Xavier and Ricci had been there, not without wonderful results, three hundred years before. We confess ourselves, with all our Protestantism, unable to sympathize with this spirit. We think Christian history should not be written after the manner of *The Bulwark*, nor yet after the model of Father Marshall. We do not profess extreme "liberality," but would fain be reasonably honest. If a Father De Nobili puts the Virgin Mary into an idol car, and drives her by torch-light through a crowd of worshippers, with Nautch girls obscenely dancing, and tom-toms beating, and fire-works flaming in the air, we cannot see much difference between such a "Christian" procession and that in which the car was filled by Juggernaut, and all other accompaniments were the same. But if Hindoos and Buddhists are brought to Christ so far that their morals are tolerably Christian, and their habits of worship Christian after a sort, and so dear to them that they will abide long years of persecution and worse neglect, we confess ourselves charitable enough to think there must be some reality in a faith which submits to prison and torture and death rather than go back to Paganism. And believing that a brief survey of the whole course of Christian Missions may help us to a larger and truer appreciation of the nature of this work, and perhaps also shed a little light on various problems springing out of its present state, we think it may be worth while to glance over the whole field, both past and present, and ascertain, if possible, what has been done, and how it has been done, and what practical light it gives for the guidance of future operations.

We cannot fix with any accuracy the precise field of missions occupied by the apostles and their immediate successors. The traditions of St. James's visit to Spain, St. Paul's to Britain, St. Thomas going to India, and others beyond the wall of China, are of course among the many lively flights of patristic imagination. It is certain that at a very early period Christianity had been preached over a wide area of the then known world ; but beyond that, let no man ask a question with any hope of a credible reply. Authentic history stops with the Acts of the Apostles. The men who followed did their work, but did not record it ; and before a recorder came, a great mist swept over Christendom, and only the dimmest vision of that work can now be gained. But we may gather from St. Luke's narrative some hints as to the way in which mission work was done by St. Paul. Perhaps indeed his process was affected, more or less, by the kind of people among whom he laboured. No doubt it was ; for St. Paul, unlike most Jews, had a very pliant kind of mind that shaped itself wonderfully to its circumstances, and became "all things to all men," consistently with its staple belief. Now, as the gospel originated with a people less civilized than those of Greece or Rome, its primary mission work differed, so far, from that of all later ages, and is not necessarily a rule to other times. Christianity, since then, has always been identified with the higher civilisation, and its conflicts with Gentilism have therefore been the struggles of intellectual and material progress with Pagan corruption and decay. But it was not so at the beginning. The first mission work of the Church was carried on under peculiar conditions, never precisely repeated at any later period ; a people in some respects less civilized having to do their work of moral regeneration among men proud of their splendid trophies in letters and science and government.

Yet it may be worth while to note how St. Paul went about his work in Antioch, or Ephesus, or Corinth, or imperial Rome. Not that this fixes the law of missionary operations in other times and under other conditions ; but that it shows how a man of rare wisdom adapted himself to the world in which he found himself placed. Of course, the "weapons of his warfare were not carnal but spiritual." Of course, it was the power of the truth, and "demonstration of the Holy Ghost," that really vanquished the heathen. Of course, too, it was the loving self-sacrifice of the apostle that "commended the truth to men's consciences in the sight of God." This last, among human means, we shall always find to be the great power of conversion ; not logic, not "evidences of Christianity ;" but always the faith and love and sacrifice of the Christian. If,

however, there is anything which, more than another, distinguishes the apostolic missions, it is the new social life which was then established. St. Paul was not a mere teacher of a religious system. He did not settle down to spend a lifetime in the vain attempt to train a small band of converts up to the level of his own spiritual consciousness. His gospel was very brief; not therefore superficial, but necessarily rudimentary, and pregnant with a wisdom which time would ripen and reveal. It was a true "preaching" or herald's proclamation of the kingdom of God; and, at least in the first instance, it was chiefly addressed to the poor—the slaves and the craftsmen, the weary and heavy-laden. These, on their profession of a very simple creed, were at once baptized, and afterwards brought under more careful instruction,—a process which was by and by reversed, when men came to have "more understanding than all their teachers." Thus the Church was organized, and left very much to edify and increase itself, getting only occasional visits and letters from the apostles, according as circumstances required. We apprehend therefore, that, in order to understand the rapid growth of Christianity, special attention should be given to the nature of the church—the new social organization which the gospel had created.

In many respects, the primitive Christian was nowise distinguishable from any other citizen. He traded in the market, and paid his taxes, and visited his neighbours, like other people. There was no parallelogram, or *phalanstère*, where a theorizing communism experimented on its votaries. At Jerusalem, for a while, "they had all things in common;" but it was not an enforced rule, nor does St. Paul seem ever to have followed their example. The Christian converts, then, formed a new social organization, but it was one of a very spontaneous kind, quite unlike some others which we shall come across in later times. In point of fact, the Church, instead of having any communistic tendencies, was rather a protest against them. Christianity specially respected the rights of the individual and the institution of home. Then, too, Christians did not go to law, but decided all disputes among themselves. They had officials appointed to care for the widows and orphans. Without attempting the formal abolition of slavery, the Helot, in virtue of his brotherhood with Jesus, was raised to a moral level with his Christian master. And at least once a week, high and low, rich and poor, met on a footing of equality, and realized it in "the fellowship of breaking of bread and of prayer." We have comparatively few special ordinances or regulations on this subject; but any one, even slightly acquainted with the social life of Greece or Rome, may

easily imagine how the moral principles of the gospel would inevitably embody themselves in "a kingdom"—a social system radically and intensely different from all its surroundings. Slaves and men of the lowest caste became beautiful in their lives, and grand in their death. What was almost as strange, the few "wise and prudent" among them were no longer contemptuous of those beneath, for they had learnt that "he that would be lord in the church must become a servant." Thus the Pariah rose, for moral worth, to a level with the Brahmin, and the Brahmin, in virtue of his Christian ministry, became truly a son of God; and the gospel triumphed, not simply as an idea by mere force of logic, but rather as a fact, whose evidence was its own faith, hope, and charity. Such, to our minds, was the primary mission-action of the Church. First, the loving self-sacrifice of the apostles caused "God to be admired in his saints," and kindled a fine enthusiasm which was, in due time, to burn up the selfishness of heathenism. This power, acting mainly from beneath upward—beginning, *i.e.*, at the basement storey of the social edifice—gradually elevated the poorest to a moral level above the wise and great. Organized now into a social institution, the influence of Christianity became, not merely the power of a new doctrine, but the power of a new life. The social organization was simple, natural, and spontaneous, but on that very account, markedly different from the elaborate state and caste institutions of the Gentiles. Gradually, therefore, the apostles and their miraculous powers faded away, and the apostolic communities alone remained, like the central nucleus in the fire-mist, gathering together, by moral attraction, the loose elements of spiritual yearning and unrest among the heathen, and making them "to shine as the stars for ever and ever." In this way, Christian missions would seem at first to have made progress—by means of truth embodied in a free, spontaneous community of love and good works. All could see it. All were bettered by it. All might enter it. And so, ere the last of the twelve was in his grave, the little "seed" was already a great tree, and the birds of the air were nestling in its branches.

The age of the apostles, then, was intensely missionary; but that which succeeded was rather theological. Readers of Church history will find this succession frequently repeated in after years; an era of progress followed by an apparent arrest, during which religious thought is deepening and consolidating. So in the growth of a plant the vital force is first expended in simply enlarging its dimensions, with texture feeble and pulpy; but by and by, the same power, neglecting mere size, achieves firmness and consistency. It was impossible, then, that the primi-

tive creed could remain in ~~its~~ original simplicity. A religion, sooner or later, demands a theology. The Christian intellect must adjust itself to the Christian consciousness. This had been partly done by the apostolic epistles; but as various errors arose in those years,—Arian, Sabellian, and others, chiefly ontological,—the Church, perhaps inevitably, became more anxious to save the truth than to save souls. Moving also for a while only among the lower classes, it had ignored the higher thought of the age, and was, in its turn, contemptuously ignored. But now its relations with philosophy had to be adjusted; and the force which had erewhile increased its dimensions, was expended in giving fulness and clearness to its creed. In the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, however, the old mission spirit of the Church revived, at least in the West. With the Greek Churches it was different. What with hair-splitting theology, and artificial rhetoric, and frantic ascetism, their heart and strength had been destroyed. There was no missionary spirit in Ephesus and Antioch and Alexandria when the Crescent hurled its hordes upon them. The salt had lost its savour, and was henceforth good for nothing but to be trodden under foot of men. A very different spectacle, however, was presented about the same time in Western Europe, as one may see even in the general Church histories, but with more detail in such books as that of Dr. Maclear, or in Professor Ebrard's papers on "The Church of the Culdees," in the German *Journal of Historical Theology* (1863). Those times have been called "dark ages" by one class of writers; and "ages of faith" by another; each having seized only on one aspect of them, and each having a certain basis of truth in their idea. For they were dark ages in so far as their notion of Christian truth was clouded by heavy masses of superstition and confused ignorance. But they were also "ages of faith" in respect of their genuine, earnest, and vigorous belief. The critical intellect may despise their opinions; but the Christian must needs honour their work. For when that mysterious impulse seized on the Teutonic nations to leave the steppes of the Don and the forests of the Danube, and to hurl themselves, by tribes and nations, on the crumbling Roman Empire, holy men came forth to meet them from Irish cells and cloistered monasteries and lonely island chapels among the sea-girt Hebrides, and with uplifted cross and heroic self-devotion, did battle with Thor and Odin, and the long-haired Druid, and their rites of blood and gloom. This grand mission enterprise was almost as strange as the migration of barbarism which it overcame. There were no societies, or committees, or subscriptions, or bazaars, or other financial arrangements:

but there lacked not men, with apostolic heart, careless of purse and scrip.

An immense amount of missionary zeal arose in those times. Probably the missionaries numbered ten to one in proportion to our present staff—many of them also men of the very highest heroical type. But their way of going to work differed considerably from that of the apostles. Already the monastic idea of protected and regulated societies, afterwards elaborated in South America, had established itself, especially among the Culdees. When we read of the 4000 monks at the one abbey of Fulda, we must understand that this was more properly an establishment, in connexion with the monastery, for drilling Christian converts after their pattern. The Romish missions were under a bishop, and their social life therefore was of a more spontaneous kind. But the Culdees were essentially monastic, and the taint of an artificial socialism pervaded all their labours. In general also the order of procedure seems to have been reversed, since the apostolic age. Instead of acting from beneath upwards, Christianity now rather affected the high places, beginning with the prince and not the peasant, and disseminating itself rather by authority of the chief, than by persuasion of the truth. No doubt Augustine and Boniface and Alcuin repudiated forced conversions, and wrote words of good counsel on the subject to German Dietrichs and Saxon Ethelberts and Mayors of the Frankish palace. Yet it is certain the work went on nevertheless mainly in the way we have said. Kings were converted by means of supposed or pretended miracles. Or they were married to Christian maidens, pious and beautiful, who by and by brought them over to the faith. Thereupon, the clan or nation was baptized by strict order; and all peoples conquered by the sword of the convert, must choose between the gospel or death. So the fierce Frisian got his baptism from the fiery Frank. So the Norwegian Olaf sailed up his beautiful fiords with a great cross at the prow of his war-galley, and forced his lendermen and bondermen, under fierce penalties, to overthrow the temples, and build the white kirk among the pine-covered hills. Such was the rough and round conversion of Northern Europe; yet under it Thor and Odin and Valhalla and Ygdrasil and the mead-feasts of the heroes disappeared before the Cross, leaving scarce a trace of their existence, save in the names of our week-days, in the Yule log, in the sacred mistletoe, and the lonely "standing-stones" upon the desolate heath. Fuller tells us that the early wild Irish let all their bodies be baptized except their right arm, which they kept unsained for dealing a good devil's blow; and it must be confessed those middle ages did reserve a wild, unconsecrated hand for

some wild, unholy deeds ; though they also yielded many "peaceable fruits of righteousness," chivalrous nobleness, ample charities, pious enthusiasms, and wise institutions, the benefit of which we are reaping even at this day.

We have ventured to glance at these early ages, partly to remind readers that missions are not a late invention of our own, and partly also to indicate the growth of certain ideas in the Church, differing materially from those of the apostles. We have now reached a period requiring somewhat more detail ; teaching the same lessons, but in more definite form, and therefore demanding special examination. The literature on the subject is more ample than it is reliable, but we shall give the results, so far as they are clear to us, after some painstaking.

At the Reformation, the Luthers and Calvins and Farel would, we suppose, have very gladly sent forth missions to the heathen, if it had been possible. The spirit was in them, but they had it laid on them to sweep the gathered dust from the Temple at home ; and beyond that, they were not privileged to labour. Admiral Coligny, indeed, tried to establish a kind of mission colony in Brazil, but it was rather to be a refuge for Huguenots than a church for the heathen, and at any rate it utterly failed. The English Puritans also went to New England expressly to bring about "the fulness of the Gentiles," but before long they thought rather of "slaying the Canaanite" than converting the Red Man. Meanwhile, in Europe, Socinianism, Arminianism, and Deism, occupied the busy theologians, and wars and troubles distracted the people, so that for many long years no missions were possible. Protestantism had to consolidate its theology, and maintain a life-and-death struggle for existence, ere it could think of those without ; and when the time of freedom came, its own heart, alas ! was not what it had been. Rome, however, having lost so much territory in Europe, sought to recompense herself by the conquest of a new world. In nearly all the expeditions of the adventurous sixteenth century, the advance of Christianity was one chief avowed object. Cortes, Pizarro, Vasco de Gama, Albuquerque, and many meaner voyagers, all placed this in the forefront of their schemes, no doubt in a sense quite sincerely. These were rough soldiers, greedy adventurers, missionaries perhaps of the very worst type ; yet it is certain they had nearly as much pleasure in charging full tilt at a Mexican god as they had in gathering up his jewels and gold, and were as piously anxious to baptize the heathen as they were to seize on their lands and persons. Such soldier-priests, however, would have done little real service in those years, had not God raised up men of another type, as brave and less selfish, as

zealous and far purer. Protestants have found it difficult to understand men like Loyola and Xavier, Ricci in China, and Nobrega in Brazil. They are apt to judge the individuals by the evil reputation of the "Society of Jesus" as a whole. But we ought to distinguish between the Jesuit in Europe, and the Jesuit in India or America. On the banks of the Seine or the Thames, he was too often a crafty and unscrupulous intriguer; on the Ganges or the Uruguay, he was, at least in those years, an ardent missionary of the Cross. The mass-priest and seminarist of England was a very different man from the Rector of the Reduction, or the missionary in Japan. And it is forbidden us by the facts and documents of history, to merge these last in the grand condemnation which fell at last on the community as a whole. Of course, we know that the Jesuits were not the only missionaries of the sixteenth century. Franciscans and Dominicans shared with them in the glory of this service. But the special honour does belong to the followers of Loyola, and among these the foremost rank must be awarded to Francis Xavier.

It is exceedingly difficult to give British readers a clear and fair idea of this man's life, even now after Sir James Stephen has tried to portray it. Of a noble Spanish family, and reared in all its delights and delicacies, in 1541, with solemn consecration of himself to suffering and ignominy, he sailed for Goa in a ship that carried the Governor, and in which a cabin was, by royal order, appropriated to the missionary, though he slept with his head on a coil of ropes upon the deck, and lived chiefly on the mess of the common sailors, so winning from the rude mariners almost idolatrous veneration. Arrived at Goa, he strove to revive the old Nestorian communities, that still lingered with a kind of blighted, withered, sea-shore life on the Malabar coast, badly used by the heathen, and still worse by buccaneering Europeans; nor can we greatly blame him, if he sought to unite them to Rome, instead of leaving them under the deadening influence of the Syrian Patriarch; for Rome, as represented by Xavier, was surely nobler than the Greek Papa. By and by, he wandered away among the fishers of Comorin and the Tamul Hindoos of Ceylon, sounding his hand-bell through their streets and by the temples and bazaars, or sitting by the plague-stricken beds, when heathen tender-mercies had forsaken their kindred. Ere long, burdened with the thought that "the harvest is great, and the labourers are few," he sailed to Malacca, to Japan, guided by a real "man of Macedonia," who cried "Come over and help us," and one of whose letters, still extant, bears witness to the Christian character of the work Xavier was doing.¹ True, the Father can hardly speak

¹ Anger's Letter, vide *Life of Xavier* by Venn.

any of the languages, though he reads a translation of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments, to all who will give ear. True, therefore, he can only weep and pray, and smooth the hard pillow and make the fevered bed, and soak the sleeve of his surplice in water, and squeeze out a few drops to baptize the dying. A very imperfect mission-work, though he does baptize many thousands. But all along he speaks of himself as a pioneer, preparing the way for more careful instructors. And let us not limit God's free Spirit by our narrow intellectualism. Who will say that Xavier's love and mercy did not commend Christ to some? Is there not eloquent persuasion in such acts as well as in high discourse of reason? In Goa, in Ceylon, in Japan, his converts, however made, endured great fights of affliction, and died renouncing all but their faith. Dare any one assert that such conversion was a delusion, and that Christ, illustrated by the practical commentary of courage and devotion and pity, was not really preached? So this faithful servant of God, ungesting and unwearying, toiled and prayed, striving hard, at last to find a way into China for the gospel, until in the island of Sancian, and on the eve of success, he at length obtained the crown of glory. Let us not fear to speak the truth of this servant of God. Meek and tender was the fine spirit of Brainerd. Brave and high the noble character of Martyn. Schwartz was a true man, and Williams a wise apostle. But perhaps the world never saw a better missionary of the Cross than the Jesuit, Francis Xavier.

As we shall have to note in other instances, some of his successors in India and Ceylon were by no means of the same stamp. It is true, and it ought to be remembered, that our knowledge of their proceedings is chiefly derived from the rather questionable source of a recreant Father Norbert—somewhile mission-priest, somewhile London *littérateur*, and finally some kind of priest again, but without the tonsure; not exactly a man to trust implicitly, though his statements have been made the most of in an article in the *Calcutta Review*. It is true, also, that it is not easy to determine how far one may go in adapting Christianity to national customs and ideas; and even a good man, meaning well, may, not very blamably, mistake the wise line of demarcation. Thus, if a missionary refrain from wine, from animal food, from European clothes and habits, making himself as like a native as possible, these things are mere questions of expediency; but it cannot be doubted that *morally* he is entitled to do so if he please. Father De Nobili, however, went much farther than that—farther, surely, than a Christian may safely go. He is accused of forging a new *Veda*:

which, however, is by no means clearly made out. But he certainly set up for a Brahmin, and wore the yellow clothes and sandal-wood mark, and in other respects put Christianity before the Indians as a baptized Hindooism. And while we cannot hesitate to condemn his conduct, we yet feel somewhat at a loss to account for the fact that the Roman Catholics of Madura are not Hindoos in morals, in industry, or in worship; but even after long neglect and persecution, do still retain, however imperfectly, certain elements of religion which we acknowledge to be Christian. In 1857 there were in India and Ceylon nearly a million members of the Church of Rome, the large majority of them descendants of the converts of Xavier and his successors; and of whom Claudius Buchanan testifies at an earlier date, certainly,—but when vital religion was, in all churches, at a lower ebb, that they deserve “the affection and respect of all good men;” while Mr. Hough admits that “many of them have given satisfactory reasons to believe them sincere Christians.”

If Xavier was not fortunate in his successor at Goa, it was very different with those who took up the cross which had dropped from his hand on the threshold of the Celestial Empire. We have, indeed, only Romish accounts of their procedure; and these are manifestly highly-coloured, abounding in the miraculous, and in the most wonderful self-denials and sufferings. Still, it is certain that Ricci, an able Chinese scholar, found access to the palace, and made converts even among the high mandarins and in the royal circle; and at his death there were few large cities in which Christians were not found. Verbiest, another of the Society, was in high estimation as Imperial mathematician; and Adam Schaal worthily sustained the good reputation of the mission. It is specially to those three men that its great success is owing. They were accused, indeed, of making some compromises with Buddhism—allowing a kind of worship to Confucius, and honours to be paid to dead ancestors, and so making an easy bridge for their converts. But it is allowed by Dr. Milne that “the learning, personal virtues, and ardent zeal of some of those missionaries will be equalled by few, and perhaps rarely exceeded by any. It is also not to be doubted that many were, by their labours, turned from sin unto God.” Of the truth of this last statement there is abundant proof, in their patient endurance of a terrible persecution, which came duly on them as on their brethren in Japan. The accounts given of the individual

¹ Sir Emerson Tennent bears similar testimony in favour of those in Ceylon, though he allows that the Baptist missionaries were of a different opinion.

martyrs are, indeed, more "edifying" than reliable. But that many of the priests, and thousands of their converts, were cruelly tortured and slain, is unhappily too clear; though it was not found possible utterly to exterminate them, as in Japan. Even in the latter country, it required a long persecution, and a final slaughter of more than 30,000, ere the hated sect disappeared from Yeddo and Kagosima. But the number of converts in China appears to have been still greater. At the present day they are said to amount to upwards of half a million; and Dr. Medhurst assures us they are zealously ministered to, by competent priests, on the ample salary of £17 or £20 per annum!

Great, however, as these successes were, and with all their drawbacks beneficial to the heathen, it was not in the East that the Romish missions were to attain their characteristic development. In Ceylon and Japan they were checked by the disgraceful conduct of the Dutch, whose own attempts at conversion were of the most lame and impotent kind. In India and China they have, as we have seen, a certain footing, but their present missionaries are nowise like the Riccis and Schaals of the 16th century; and those great continents are now open to receive, we trust soon, a purer faith than theirs. It was in the new world of Columbus, and Cortes, and Pizarro, that their method of Christianizing the heathen was to be specially tested. Into the details of their various operations in America we cannot, of course, enter. The French-Canadian priest on the St. Lawrence had a different work to do from the Portuguese friar in Brazil; and the results achieved among the hunting tribes of California differed from those accomplished amid the civilisation of Mexico. But perhaps the most characteristic, and apparently successful, of these missions was that of Paraguay, so admirably described from Dobritzhoffer in Southey's *History of Brazil*.

From Spain, from Portugal, from Italy, from France, went forth, by scores and hundreds, the devout followers of Loyola, carrying the cross to Mexico, to Peru, to Brazil. No perils daunted them; no hardships made them pause. Men of rich culture banished themselves to those ignorant peoples. Men of noble race cast in their lot among the basest of their kind. Scholars, knights, divines, philanthropists rushed on this crusade. The dense forests were penetrated by them. The great rivers were swam by them. The malarious jungles were traversed by them. And amid famine and pestilence and the injustice of his Christian countrymen, the missionary stood fast, the never-failing friend of the unhappy red man. In this way, the confidence of many Indian nations was gained, and thousands were baptized into the faith. But as no means were at first taken to follow up those baptisms with careful instruction, "the seed sown by the wayside was soon

carried away by the birds of the air." They remained simply baptized heathens as before, till the missionaries resolved to establish new social communities in which they might develop their idea of Christian life.

Hence the origin of what was called the Jesuit *Reductions*. These institutions, with more or less modification according to circumstances, formed the distinguishing feature of Romish missions in America, but were carried to their highest development among the Guaranies of Paraguay. A square was mapped off like Fourier's *phalanstère*, three sides of which were occupied with houses for the converts, the fourth being filled by the church and the rector's house. Hither the baptized Indians were brought, the population of each Reduction averaging from three to four thousand. Over this assembly the rector, or chief priest, held absolute rule. There were magistrates, but they were substantially of his electing. They had laws, but they were all of his ordaining. No European might enter a reduction, except with his consent. No intoxicating liquors were allowed within the quadrangle, nor any fire-arms at first, till the slave-hunting bands compelled them to defend themselves. All property seems to have been held in common, and there was no money, except a few coins for special religious services. All were bound to work at some craft, and all were held to absolute obedience of the priest. From childhood, the boys and girls were separated till they were married, the lads at seventeen and the females at fifteen years. Even their very graves were sundered by a ditch. Thus everything in life was under the most rigid regulation. They were taught to repeat the creed and the paternoster, to sing in the choir, to dance a kind of pious dance, and to play a part in religious interludes or mysteries. But they also learnt to till the fields, to manufacture cloth, to prepare Paraguay tea, and to rear excellent cattle. So far the Reductions seemed to be entirely successful; and what might have been the final issue of them it is not easy to say, because they were by and by rudely overthrown, partly through the ill-will of the colonists, partly from the decaying credit of the Jesuits. It is manifest, however, that these institutions contained no germs of progress beyond the point which they had already reached. They kept the converts in a state of perpetual pupilage, so that the Fathers themselves described them as only "bearded babies." The Indian of the Reduction had less intellectual vigour than the Indian of the pampas. He was taught no virtue, but obedience; no doctrine, but to believe in the rector. Consequently his mind was never quickened, never exercised, never grew. This was the root of the system, and the root also of its failure. The Reductions perpetuated, by their elaborate

over-government, a feeble incapacity, a pious ignorance, a dutiful silliness, capable of no religious struggles, capable only of pretty religious shows. But the gospel will not be made a fetter for the soul that Christ has set free. It creates new men, not religious babies. And therefore we are not at all astonished that the elaborate mission communities of South America have degenerated in later years into empires and republics, which are a byword and a reproach to Christendom. Dr. Marshall does not tell us much about the present condition of these nations; which is his safest course. Some rhetorical flourishes he does give, which for his own credit might have been spared. Father Ugarte's celestial post-office will be long remembered among the Chilians, and may perhaps lead them some day to inquire whether the Virgin Mary's postmen are necessary officials. The mixture of piety and ruffianism prevailing in Mexico and Peru will scarcely commend to modern people the zealous labours of Las Casas and Kumartaga. And though it may be granted that any kind of Christianity which has abolished cannibalism and created several half-chaotic nations is, so far, serving its purpose better than one which only exterminated the red man, by means of whisky, powder, and vice, where ever it came in contact with him; yet it would need a very peculiar rhetoric to claim South America as a special trophy of Christian grace.

Thus, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Romish Church girdled the globe with her missions, planting the cross from beyond the wall of China to the Peruvian Cordilleras. Nor is it to be denied that her missionaries, in those years, were men abounding in Christian heroism and sacrifices. Of monetary means at her disposal she had not so much as any one of our Protestant societies. But she had, what alas! we so often fail to get, abundance of large-hearted men, ready to do and to suffer everything for the faith. That was the secret of her success. The cause of her comparative failure lay in her many errors, her sinful compromises, her mistaken socialisms. Yet by means of such men, she did in those years a work greater than any other Church has yet accomplished, far greater than anything she herself is now able to do. Too many of her present missionaries are of a very different stamp. As we read their letters in the *Annals de Propaganda Fide*, we feel ourselves in another atmosphere from that which breathes in the sixteenth-century Jesuits. Petty intriguing to outwit Protestants, trickeries of sentimental superstition, meet us with sad frequency; and form a very wholesome and corrective commentary on the tinsel rhetoric of Father Marshall. Yet even now, though the race of Xaviers and Schalls and

Nobregas and Peters of Ghent, has died out, the Romish Church appears to have more success in her missions than falls to the lot of the Protestant communities. What is the reason of this? Is it her splendid ceremonial? Her priests are often so poor that a crucifix and a ragged cassock is all their ecclesiastical furniture; Is it her idolatrous compromise which bridges across the chasm between a sensuous Gentilism and the spirituality of the gospel? And does Romanism thus hold a place, in the providence of God, akin to that of Judaism, as a preparatory scheme, introducing the heathen to a knowledge of the true God, and quickening a measure of faith and a purer morality, while "because of the hardness of their hearts," suffering many things which shall, in the long-run, be burnt up as the stubble and straw? We do not pronounce dogmatically on this interesting inquiry; but we may say that it is one, the solution of which calls for deeper thought and greater fairness than polemical divines have yet accorded it. For the student of history will not be satisfied without some theory or law, adequate to account for the undeniable fact, that hitherto the progress of Christianity among the heathen has chiefly been carried on by Romanism, and only in a slight measure, as yet, by a consistent and scriptural Protestantism.

Thus the Romish Church had substantially done its mission-work among the heathen, before the Protestants entered the field at all. We have already seen what was the reason of this delay. At first the mission spirit of the Reformation was necessarily limited to the home field, having to restore the pure Evangel to Europe. During the seventeenth century, the struggle to maintain and elaborate Protestant theology engrossed all the energy of the Churches. By and by, a somewhat rigid dogmatism naturally occasioned a sifting scepticism; and the weapons of controversy were sharpened anew in order to contend with Spinoza and Herbert, and Hobbes. Unhappily, while the Protestants gained the victory in argument, the armour they put on benumbed and oppressed them; and for a season Christianity appeared to be only a beautiful, but impotent, system of ethics. There was no mission possible to the "moral theologians." Bishop Berkeley was the nearest approach to such enthusiasm they were able to produce. The Puritanism of New England indeed sent forth a meek and patient Eliot; but the "fire-water of the pale-faces" proved too much for their gospel. Not till the second quarter of the eighteenth century was anything effectually done in the way of Protestant missions; for though the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was established in 1701, its efforts were of the feeblest, and the results absolutely nil. It was the poor Moravians of Herrnhut

that led the way in this great enterprise. A number of Bohemian peasants, clinging to the old faith of Huss and Zischka, had left their country under the leadership of Christian David, and found shelter and protection from the young Count Zinzendorf, who afterwards became their pastor and general hierarch. Under his guidance they founded their Herrnhut, or Watch of the Lord, which became the model of all their mission institutions. Mr. Carlyle describes it as being, in autumn 1852, "An opulent enough, most silent, strictly regular, strange little town. The women are in uniform; wives, maids, widows, each their form of dress." "A petrified Sabbath," he calls it; "Calvinistic Sabbath done into stone." In Schleiermacher's *Life* also we find a good account of the manner of existence in a Herrnhut, which seems to have been closely akin to that of the Jesuit Reductions. There was the same separation of sexes, the same artificial arrangement of time and work and worship. Everybody was drilled into religion. Everything was done to order. Men must go wherever they were commanded. Girls must marry at the bidding of the Elder. Everything, in short, was done to check a natural spontaneous development. But while all this drilling would inevitably, in the long-run, produce a thin-blooded and feeble generation, at first the Moravian Herrnhuts sent forth a race of robust and dauntless missionaries, full of hardihood and self-reliance, who went forth to the desolate Greenland shores, to the rice-swamps of Georgia, and the slave-cursed islands of the West, carrying everywhere the good lesson and example of industry and thrift and piety. That their labours and sufferings were largely blessed, is beyond question; but their social system, lacking spontaneous force, to a great extent failed. They produced Moravian Herrnhuts, but hardly Christian nations. They planted lights here and there in the darkness; but scarcely brought the full, clear day to Labrador.

To the Moravians, then, belongs the honour of being the pioneers of this great enterprise. They were followed by Francke, who, from the Orphan House at Halle, sent forth the earliest missionaries to India. Ere long also, Carey managed to persuade Andrew Fuller to take up his scheme. The work, however, went on but feebly till it was adopted by the English evangelical party. Of that great party it is impossible to speak without the reverence due to those who have done much good in the world. Individually, they exhibit many littlenesses. They were narrow and dogmatic, and little given to "the charity that thinketh no evil;" and they have bequeathed unhappily a tradition of that spirit, which has not improved in later years. But they were the beginners, or at any rate the actual doers, of some of the grandest achievements in modern history. They abolished the

slave-trade and slavery. They established the Bible Society and other kindred associations. They created the multitudinous philanthropic schemes that are now purifying and healing our social life. And they gave, not being, but power and prominence to the great missionary enterprise of Protestantism. Brown was taught by Milner. Buchanan was converted by Newton. Martyn caught his inspiration from Simeon. And Wilberforce in Parliament, Grant at the India House, Thornton in general religious circles, maintained the mission cause against the scepticism of the higher classes, and the paganism of the Nabobs. It is not unusual among certain classes just now to undervalue this party; and we don't pretend to deny that Newton was deficient in refinement, and Scott intolerant, and Milner prosy; and the rest, except Simeon, afflicted with various disagreeable peculiarities. But let no existing party venture to make light of those men, till it can point to some trophies of piety and zeal and love, which will bear comparison with the great and good works which they achieved.

It would be impossible, in a single article, to give any detailed account of the diverse mission schemes which began towards the close of the last century, and have gone on, ever since, with increasing resources and efficiency. There are Jewish Missions, largely patronized by the millennarians, but hitherto not fruitful of much result. There are Nestorian Missions, chiefly carried on by the American Board, but baffled or outwitted by the Romish priests. There are Anglican Abyssinian Missions, mainly with German agents, hitherto fruitful rather in geographical, than religious issues. But these are not missions properly to the heathen, and may be passed over. Nor can we even briefly review the various isolated efforts of different sects in the West Indies, in Africa, or elsewhere, although they are accomplishing much good. At present, however, we must, from want of space, chiefly confine ourselves to the two great missionary enterprises; that to the broken nations and fragmentary superstitions of Oceania, and that to the elaborate heathenisms of India.

Towards the close of the last century, the atmosphere of English religious society was highly charged with a sort of electrical mission spirit, which needed but a conductor to concentrate and direct its power. There was a wide-spread feeling that our Protestantism had not been very diffusive, and that its intense conservatism did not tend to increase its own health: for if Christianity be not a leaven, it is very apt to decay. With whom the idea of a new missionary society at first took shape, it is hard to determine. But perhaps Dr. Hare—Lady Huntingdon's chaplain, author also of a com-

mentary on the Bible, still popular among country people,—had more to do with it than any other individual. At length, in 1794, the staff of the *Evangelical Magazine*, with some other clergymen, Episcopal and Dissenting, English and Scotch, among the latter Waugh, Bogue, and Hunter being most notable, formed themselves into the London Missionary Society. Evangelical, but not sectarian, it promised to afford a bond of brotherly unity, more solid than a mere "alliance," because providing a ground of common duty on which all might heartily labour. Pity that this hope has not been quite fulfilled; but Protestant union is still the desire of all good men, and the expectation of very few. In 1794, however, hope was high, and zeal warm. Money was collected, and men enlisted, some of them rather hurriedly, for several volunteered who, as it turned out, knew not the warfare they had undertaken to wage: and at length the good ship *Duff*,—*May-Flower* of the eighteenth century, say some,—sailed on the 23d September 1796, with nineteen missionaries and their families, bound for Tahiti and Tonga, and other fair but hapless islands beneath the Southern Cross.

Mr. Ellis has written, on the whole, a fair account of this mission, which few were better fitted to do, knowing as he did both the localities and the documents. He does not tell us why this particular field was chosen by the Society; but as India was not then open, and as Captain Cook and other navigators had awakened a deep interest in those Islands, it is easy to see that they may have seemed at once the only feasible, and also the most urgent field of enterprise. Several of those Islands were called "Friendly," and had hospitably entreated the voyagers. They were generally fertile—the bread-fruit and the banana supplying almost every want, without effort to cultivate them. As to the people, they were sunk in the most degrading superstitions. They were mostly cannibals. They were greatly given to child-murder. They were inveterate thieves. Frightful wars were exhausting them, and they were addicted to miscellaneous immoralities, not to be named. Tahiti was supposed, a few years before, to have maintained, in comfortable indolence, a population of 120,000; but what, with infanticide, human sacrifice, and war, this had been reduced to about 8000 or 10,000. And it was much the same in the other islands. Certainly a Christian mission was greatly needed, and it was in a sense welcomed also, for the natives thought they could make a good thing of it, were it only by stealing the missionaries' materials. The idea of a mission colony, settling down among the heathen, and carrying with them a measure of Christian civi-

lisation, as well as religion, was obviously the fittest for such a state of things. This therefore was the plan adopted in Tahiti and Tonga, and carried out, on the whole, with admirable patience and excellent results. Some of the missionaries, indeed, had mistaken their calling. One of them turned absolute savage, and got himself tattooed; another became an infidel. One married a heathen woman, and was, perhaps rather sharply, excommunicated; and several others, in the long run, returned to commerce, or colonial politics. But far the greater number stood by the post of duty—suffering much, slowly learning the language, slowly forming it into a written speech, training the people in useful arts, teaching the children, preaching as they were able, and seeing no fruit in the conversion of the heathen for twelve long weary years. They were on the eve of giving up the attempt in despair, when the young king, Pomaré, rather unexpectedly declared his *totu*, or conversion to Christianity. What moved him to this step it is not very easy to see, as he had long been a notable thief and drunkard, and continued to be so all his days. But if he did not like the commandments, he greatly favoured the missionaries; and as it was in Europe during the Middle Ages, so now also, in Polynesia, the conversion of the king was followed by nearly a general baptism of the whole people. The chief-priest in Tonga burnt the great idol. Others brought their gods and sent half a ship-load of them home to the mission museums for exhibition at public meetings; churches were built; schools were filled; whisky stills were abolished; and large collections of pigs were sent as contributions to the Society's funds. The zeal of the converts, indeed, was most remarkable. Unlike the Hindoo Christians, who appear to be sadly indifferent to the progress of their new faith, the Polynesian catechists busily disseminated the gospel from island to island. When Williams landed on one, never hitherto visited by a European, he found an eager welcome; some poor Tongans, whose canoe had been drifted thither in a storm, having earnestly prepared the way for Christianity and civilisation. Thus a fierce, cruel, and debasing superstition rapidly disappeared from those beautiful islands; and under the guidance of the manly and sagacious Williams, they seemed about to start on a career of inspiring and hopeful progress.

But the wars they had waged had been the only thing that kept alive a little energy of character; and now that Christianity had largely abolished these, the people having no need of patient industry, found life beginning to hang heavy on their hands. Hence, when traders came to buy their pork, they were eagerly welcomed for the sake of the rum and powder which formed

their chief articles of exchange. The result may be imagined. It was not religion only that was in danger, nor even morality; the whole nation was threatened with destruction. Of course, a half-barbarous feeble people needed protection; and when Pomare saw that his country was like to blaze up in one huge, drunken fire-work, and disappear, though he could not part with his own cups, he listened to the missionaries, and forbade the sale of intoxicating liquors in any part of his dominions. English and Yankee blackguard skippers, unable any longer to make cent. per cent. in those quarters, loudly blamed the missionaries; and the Russian Kotzebue joined their cry for reasons of his own. The missionaries were said to be tyrants, drilling the people to keep Sundays, and sing hymns, and work for their profit, and otherwise of no good whatever. But respectable naval commanders, like Captains Duperry and Fitzroy, bear very different testimony; while Charles Darwin says of their accusers, "I do believe that, disappointed in not finding the field of licentiousness as open as formerly, they will not give credit to a morality which they do not wish to practise, nor to the effects of a religion which is undervalued, if not quite despised." We cannot then question for a moment the real benefits, religious and social, arising from the faithful labours of Nott and Crook and Williams, and their brethren.

Unfortunately, however, for those islands, the missionaries committed one unhappy act which wrested the kingdom from their hands. Though themselves chiefly English dissenters, and when at home, doubtless staunch defenders of religious liberty, they had on various occasions allowed considerable interferences with Tahitian freedom. An act had been passed, *e.g.*, ordering every man to go to Church on Sunday; and they opposed it feebly, if they did not originate it. And in various other ways they had exhibited, now and then, more good intention than good sense. But in the year 1834, certain Roman Catholic priests, prompted by piety or meddlesomeness, thought proper to visit those regions. At first they were told to go and convert heathens for themselves, as there were plenty in the islands round about. But this they declined; and as we do not hesitate to go where there are Roman Catholics already, they might fairly enough do to us as we did to them. Seeing they were determined "to build on another man's foundation," Queen Pomare (her father had been dead some time) was reminded of an act forbidding foreigners to land without permission, which had been passed in order to preserve the islands from drunken dissolute sailors. This law was now enforced against the priests, who were never contemplated by its framers, and who might well feel themselves insulted by being classed

with runaway mariners. The result is known to everybody. No doubt Louis-Philippe behaved in a manner unworthy of the great nation he ruled. And Dupetit Thouars was at once crafty and overbearing. And the whole affair is little to the glory of that France which is so fond of glory. But it is clear the missionaries were led, by their intolerance, into the commission of a great blunder, which imperilled the religion of Tahiti, and forfeited for those islands the advantage of British influence.

Such is briefly the story of the first great effort of the London Missionary Society. That Society still continues with increasing efficiency, and on the same basis of catholicity, though practically it is now almost entirely in the hands of the Independents. By last year's report, we find that it has 170 missionaries at present in the field. Of these twenty-eight are in Polynesia, twenty-one in the West Indies, thirty-eight in South Africa, seventeen in China, sixty in India, and six in Madagascar. Its income for the year amounted to £81,924 odds, while the number of communicants at the various stations was 27,002, and of scholars 42,241. One good feature is, that nearly £17,000 were collected at the missionary stations; and another, which is by no means so good, is that £2417 are paid as salaries to secretaries, etc. This, considering the various other expenses connected with the gathering of this benevolent fund, in the shape of collecting cards, boxes, magazines, reports, etc. etc., appears to us a large sum, though it is not so large as in some of the other societies. For the rest, the London Missionary Society has been a noble institution, and in sending forth Williams and Lacroix, Moffat and Livingstone, it has had the honour to support some of the foremost Christian missionaries the world has ever seen.

Turning now to India, which is perhaps the great citadel of heathenism, where idolatry, ancient and deep-rooted, has varied its forms to suit all castes and peoples, maintaining among the savage Khonds and Koles the human sacrifice and devil-worship, and providing for the reflective Brahmin a subtle pantheism which is a sort of universal solvent for all theological ideas and customs, we find that great continent committed, in God's providence, to the charge of Protestant Britain, doubtless not without a great design on His part, and a great responsibility on ours. How then has that trust been fulfilled? We are not disposed to exaggerate the errors of English statesmen; nor the shortcomings of English Churchmen. We think with Mr. Kaye that, in some cases, good men have made the most of the Honourable Company's mistakes, and that eloquent platformists have now and then needlessly blackened those commercial

rulers, who naturally ruled for a dividend; and therefore perhaps should never have ruled at all. Yet it must be confessed that, while the tale of British conquest in India, from Clive down to Havelock and Clyde, has been one of the most brilliant pages of history, the story of British Christianity during the same period and in the same place, is by no means an exhilarating narrative. For eighty long years, the British conquerors got on, without finding any need for a Church in Hindostan. Some chaplains there were to baptize Christian children; but the worthy clergy, like their congregations (which never were congregated) were chiefly anxious about the number of rupees they could hope to amass before a bad liver sent them home to old England. And the Government connexion with religion was chiefly seen in the maintenance of idol temples, which the priests were apt to neglect, and in adorning by the presence of their soldiers the foul processions of the gods. It is a sorrowful picture, the conquerors, in everything but courage, sinking to the level of the heathen they had subdued.

Nor was it only personal neglect of religion of which they were guilty; there was really a positive hatred of Christianity and dread of its progress. We do not care to dig for the curious extinct fossils of history, and drag to light the Scott Warrings and Twinings, and other men of foolish speech, whose influence it is so hard for us now to understand. Everybody knows how the first proposals to convert India were met by a howl from Twining and a cry of horror from the agent of Warren Hastings. The Brahmins could not be converted; were better without conversion; would drive us out of India, if there was any attempt to convert them. They had a pure simple worship already, as one might see in Voltaire's *Philosophical Tales*. They were mild and wise and good, with a natural religion which was about as good as ours, and for them indeed better. In fine, missionaries were firebrands, and the knell of British India would be rung so soon as one of them got a footing in the country. Wonderful was the outcry; specially wonderful when we remember what it was all about. For English missions in India began in the most humble and modest fashion. Strange surely if the conquests of Clive and Hastings hung by so feeble a thread that the presence of a quiet chaplain, a debbler, and a printer, among the dusky millions of our great Eastern Empire, threatened its immediate overthrow!

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had been established in 1701, and had aided in the support, ever since, of a few Danish and German missionaries. Ziegenbalg and Plutschow from Francke's Orphan House at Halle had got from its funds some £20 per annum; Kiernander, a Swede, had also

been assisted, till he married a rich wife; two rich wives, indeed, and spent their money chiefly in mission work, at least in church-building, by which he came to grief in the end. Schwartz in Tinnevely had founded the greatest of these Anglican missions, and gained the confidence of Sivajee, and even of Hyder Ali, as "the Christian,"—about the only one in India, they thought. But in truth, till the eighteenth century was near its close, little had been done by England for India, except to grow indigo and carry away rupees. Of properly mission work, the first was that of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, truly, though rather heavily, described by Marshman's son in his biography of those pious Baptists. But Carey, the ruling spirit, was, like Morrison in China, a religious *littérateur* more than an active missionary; and accordingly he shut himself up in Serampore, multiplying and disseminating translations of the Bible and tracts, but making converts at a rate which would have taken a century to fill a small church. The translations also were much too hurried to be of lasting value; and altogether, except that their scholarship commended them to the Marquis of Wellesley, and established missionaries in a certain credit, as good, useful, and quite harmless persons, the great Serampore scheme was but an interesting failure, printing books which nobody read, which made no converts, and which are not now greatly valued. We may add, in connexion with this, that Carey's mistake has been fruitful of unhappy results in almost every Protestant mission. Of course, it is right to translate the Bible into every language under heaven; nor can it be denied that the missionaries of all churches have done immense service in this way both to philology and to religion. Tongues and dialects, which would never have been mastered by the zeal of mere scholarship, have, by their means, become familiar to the learned. For these labours, surely, they are worthy of all honour. But they seem at times to have regarded the Bible much as the Romanists looked at baptism. No matter, though the Japanese understood nothing about it, Xavier christened them, and rejoiced in their salvation. No matter, also, though the villagers could not read a syllable, our missionaries, standing in the bazaars or under some stately banyan-tree, scattered Bibles and tracts, and went away rejoicing that the good seed was sown. Father Marshall tells, with a chuckle of very foolish satisfaction, how the recipients made cartridges of them, and wrapped medicines in them. We are glad to see, however, from Dr. Mullens' account, that the missionaries have latterly resolved to correct this, and to make a small charge for their books, or at least to ascertain, before distributing them, that there are some people in the place able to read them. Not

three per cent. of the populations of India can read a word, though many millions of books have been scattered among them. Certainly this trusting in a Bible which could not be understood, was as much trusting in a charm as Xavier's squeezing of the baptism-water from the sleeve of his surplice.

If the Serampore mission, substituting book-distribution for the voice of the living teacher, wrought no deliverance for the Hindoos, we can believe that the first efforts of the Evangelical party may have appeared to some a still more impotent scheme. For all they attempted was to get comfortable chaplaincies, worth £1000 a year, filled by competent and zealous ministers, who properly had nothing to do with the Hindoos, but to let them alone. And yet these same chaplaincies were the real sources of India missions. Simeon and his friends were "led, by a way that they knew not," to do the very thing most likely to evangelize the East. English Christianity in Calcutta, and elsewhere was in such a state, that without a revival of faith within its pale, the conversion of the Hindoos was scarce possible, or perhaps desirable. To make Christians of the type of the old Nabob would not have been a great achievement, and there were few specimens of anything better then in India. The business then of Brown and Buchanan, and Martyn and Corrie, was to awaken the dormant life of British religion; and their value is that they did this, and did it in a truly missionary spirit. Ere long a new spirit arose among the English conquerors. Churches were built, and even attended. The Sunday was not devoted exclusively to flirtation and whist. English religious respectability began to establish itself as at home. And slowly, but truly, a real power of God wrought into the heart of society in Calcutta. Then, the death of Martyn did more for missions than he had ever done while he lived, or perhaps could have done, for he was of a somewhat hard and unmanageable temper. But there was enough of the hero in him to kindle the enthusiasm of his evangelical countrymen; and so the cadets who came from England after the publication of Mr. Sargent's Biography, were many of them full of pity for the heathen, full of admiration for Henry Martyn, and nowise disposed to favour the old Pagan Nabobs who kept zenanas by the Hoogley.

This was the first step, then, towards the conversion of India, viz., getting converted ourselves. For Christianity is not a mere intellectual system which may be demonstrated and accepted like mathematics, whatever the character of its teachers; it must be embodied in a social life ere it become a great social power. As long therefore as the English showed no regard for their own religion, the Hindoos were nowise troubled about

the safety of their gods. But when it began to appear that the conquerors were not atheists, when the gentle Heber and the zealous Wilson, and Teignmouth, and pious Lord W. Bentinck showed that Christianity was no longer to skulk obscurely under shelter of the Danish flag, but to wield the moral influence of the great Company at Leadenhall Street, then the Brahmin became aware that the final victory of England must be the conquest of his gods. Doubtless this feeling produced a jealous suspicion on his part, and a readiness to seize on any pretext for a revolt. Yet for many a long year there seemed nothing to apprehend, for the progress of the missionaries was scarcely perceptible. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Tinnevely continued their traditionary custom of hiring Germans to evangelize for them; but found no successor to Schwartz. Judson in Burmah, scattered, amid sorrows and persecutions, the seeds of a great revolution, the fruits of which are now being reaped there among the Karens. Lacroix, among the fishing caste in the jungle lands of Lower Bengal, had also a measure of success, till a terrible inundation drowned or dispersed his congregations. That good Swiss pastor was a zealous missionary, and his daughter had the honour of starting the first zenana school: an element of mission labour certain to grow in importance every year. But his latter days in India were not cheered with much fruit of his toil and prayers. In general, it almost seemed for a while as if the zeal which had struggled so bravely to get a footing for the gospel in India, died away as soon as the victory was achieved. A miserable sectarianism also disturbed the nascent Christianity. Baptists broke in on Presbyterian preserves, eager to dip the converts. Anglican high churchmen contended for the prey of dissenting divines. And the Hindoo proselyte himself was ready to be sold to the highest bidder. For an unhappy system of paying the converts had got a footing among the missions. No doubt it was a difficult matter to know what to do with men who, on becoming Christians, lost caste, and with caste the very means of living. Hence they were to a large extent provided for out of the mission-fund. Hence the baser sort were ready to profess anything for a living. Hence for a time the so-called Christians in Bengal and elsewhere contained a larger proportion of lying rogues than the Societies at home were at all aware of. Doubtless the missionaries grieved at this, and did not mean to deceive; but it was a serious difficulty, and on the whole they were not the men to solve it.

A new and not unimportant element was introduced into Indian missions, when the Scotch Kirk started her great educational institutions, and sent a Christian hero to Calcutta

in the person of Alexander Duff. We are not sure, indeed, that the personal influence of this large-hearted man has not been of more value to the cause than the particular scheme with which his life has been identified. Yet that scheme was not without value as a subsidiary and indirect method of evangelization. Duff and Ewart and Nesbit, and others, resolved to bring the ripe culture of the West, as well as its faith, to bear on the semi-civilisation of the Hindoo. They saw that the Shastres were pledged to certain theories of physical science, and they found that the Hindoo had an aptitude for mathematical processes. Carrying out, then, to its extreme the Protestant idea of a purely intellectual mission, they established collegiate schools, and poured the enlightenment of Europe into the Eastern mind. It was hoped that the progress of pure science would unsettle faith in a religion bound up with scientific absurdities,—which it has done. It was hoped that, for the sake of a good European education, the scholars would read the Bible,—which they have done. It was hoped that in this way the Institutions would tell on the men of most influence, the higher classes, who sooner or later give the tone to national thought,—and this also they have done. But it was also hoped that many would, in this way, be converted to Christ, and that a native ministry would thus be raised up, fully equipped, to do for their brethren what no European could do so well; and here, alas! the results have been very meagre. For more than thirty years now this work has been carried on with much patience, intelligence, and prayer; and certainly the intellectual belief of the higher class of Hindoos has been undermined, and the younger men of the Presidencies have learnt to praise, at least, the ethics of Christianity, as we may see in the curious play, called *Nil Durpan*. It is said also, doubtless with some truth, that the germs of a great spiritual revolution have been scattered from Himalaya to Cape Comorin, though it is hard to say whether it will turn to properly Christian results, or follow the leading of Rammohun Roy and the young gentlemen who lately wrote a sympathizing epistle to Mr. Francis Newman. Meanwhile, the various Scotch institutions send forth able clerks to Government offices, lawyers and judges to the Mofussil courts, and merchants and bankers to the exchange. But the converts are very few, and the educated native missionaries from all sources number, if we mistake not, less than half a dozen in all Bengal. May we also venture to add that, perhaps, the elaborate training, after the Western form of thought, is not the most certain way of making good Eastern missionaries? Is it not possible to educate the fresh zeal and love almost out of their hearts? Is it quite

natural to a Hindoo to express himself after the exact pattern of modern Protestant theology? Will our readers pardon us if we venture to say that, after reading letters from the Ganges, formulated precisely on the model of the Westminster Confession, we have almost longed for a dash of mild heresy as in the early Christian ages, just to give us assurance that these converts were not repeating a lesson, but were actually grappling with great truths, and growing "in knowledge and wisdom to the perfect man in Christ."

Thus the work of Christianizing India was going on very slowly, indeed, when the great Mutiny broke forth in 1857. It is at this point that Dr. Mullens takes up the narrative, and the British and American churches are greatly indebted to him for his clear and encouraging statistics. It may be difficult to determine what special causes have produced the great change manifested during these later years. Possibly there has been a combination of powers and motives of a very mingled character, but all tending to the same end. Perhaps even the selfish Hindoo mind was touched by the way in which Christian England, after sternly crushing rebellion, arose and determined to send them the Christian gospel of love. Perhaps that same Hindoo mind began to think that fate was against their cause, and that it would be wise to submit to fate. Perhaps the Mission Conferences in Bengal and the Punjab, and elsewhere, at which it was resolved that the different Societies should not interfere with each other's labours, but work harmoniously, was not without wholesome influence. Perhaps, also, the abolition of the "hot-house system" of orphan-houses and boarding-houses and general sustentation of converts, and the establishment of a healthier independence, which has resulted in much good to the native Christians, helped more or less. So it is at any rate that nearly all the mission stations in India have been latterly in a more thriving condition. Various new agencies have entered the field, and there are now in India and Burmah 541 foreign missionaries, 186 ordained native preachers, with 1776 native catechists. These minister to 213,182 converts, of whom 49,688 are in communion with the church, and they contribute to the mission funds at the rate of one rupee per annum each, or more precisely, a sum of 218,092 Rs. Of vernacular schools there are 1811, attended by 43,390 boys; and of Anglo-vernacular 193, with 23,963 boys, and 2000 girls; but unfortunately, we think, a good many of these schools are conducted by heathen teachers, who are not likely to use them for the purpose of making converts to Christianity. The whole expense of all these missionary operations amounts to about a quarter of a million, apart from the

money expended in Bibles and tracts, which must be considerable, though latterly, as we have said, it has been somewhat reduced by the adoption of a wiser method of distribution. Such is the machinery, and the results are highly encouraging on the whole. In Tinnevely, of which Dr. Caldwell gives an excellent account, the last ten years show an increase of 30,000 converts among the Shanars, a race of genuine devil-worshippers. Among the Karens of Burmah, there has been a still more remarkable success; and the Koles, an aboriginal race of savages in Nagpur, have been mightily influenced by poor German lads from the Rauhe Haus at Hamburg and elsewhere. Of these German missions, it appears to us that Dr. Mullens speaks rather slightly, and not quite fairly. His book is otherwise so truthful that he can bear to be told this. He seems to think that their success is not so much owing to the missionaries as to the Koles themselves. Christianity was in the air, and they took it like an epidemic, and infected each other. Now, this appears to us one of the most hopeful characteristics of the work both among the Koles and the Karens. The reports from nearly all the other stations are, that the converts submit to be taught, submit to discipline, submit to anything, but are actively busy nowhere in favour of their new religion. It is otherwise among those Koles and Karens. They contribute, on an average, more in money than the others, and they have far more men, however ill-furnished in some respects, eagerly preaching the gospel. Altogether, the present aspect of Indian missions is such as to call on the churches to be of good heart. They have waited long to see the salvation of their God; but there are many symptoms now of change and hope, indicating that if they will go in, they shall verily possess the land.

This article, however, has reached its full limits. We have not referred, or but in the most passing way, to many minor missions, which, if space had permitted, we should have liked to dwell on for a little. There is the Romish Mission in Cochin-China, which, according to the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, has all the glory of heroic martyrdoms and brilliant triumphs. There is the Mission of the London Society in Madagascar, which after more than quarter of a century of persecution and wonderful constancy, has again revived, with good hope to the Hovas and comfort to Mr. Ellis. There are various missions among the Caffres, who troubled their bishop, but are more manageable, it appears, by men of less acute intellectual powers. Above all, there is the interesting University Mission on the Shire, in connexion with Dr. Livingstone, which appears unhappily now to be given up. We are sorry for this. Their occasional papers are about the most clear, light-giving docu-

ments of the kind we have come across. Their spirit in starting under Bishop Mackenzie was truly Christian and full of hope; and we think the spot where he died should have been sacred ground on which, at whatever sacrifice, British Christian courage should have taken its stand, resolved that it must never be desecrated by the heathen, but be a point from which the gospel should radiate over hapless Africa. Bishop Tozer has thought otherwise; and we can only hope that some Society, with more patient endurance, will yet occupy the ground he has forsaken. More important still than any of these is the mission to China, though as yet it has not accomplished much. It was begun by Morrison in a feeble, timid spirit. The worthy home-official who excited the sorrowful wrath of Edward Irving by declaring that Prudence was the alpha and omega of the missionary spirit, must, we imagine, have had Dr. Morrison in his eye. For he skulked about the seaports, and did not venture out of the house except at night, and in the garb of a Chinaman. If he preached to his servants, he did it with doors carefully bolted. If he distributed books, he tells us it was in such a secret way that they could not easily be traced back to him. The man was a diligent scholar, but certainly no hero; and the mission in consequence has always wanted the example and consecration of self-sacrifice. It has been most prudently conducted, but great battles are seldom won by mere prudence. Even noble spirits like Burns and Sandeman would appear to have been tamed down to commonplace by the prudential tradition of the mission. One good element, however, seems to have been developed in China more fully than elsewhere. It was the American Board of Missions, we believe, that began the use of a medical, as well as of a preaching agency. And the medical missionary has played a considerable part in the Chinese field, commending the gospel to human suffering, and reviving one of the characteristic features of primitive Christianity. We are glad to see that this machinery is being adopted in India also; and that Christian physicians in Britain are interesting themselves in it. It cannot fail to be an instrument of great value; only we do not think it altogether wise to forbid the physician in any case to take a fee. For while prescribing to the poor gratis, it would lighten the expense of such agency, and so permit it to be greatly increased, if those who are able and willing were allowed to remunerate his skill. On the whole, the mission at Amoy is the most flourishing; but there is not much doing apparently there or elsewhere. The Romanists cover the land with their priests, up to the great wall; but we are still among the seaports and under the consular flags.

In summing up this sketch of mission work, we may be permitted to offer one or two suggestions for the consideration of all interested in their success.

1. It would appear that, in order to the successful prosecution of missions, it is not money so much as men that we need—men of the heroic type, with a warm enthusiasm, and a wise enthusiasm, but at any rate enthusiasm, for “God is to be admired in his saints.” Of course, we can no more expect all missionaries to be heroes than we expect all ministers to be sages. Commonplace men must exist in both spheres, and there will be, no doubt, plenty of them. But in the mission field, if anywhere, our best and richest gifts should be found. The great divines may stay at home, and welcome; but without the great men, ready to dare and suffer, without these no mission has ever yet prospered. And in order to find out such men, and prepare them specially for their task, while zeal and love are hot within them, the Protestant Churches ought to borrow a leaf from the wisdom of Rome, and have their *College de Propaganda Fide*. For the training that is best for the home-pastor, is by no means fittest for the missionary. The doctrinal disputes of Europe are not often called into requisition among Brahmins and Bonzes. At any rate, a comparatively brief course of such studies would serve the purpose of the missionary, while a large portion of his curriculum might be occupied with the history and language and literature and mythology of the country he is to evangelize. As it is, he goes out to India or China utterly ignorant of these, and before he can speak a word to the Pagan, his health is broken; or he wants a wife, and must come home for a year or two to Britain, so that the Church gets but a brief term of service from him. How such a college might be established, whether by individual Churches, or in union with others, is a matter for their consideration. But we are persuaded that until we thus lay hold of young enthusiasm, and train it for the work, using our returned missionaries for this purpose, instead of settling them in rural parishes, our duty to the heathen will never be effectually done.

2. Our review appears also to show that, while the individual missionary is, at the commencement, of prime importance, yet, ere long, the Christian community must become itself the instrument for disseminating the gospel. That Christian community may be organized, as at the first, by the action of religion on the lower orders, elevating them above their rulers and sages—or as in the middle ages, by a process exactly the opposite, although the former appears to us both the more Christian and the more effective plan. History however proves that the Church

may arise in either way. Only, by one method or other, it must speedily be organized; for the progress of the gospel is accomplished in the long-run, not merely by the teaching of a man, but by the leaven of a society. Care must be taken, however, to avoid over-drill and discipline and socialism, and to encourage a natural and spontaneous association of the converts, whereby they may help each other, and exercise their own powers, and grow in knowledge and wisdom; for a school-system of elaborate education is apt to produce a mere dull mechanical learning by rote, and a social system of elaborate over-government is sure to end, like the Jesuit Reductions, in rearing "bearded babies." But a spontaneous Christian society, though it will require wise counsel and watchful help, for errors and sins will naturally arise in it, is essential to the wide diffusion of that gospel which is not a mere philosophy of religion, but a manifest life in God.

3. We had intended in the body of this article to allude to the question of Funds, which assumes such proportions in all our home proceedings and appeals. But we hesitate to refer to so delicate a matter, partly because Directors are naturally rather touchy about it, and partly lest contributors might take advantage of any remarks to lessen their subscriptions, instead of increasing them. We may be permitted however to say that all care should be taken, in managing a benevolent trust, to see that it is done with the utmost economy. Of course, we do not sympathize with those who sneeringly calculate how many pounds each convert costs us. That is a line of argument more effective than creditable. But anything like waste or extravagance tends to dry up the sources of supply; and when a missionary society uses 25 per cent. of its income in mere expenses of management, the contributors will grumble, because no other trusts are so expensively conducted. Then, if missionaries want wives, it is rather too much to have to pay their passage home and back again, where by and by the wife turns sick perhaps, and both quit the field together. Further, all the societies have a bad habit of falling every now and then into debt. Possibly it is unavoidable. Possibly there is no blame whatever attachable to anybody. But it is unfortunate to be making a new appeal, every five or six years, in order to get rid of debt; and we would suggest that something like a *rest* should be accumulated year by year, if possible, so as to obviate these repeated calls. But this is an unpleasant theme; and we close by simply expressing a hope that the most rigid economy may be exercised, lest the Christian community become weary of giving, instead of growing "in this grace also."

ART. VII.—1. *The Brus, writ be Master Johne Barbour*. Aberdeen. Printed for the Spalding Club. 1856.
2. *The Fricks of Conscience (Stimulus Conscientie)*: A Northumbrian Poem. By RICHARD BOLLE DE HAMPOLE. Edited (for the Philological Society) by RICHARD MORRIS. 1863.
It cannot be doubted that the old Scottish language of our forefathers is hastening to decay; and it is not improbable that before the close of the century the use or the knowledge of it may be confined to the humblest classes, or to the most retired districts of our native land. A hundred years ago it was freely current among the better ranks of society, and at the beginning of this century, it was the common language of our nurseries, and was intelligible to every one. Now, however, our maids and nursery-governesses speak nothing but a sort of school-English; our sons and daughters conclude their education beyond the Tweed, and except by special study, are unable to appreciate either Burns or Ramsay; and every day the number becomes fewer of those who could stand the test which an old friend of ours used to apply, of being able to interpret the lines in the “Address to the Deil”—
“And dawit twal-pint Hawkie’s gane
As yell’s the Bill!”

This change is so natural, and indeed so necessary an effect of the wider diffusion of uniform education and of an increased communication with our Southern neighbours, that it ought not to excite either wonder or regret. But let us hope that, if the old Scottish dialect is thus doomed to languish and die, it may thereby gain something of that additional honour which ought to attend the departed. Things in every-day use have about them a certain tincture, if not of vulgarity, yet at least of triviality, which antiquity tends to remove. If we had the veritable “parritch-pats and auld saut-buckets” of an antediluvian age, they would not be vulgar but venerable. Our Scottish tongue has still strong claims on our regard, though it may no longer be colloquially used. It is deserving of careful study, both for its intrinsic excellence as a vigorous and expressive form of speech, and as an apt vehicle by which men of distinguished intellect and genius have conveyed to the world the creations of their fancy and the emotions of their heart. It must always have an additional attraction for Scotchmen, or those interested in Scotland, as being a true reflex of the national character and an indispensable key to the national history.

But we are desirous at this time to interest in its study, not only our fellow-countrymen of Scotland, but all our brethren of

British birth, and we wish, therefore, to point out some strong inducements to their making its better acquaintance.

And here, in the outset, we may both ask and attempt to answer the question, What is this Scottish tongue which we are thus seeking to recommend to notice? What is it as to its elements, and as to its affinities with other systems of speech? The answer, in our view of the matter, is short and simple. The Scottish is but another form of English. The two are sister dialects of one and the same language.

No one, we think, who approaches the consideration of this subject without prejudice or prepossession, can fail to arrive at the same result. If we regard as among the most ancient and authentic remains of Scottish, the well-known lines that are said to have been made on the death of Alexander III., we shall be convinced that we are dealing with a mere variety of old English. Divesting them of some peculiarities of spelling, we recognise scarcely more than a single word in them that is not ordinary Saxon and Norman. The character of the language is precisely that which belongs to English, being a graft of Norman inserted on an Anglo-Saxon stem.

If, indeed, we take a wider view, and compare together the longer compositions of Scottish and of English writers which begin to abound in the fourteenth century, we shall find certain inter-diversities of form which deserve our attention. If, for instance, we compare Barbour and Chaucer, who are as nearly as possible contemporaries, and belong to the latter portion of the fourteenth century, we discover differences both in words and grammatical forms, but chiefly in the latter, which naturally call for explanation, and lead us to inquire from what source these discrepancies arise. Before, however, we can determine whether there is here a sufficient ground for separating Old Scottish from Old English, the previous question occurs, Whether there is only one form of old English of that period, or whether, among English writers themselves, there are not diversities, more or less great, corresponding to those which distinguish the poet of Bannockburn from the Morning Star of English literature. We soon find that there are such diversities, and we are thus involved in an examination of the different dialects of early English, to see if we can trace in any of them an identity or close resemblance with our own Northern tongue.

We should not consider ourselves competent guides, and our readers would probably be unwilling to follow our footsteps, through the various and intricate differences of old or existing English dialects, with their several local limits at successive periods of time. But we have here on our table four well-known volumes, which will sufficiently illustrate this question for our present purpose. These contain the Metrical Chronicles

published by old Thomas Hearne, two of the volumes being occupied by the work of Robert of Gloucester, and the other two devoted to that of Robert de Brunne. In these two compositions we see at a glance a marked diversity of dialect, such as cannot be ascribed to difference of date; for the two writers lived within half a century of each other, Robert of Gloucester having written after 1280 and Robert de Brunne before 1330. The contrast is plainly ascribable to the different localities to which the writers belong, the one connected with the western and the other with the eastern part of England—Robert de Brunne being a monk first at Sempringham, and afterwards at Sixhill in Lincolnshire.

We shall here notice a few of the points in which the dialects of these two chronicles differ from each other. These are:—

1. The absence or extreme rarity in Robert de Brunne of the prefix *y* or *i* (the Saxon *ge*), and its frequent occurrence in Robert of Gloucester, particularly as the sign of the past participle.

2. The use in Robert de Brunne of the demonstratives *they*, *their*, *them*, as the plural of the third personal pronoun, instead of the proper and original plural of *he*, being *hi*, *hira*, *hem*, which are found in Robert of Gloucester.

3. The absence or rarity in the Lincolnshire chronicle of the final *n* in the infinitive and in the other inflections of verbs, with the remarkable exception of the *n* of the past participle, which in those verbs which the Germans call *strong* is more faithfully preserved in Robert de Brunne than in the monk of Gloucester.

4. The greater rarity in Robert de Brunne of the final *n* in the plurals of nouns; the plural of *brother*, for instance, being not *brethren*, but *brother*, while *ky* not *kine* is the plural of *cow*.

5. The absence in Robert de Brunne of the termination *th* in the inflection of verbs, and the substitution of the final *s* instead of it; the second person plural of the imperative always ending in *s* when it has any inflection at all.

Now these differences, some of which have found their way into modern English, are among the most remarkable of those which distinguish Barbour from Chaucer, the dialect of Barbour having a strong resemblance to that of Robert de Brunne, while Chaucer approximates to that of Robert of Gloucester. We are thus led to the conclusion that the old Scottish language of this early period corresponds more nearly with the old English of the east of England, than with that of the south or west. A further examination of early English compositions will convince us that, in the 13th and 14th century the east coast of Britain, from Essex northward to the Forth, was occupied by a population substantially the same in blood, and with insignificant local varieties, speaking throughout its whole extent one and the same Anglo-

Norman tongue, of a character sufficiently distinguished from the English of Chaucer, and the other southern and western writers of England, to deserve the name of a separate dialect or language.

We have probable grounds for believing that the Angles, who occupied the eastern part of England, were a different tribe or family from those Saxons who followed or accompanied them in their migration from Germany. At one period the Anglian kingdoms in England were equal if not superior to their Saxon neighbours, not only in enterprise and energy, but in learning and literature. But in the progress of events the Anglian districts were more exposed to the ravages of pagan marauders, both domestic and foreign; and the same devastations and dissensions which enfeebled their political power, destroyed in a great measure the monuments of their literary genius. The influence and the language of the West Saxons came in this way to gain the ascendant; and what may be termed classical Anglo-Saxon, as preserved in literature, is chiefly the language of the West Saxon kingdom. It is even probable that works such as the poems of Cædmon, composed originally in the Northumbrian or Anglian dialect, have been transmuted by some southern scribe or reciter into the Saxon form in which we now possess them.

The proper Anglian tongue has only of late years been begun to be studied. By Hickes it was not well understood; but later grammarians have cleared up the subject, and the works published by the Surtees Society have afforded valuable materials for maturing the inquiry. When Hickes spoke of the Anglian dialect as Dano-Saxon, he promulgated a theory which is unsupported by evidence, and probably erroneous in fact. The term seemed to imply that the Anglian was originally identical with the common Anglo-Saxon, and only came to differ from it in being subsequently corrupted by the infusion of Danish influences. In some respects, certainly, there is an approach to Scandinavian forms in the remains which we possess of the earlier Anglian tongue, and of the Anglo-Norman of the Northumbrian districts; but it is probable that some of these resemblances existed long before in the primitive settlements occupied by the Anglian immigrants in the neighbourhood of the modern districts of Eastern Schleswig. It is well observed by a high authority, that in the relative position of the Angles and Saxons, the dialect of the Angles would more nearly resemble that of their neighbours, the Norsemens, while the Saxons would approximate to the men of the Low Countries, from whom they were divided only by the Elbe. It is possible, however, that after the Anglian immigration to England, and under the disturbing effects of

the Danish invasions, the Scandinavian tendencies which existed in the Anglian dialect may have received a certain impulse; and in this way the abolition of the final *e* in the infinitive of verbs, and of the prefix *ge*, which is wholly unknown to the Scandinavian languages, may have become more complete and confirmed. But it is true, on the other hand, as Dr. Guest has remarked, that the most characteristic peculiarities of Scandinavian inflection seem never to have been imported into the Anglian or Anglo-Norman dialects; such as the postposition of the definite article, the *-r* inflexion of verbs, and the use of a proper passive voice, which appear in all the Scandinavian tongues, but are wholly unknown to the dialects of northern England or southern Scotland. It is often unsafe here to infer that words which now seem to be peculiar to the Scandinavian languages are truly derived from that source; for if they have a form consistent with Anglian rules, they may equally belong to the old Anglian tongue, though, from want of early records, we may be unable to trace them. Thus the word *gate*, as used for a street, has been supposed to be Scandinavian; but there is nothing to hinder its being Anglian as well, since the root is very widely spread, and this is precisely the shape which it would bear if the Anglians had used it. There are other words, however, which we find in the Old English of the North, and which are undoubtedly Scandinavian; such as *ettla*, to aim at; *settle*, to adjust; *flit*, to remove; *silt*, a sickness or sorrow. All of these words, according to the Anglian type of their etymology, would have had before the *ts* guttural *ch* or *gh*, which the Scandinavian languages reject, and their occurrence in the forms we have mentioned is conclusive evidence of their having been adopted from the Norsemen. But, on the other hand, the extent to which the Northern English retained, and to which the Scottish dialect still retains, the internal guttural in its full energy, is a standing protest against the theory of a Scandinavian origin. The common words *nicht*, *dochter*, *aucht*, and many other Scottish forms, are wholly inconsistent with the genius of the Scandinavian tongues; which, with a softness resembling that of the Italian, convert these forms into *natt*, *dottir*, *atta*, &c. The peculiarly Scotch words *but* and *ben*, afford another example of divergence from Scandinavian principles, as no such words would have been used or understood by the Old Norsemen, to whom the prefix or preposition *by* or *be* was unknown. The frequent termination of the inflections of the verb in the letter *r* is certainly not Scandinavian; and if there be a connexion between that termination and the Scandinavian *-r* inflexion, the Anglian is the older of the two. It would be too hazardous as it may seem to lay hold of a single peculiarity, and use it as an important distinction, we cannot refrain from

here reverting to the form we have already noticed of the plural imperative ending in *s*. The full inflected form of the second plural imperative in West Saxon is *-ath*; thus *bringath thet fixas*, bring ye the fishes; *gáth hider and etath*, come ye hither and eat. The Old English of the south and west retains this inflection as *eth*, where it uses any inflection at all. Thus in Chaucer:—

“ Lordings, quod he, now *herkeneth* for the best.”

“ Now *draweth* out, for that is mine accord.”

“ *Goth* now, quod she, and *doth* my lordes hest,
And o thing would I pray you of your grace,—
Burieth this little body in some place.”

“ Ye archewives, *stondeth* ay at defence,
Sin ye be strong, as is a great camaille;
Ne *suffreth* not, that men do you offence:
And sclendre wives, feeble as in bataillé,
Beth eagre as is a tigre yond' in Ind;
Ay *clappeth* as a mill, I you counsaile.”

In like manner Piers Ploughman, who is still further removed from the Anglian dialect:—

“ For-thi I rede yow, riche,
Haveth ruthe of the povere;
Though ye be myghtful to mote,
Beeth meke in your werkes.”

The old Anglian second person plural imperative is, when fully inflected, not *ath* but *as*. This is not a Scandinavian form, but is found frequently in the Anglian Gospels, and we often find it mixed in the same manuscript with the West Saxon inflection. Thus in the Lindisfarne ms. we have:—“*Rehta doeth oththe wyrcas* stiga his; *rectas facite semitas ejus: sceacas oththe drygas* that asca of fotum iurum; *excuteite pulverem de pedibus vestris*.” In the Old Northern English, and in Old Scottish of the fourteenth century, this inflection becomes *es* or *is*, so that, instead of *herkeneth*, we have *hearkens*, instead of *doth* and *beth*, we have *does* and *bees*, or *dois* and *beis*. The distinction is tolerably well marked, so that often the first line of an old ballad will tell us if it is Anglian or Saxon, according as it addresses the audience with *herkeneth*, *listeneth*, or with *herkens*, *listens*.

We may here observe, however, once for all, that several disturbing influences have been at work which introduce considerable uncertainty into our conjectures as to such matters. In the first place, the writers who lived in the debateable land between two districts employed alternately or miscellaneously the dialect of each; and in the next place, compositions which

were framed at first in one dialect were copied by scribes in another, and adapted, partially at least, to their own dialect, or to that of their readers, so that often a very hybrid and incongruous compound was the result. We believe Robert de Brunne to have been a genuine Anglian, though a neighbour to the Southern; but if we remember right, for we have not the book at present within reach, his *Sinner's Manual* or *Handlyng Synne*, whether in consequence of his own or his transcriber's variations, has a strong tendency in a southerly direction.

We now give some Anglian examples of the peculiar imperative which we have noticed, observing at the same time that here, as in the Saxon-English, there is often no inflection in this part of the verb. Robert de Brunne thus delivers the last advice of the Romans to the Britons on retiring from the island :

" *Waxes* bold and fende yow fast.
Thinkes your fadres wan franchise.
 Be ye no more in other servise
 Bot frely lyf to your lyves ende.
 We will fro yow for ever wende."

He thus expresses Merlin's orders for transporting Stonehenge from Ireland :—

" Merlyn said : ' Now *makes* assay,
 To putte this stones down if ye may.
 Go now alle and *spedis* yow,
 For ye salle welde them wele inough."

Here are other examples from North of England writers :—

" ' *Lufes* nocht the world here,' says he,
 ' Ne that, that ye in world may se.'—*Hampole*.

" *Lithes*, and I sall tell yow tyll
 The Bataile of Halidon-Hyll."—*Minot*.

" *Listens* now, and *leves* me."—*Ibid*.

" *Herkens* now both mor and lasse.
Herkyns now and ye schall here."—*Hartshorne's Tales*.

Among our early Scottish writers we find the same form. Barbour thus shortly gives the directions of the dying Edward as to his Scottish prisoners :—

" Than lukit he awfully tham to,
 And said, girnand, ' *Hangis* and *drawis*.' "

Wyntown thus tells us that a prince in battle should lead on his men, and not bid them go before him :—

" Thus suld a Prynce in Battale say,
 ' Cum on Falowis,' the formast ay.
 A Pryncis word of honeste
 ' *Gais* on, *gais* on,' suld nevyr be."

In the remarks we have hitherto made, we have not taken much notice of the Anglian peculiarities so far as the vowels are concerned; and we shall not now dwell on this distinction, but shall merely say that as we proceed northward we find the vowel *o* freely exchanged for *a*. In particular, the long Saxon *oa* or *o-e* passes into the Anglo-Scottish *ai* or *a-e*: *bone, bane*; *home, hame*, etc. This peculiarity is ridiculed by Chaucer in his Reeve's Tale, where the two northern students at Cambridge are made to speak in this way, and for the most part say *hame, gae, sae*, for *home, go, so*. Here is a couplet put into the mouth of one of them:—

“ Our hors is lost : Alein for Goddes *banes* ;
Step on thy feet ; come of, man, al at *anes* .

We shall now proceed to bring under the notice of our readers the principal compositions in the Northumbrian or Anglo-Scottish dialect which we think preserve the best examples of its peculiarities. For the publication of these we have hitherto been indebted chiefly to individual or insulated exertions, often with an exclusive tendency; but we trust that a new era is commencing under the auspices of the Early English Text Society, just instituted; and that ere long many valuable works will have been given to the public, not only honestly and accurately, but also in such a form as to make them generally accessible to the students and lovers of early English literature. We have no doubt that among the treasures which are to be thus widely communicated, the Anglian dialect will be duly represented. Dr. Guest has remarked that the number of MSS. written about the year 1300 which, judging from dialect and other circumstances, must be referred to Lincolnshire or the neighbouring shires, is singularly great, and these, we have no doubt, will present us with the more Southern form of the Anglian dialect, such as it is seen in Robert de Brunne's Chronicle; and indeed a fuller edition than we yet have of the early part of that chronicle would seem to us to be a very clear desideratum. The portions of it which Hearne has given are expressed in admirable Anglian, and are a most instructive philological study, approaching more nearly in substance to the dialect of Barbour than any other work we can mention.

We shall not here attempt the observance of any precise chronological order in our account of some of the principal remains of this Anglian tongue, and we shall commence our notices with those which, in all probability, belong to the southern side of the Tweed.

The first composition we shall now mention is the metrical version of the early English Psalter published by the Surtees Society. The MS. followed is said to belong to about the middle

of the reign of Edward the Second; and we may reasonably ascribe the work itself to the thirteenth century. We subjoin a few specimens which we think will particularly interest our Scottish readers. In illustration of the English where it is obscure, we recommend a comparison with the Vulgate.

PSALM 8TH.

"2 Laverd, our Laverd hou selekouth is
Name thine in alle land this.
For up-hovene is thi mykel-hede
Over heavens that ere brade;

3 Of mouth of childer and soukand
Made thou lof in ilka land,
For thi faes; that thou for-do
The fai, the wreker him unto.

4 For I sal se thine hevenes hegh,
And werkes of thine fingres slegh.
The mone and sternes mani ma,
That thou grounded to be swa.

5 What is man, that thou mines of him?
Or song of man, for thou sekis him?"

PSALM 18TH.

"2 Hevens telles Goddes blisse;
The walken schewes handes werkes hisse.

3 Dai to dai word rifies right,
And wisdome schewes night to night."

PSALM 28TH.

"7 Oppenes your yates wide,
Yhe that princes are in prida;
And yates of ai up-hoven be yhe,
And king of blisse in-come sal he.

8 Wha es he king of blisse that isse?
Laverd of mightis is king of blisse."

PSALM 113TH.

"1 Noght til us, Laverd, noght til us non,
Bot til thi name blisse gif thou.

3 Oure God soth-like in heven is kid;¹
Alle that ever he wald, he did.

4 Luckenes of genge,² silver and gold,
Werkes of men hend of mold.

5 Thai have mouth, and sal not speke with-al;³
Eghen thai have, and so thai ne sal.

¹ Kid = *kythed*, shown, revealed.

² Simulchra gentium.

6 Thai have ares, and here ne sal thai oght ;
Nese-thirles thai have, and smel sal nocht.

7 Hend thai have, and nocht sal thai
Grape with them, night ne dai.
Feet thai have, and sal nocht ga ;
In thair throte nocht crije sal tha."

PSALM 144TH.

" 14 Laverd, raises alle that doune-falle,
And the hurt he up-rers alle.

15 Eghen of alle, Laverd, hope in the wide,
And thop gives thar mete in time-ful tide :

16 Openes tou the hand over alle thing,
And filles ilka beste with blissing."

We shall next pass to the *English Metrical Homilies*,¹ edited with great care and success by Mr. Small of Edinburgh. This publication is chiefly printed from a MS. preserved in the Library of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh, which Mr. Small believes to belong to the early part of the fourteenth century, but some defects in that MS. are supplied from others of nearly equal antiquity preserved at Cambridge, Oxford, London, and Lambeth.

The "Homilies" is an interesting book written obviously in a Northern form of the Anglian tongue, and presenting some curious philological features, which explain the connexion between the several Anglian dialects or sub-dialects of different periods or localities. We subjoin an extract from the Prologus to the Homilies as a sample :—

" Forthi seld ilke precheour schau,
The god that Godd haueis gert him knat,
For qua sa hides Godes gift,
God mai chalange him of thift.
In all thing es he meucht lele,
That Godes gift fra man wil sele,
Forthi the litel that I kanne,
Wil I schau til ilke manne,
Yf I kan mar god than he,
For than lif is in pharite,
For Godes wisdom that es kid,
And na thing worthe quen it is hid.
Forthi wil I of my pouert,
Schau sum thing that Ik haf in hert,

¹ *English Metrical Homilies, from Manuscripts of the Fourteenth Century.* With an Introduction and Notes. By JOHN SMALL, M.A. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1862.

On Ingelis tong that alle may
Understand quat I wil say,
For laued men haue mar mister,
Godes word for to her,
Than klerkes that thair miroir loke,
And sees hou thai sal lif on boke,
And bathe klerk and laued man,
Englis understand kan,
That was born in Ingeland,
And lang haues ben thar in weland,
Bot al men can noht, I wis,
Understand Latin and Frankis.
Forthi me think almous it isse,
To wirke sum god thing on Inglisse,
That mai ken lered and laued bathe,
Hou thai mai yem thaim fra schathe,
And stithe stand igain the fend,
And til the blis of heuen wend,
Mi speche haf I mint to drawe,
Of Cristes dedes and his sau,
On him mai I best found mi werke,
And of his dedes tac mi merke,
That maked al this werd of noht,
And der mankind on rode boht.
The faur godspellers us schawes,
Cristes dedes and his sawes,
Al faur a talle thay telle,
Bot seer saues er in thair spelle,
And of thair spel in kirk at messe,
Er lessouns red bathe mar and lesse,
For at euer ilke messe we rede
Of Cristes wordes and his dede,
Forthi the godspelle that alway
Er red in kirk on Sundays;
Opon Inglis wil be unde,
Yef God wil gif me grace tharto,
For namlic on the sunnenday,
Comes laued men thair bede to say,
To the kirc, an for to lere
Gastlie lare that thar thai here,
For als gret mister haf thay,
To wit quat the godspel wil say
Als lered men, for bathe er bouht
Wid Cristes blod, and sal be broht
Til heuenis blis ful menkelie
Yf thai lef her rihtwisie."

Without plunging deep into grammatical explanations, we may here notice one or two peculiarities in the language of the two works we have just noticed, which seem to belong to the dialect of Northumbria proper, and to have scarcely penetrated

into Scotland, or not to have been long preserved there. The plural of *hand* is *hend*, just as the plural of *man* is *men*. This is a common inflection in the Platt-Deutsch dialects. The first personal pronoun ought in Old English to be *Ik* or *Ic*. But in most of the northern dialects, it wants the final consonant. In the "Homilies," however, we find both forms: *Ik* before vowels or an aspirate, and *I* before consonants. We find, in these Northumbrian writings, a regular set of adverbs, *hæthen*, *thethen*, *whethen*, for *hence*, *thence*, *whence*, and which afterwards appear in Scottish in the short forms of *hine*, *thine*, *quhine*. We have also *selthen* for *since*, which in Scottish is *sine*. The Northumbrian poems show the frequent use of *quh* or *qu* for *wh*, with which we are so familiar in Scottish, but which is merely an orthographical variety for the purpose of showing more strongly the aspirated nature of the sound.

"The Pricke of Conscience" has long been known in a fragmentary form, particularly by the extracts given in Warton, who erroneously prophesied that he would be the last transcriber of it. It is now easily accessible in the complete and excellent edition of it lately published by Mr. Richard Morris of the Philological Society, who has selected for the purpose those mss. which seem to present the purest form of the true Northumbrian text. Mr. Morris's edition is accompanied by a valuable introduction, exhibiting the chief grammatical peculiarities of the Northern dialects, as well as by good notes and a glossarial index. "The Pricke of Conscience" is supposed to have been written about the middle of the fourteenth century, and to be the work of Richard of Hampole, a monk, who derives his name from a Yorkshire monastery situated near Doncaster. The poem is written in a racy and vigorous Anglian dialect, and is full of the stray learning of the times, both in things human and divine. We give an extract from Mr. Morris's preface as a sort of bill of fare:—

"Valuable as is the *language* of Hampole to the student of our early literature, the matter will be found to be almost as interesting.

"The reader, who is on the look-out for what is curious, can learn how to tell, by the *cry* of the new-born babe, 'whether it be man or woman' (p. 14):—

'If it be man, it says "a, a,"
And if the child a woman be,
When it is born, it says "e, e."'

He can read about the *lynx* that, 'with its sharp sight and clear eyes,' sees 'through thick stone walls' (p. 17); he will find the miseries consequent upon 'Old Age' most minutely enumerated (pp. 22, 23); he may learn, from 'men that are aly,' the signs of approaching death, how the left eye of the dying man is narrower than the right, and how

His nose at the point is sharp and small;
Then begins his chin to fall;
His pulse is still without stirrings,
His feet get cold, his belly clings' (p. 28).

Those who have been accustomed to deathbed scenes, may have observed, perhaps, that

'If near the death be a young man,
He always wakes and may not sleep than;
And an old man to death drawing,
May not wake but is always sleeping' (p. 28).¹

The reader will find, whatever may be said to the contrary, that *death* is exceedingly painful, much worse than the wrenching from their roots 'each vein, sinew, and limb' of our bodies (p. 53). Not only is there physical pain at the approach of death, but mental torture; for the soul of the dying man is disquieted by the 'sight of friends,' ramping, scowling, grinning, and staring like 'mad beasts' (p. 61). The devils are very 'ugly,' and are only permitted to appear in their 'proper shape' to the dying (p. 68).

"If any Protestant reader should not believe in the existence of Purgatory, our author will give him as trustworthy information upon it as if he had travelled through the country, and seen its 'sights.' He may learn 'what it is' (p. 64); 'where it is' (p. 76); 'what pains are there' (pp. 79-89); what souls go thither, and for what sin' (pp. 89-96); and 'what may help to alake their pain' (pp. 96-108).

"If any one desires information upon future punishments, he will find an interesting question raised at p. 82, 'How may the soul feel pain?' Hampole answers it by showing that all *feeling* is in the soul, not in the body. The soul shall feel the pain, but 'each one shall appear to another as possessing shape of body of man' (p. 83). But some clerks, our author tells us, 'maintain that the soul that is in purgatory, or in hell, has of the air a body for to suffer pain in various limbs' (p. 84).

"About Antichrist, 'the man of sin,' there is no lack of information—

'He shall be called the child that is lorn,
And in Chorazin he shall be born,
Of a woman of the kindred of Dan' (p. 118).

And of Gog and Magog, in a passing allusion, we are told that they are the 'worst folk in the world;' and the general opinion concerning

¹ Hampole here seems to have followed the authorities of his time, as the following extract from a medical ms. will show:—"For to wete yf a seke man sal lyve or dy.—Qwen his browes hildee doune; the right eigh mare than the lefte ye; neyse ende waxes sharp; his eres waxes calde; his eighen waxes holle; the chyn falles; his eighen and his mouth es open when he alespes, bot he be wont thar-to; his ere-lappes waxes lethy; his fete waxes calde; his wambe falles away; if he pulle at the straes or the clathes; if he pyke at his nese thrilles; his forhede waxes rede; yonge man ay wakand, ald man ay slepaund; his twa membres waxes calde agayns kyane, and hydes tham; if he rutifis; thir er the takenynges of dethe, forsothe witte thu wels he sal not leve thre dayes."—*Early Antig.* p. 54.

them is, that they live beyond the mountains of the Caspian Sea, and are kept quiet by the Queen of the Amazons. At the end of the world, however, 'they shall break out, and destroy many lands about' (p. 121). A curious piece of information is given too about the *resurrection*, when the age of old and young shall be the same, *i.e.*, thirty-two years and three months (p. 135). The reason of this is, that Christ, when he rose from the dead,

'Was of thirty years and two,
And of three months therewith also.'

The reader who is ignorant of the whereabouts of hell, can learn that it is in the middle of the earth, like the hollow in the yolk of an egg. According to Hampole, an egg 'hard boiled' exactly represents the relative positions of heaven, earth, and hell.

'And as the *yolk* amidst the egg lies,
And the *white* about on the same wise,
Right so is the earth without a doubt
Amidst the heavens that go about' (p. 174).

Hell, too, is an 'ugly hole' (p. 180), full of boiling brimstone and pitch (p. 181). 'There the devils shall stuff the sinful in the fire, so that they shall glow as fire-brands' (p. 198). So Burns had pretty good authority for addressing the 'deil' as one:

'Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane clootie
To scaud poor wretches.'

Our Author, in the seventh and last part of his work, treats us to an *astronomical* lesson, far more amusing than instructive. He tells us (p. 206) that

'From the earth until the circle of the moon, es
The way of five hundred winters and no less.'

'And from the point of the earth to Saturnus,
The highest planet may be guessed thus,
The way of seven thousand years
And three hundred' (p. 207).

For these, and some few other points of this sort, Hampole relies upon the authority of Rabbi Moses; he seldom advances statements of his own, and it is only in describing the 'city of heaven' that he ventures, as he tells his readers, to 'imagine in his own head' (p. 239). For other points of interest the reader must consult the volume itself."

We also subjoin two extracts from the poem itself:—

"In helle salla be than fulle dolefulla dyn,
Omang the gynfulla that salla dwelle thar-in,
That ever-mare salla thus cry and say
'Allas, allas and walaway!'

That ever we war of wemmen borne,
 Ffor we er fra God for ever lorne?
 Than salla thai grets and goule and with teth gnayste
 Ffor of help ne mercy thar thaim nocht trayste.
 The devels about thaim than in helle,
 On thaim salla ever-mare rare and yhelle;
 Swa hydus noyse thaim salla thaim make,
 That alle the world it mought do quake,
 And alle the men lyfand that herd it,
 To ga wode for ferd and tyne thair witt.
 The devils ay omang on thaim salla stryke,
 And the synfull thair-wi thair cry and thryle,
 Thair salla be thaim mare noyse and dyn,
 Than alle the men of erth couth ymagyn;
 Ffor thair salla be swilk rareyng and ruschyng
 And raumpyng of devels and dyngyng and dusching
 And skrykyng of synfull, als I said are,
 That the noyse salla be swa hydus thair,
 Omang devels and thase that salla com thider,
 Ryght als heven and erth strake togyder.
 Ans hydus thing es it to telle
 Of the noyse that salla thaim be in helle;
 The devels, that ay salla be full of ire,
 Salla stopp the synfull ay in the fyre,
 Swa that thaim salla glowe ay als fyre brandes
 And ay when thaim may weld thair hands,
 Ffor sorrow thaim salla thaim hard wryng;
 And walaway thaim salla ay syng.
 In helle salla be thaim swa gret thairang,
 That name may remow for other ne gang,
 On na syde, backward ne forward
 Ffor thaim salla be pressed togyder swa harde,
 Als they war stopp'd togyder in ane oven,
 Ffulle of fyre bineth and oboven;
 Bot never-the-les helle yhit es swa depe,
 And swa wyde and large, that it mought kepe
 Alle the creatures, les and mare,
 Of alle the world if myster ware.
 Ilka synfull salla thair on other prese,
 And name of thaim salla other cese,
 Bot ever fyght togyder and stryfe,
 Als thaim war wode men of this lyfe,
 And ilk ane scratte other in the face,
 And thair awen flessch of fyve and race,
 Swa that ilk ane wald him self fayn sla,
 If he mought, swa salla him be wa,
 Bot thair-to salla thaim haf na myght,
 Ffor the ded salla never mare on thaim lyght.
 Ffulle fayn thaim wald thaim ded be,
 Bot the ded salla ay fra thaim fle.

After the ded thai sall yherne ilk ane,
 Als in the apocalypsee schewes Saint Johan :
Desiderabunt mori, et
mors fugit ab eis.
 'Thai sall yherne,' he says, 'to deghe ay
 And the ded sall fle fra tham oway.'

The next extract is from the description of heaven :—

" Of verray ryches, gret plenté es thare,
 That er a hundreth thowsand-fald mare
 Than alle the ryches of the world here,
 That ever was sene, fer or nere,
 That fayles and passes away ;
 Bot the rychesce of heven sall last ay,
 That er alle thing, als God vouches save,
 That men in heven yhernes to have.
 Oboven the ceté of heven sall nocht be sene,
 Bot bright bemes only, als I wane,
 That sal schyne fra Goddes awen face,
 And sprede about and over that place.
 His bright face sal alle thas se,
 That sal duelle in that blisful cité ;
 And that ayght es the mast ioy of heven,
 Als men micht here me byfor neven.
 And alle-if that cité be large and wyde,
 Men sall hym se, until the ferrest syde,
 And als wele thas that sal be fra hym fer,
 Als thas that sal thar til hym be nerrer ;
 For als men of fer landes may haf sight
 Of the son, that we se here schyne bright,
 And als the same son that shynes byyhond the se
 Shewes it here, and in ilka cuntré
 Alle the day, aftir the ryght course es,
 Bot when cloudes fra us hydes hir brightnes ;
 Right swa the face of God alle-mychty,
 Sal be shewed in heven appertely,
 Tille alle the men that thider sal wende,
 Thogh som auld duelle at the ferrest ende.
 Bot ilk man, als he lufes God here,
 Sal won thar, som far and som nere,
 For som lufes God here mar than sum,
 And som lufes hym les that til heven sal com
 Alle thas that God here lufes best,
 When thai com thar sal be hym nerrest,
 And the nerrer that thai sal hym be,
 The verreylyer thai sal hym se ;
 And the mare verraly thai se his face,
 The mare sal be thair ioy and solace.
 Bot tha that here lufs hym les,
 Thai sal won thar, aftir thair luf es ;

Bot ilk man sal se hym in his degré
In what syde of heven swa he sal be.
Here haf yhe herd of many fayre sight,
That ay salle be sene in heven bright;
Ful glade and ioyful all thas may be
That swilk fayre sightes, ay, thar sal se
And of mykel ioy may thai ay telle
That in that cité of heven sal ay duelle.
Alswa ilkan sal haf in thair heryng,
Grete ioy in heven and grete lykyng,
For thai sal here thar aungel sang
And the haly men sal ay syng omang,
With delitabel voyces and clere;
And, with that, thai sal ay here
Alle other manere of melody,
Of the delytable noys of mynstralsey,
And of alkyn swet tones of musyke,
That til any man's hert mught like;
And of alkyn noyse that swete mught be,
Ilkan sal here in that cité;
With-uten instrumentes ryngand,
And with-uten movyng of mouth or hand
And with-uten any travayle,
And that sal never mar cese ne fayle.
Swilk melody, als thar sal be than,
In this werld herd never nan erthely man
For swa swete sal be that noyse and shille
And swa delitabel and swa sutils,
That all the melody of this world here
That ever has bene here, fer and nere,
War nocht but als sorowe and bare
Als to the lest poynt of melody thare.
Omang tham alswa sal be swete savour,
Swa swete com never of herbe ne flour,
When thai war in secon mast,
Or war mast of vertu for to tast;
Ne of spicery mught never spryng,
Ne yhit of nan othir thyng,
That thurgh vertu of kynde suld savour wele
Swa swete savour als thai sal fele;
For na hert may thynk, ne tung telle,
How swete sal ilkan til other smelle;
That savour sal be ful plenteuous,
And swa swete and swa delicious,
That alkyn spicery that men may fele;
And of alle othir thyng that here savours wele,
War nocht bot als thyng that styneked sour,
Als to regarde of that delycious savour.

The Poems of Minot have been so long known in the excellent edition of Ritson, that it would be a waste of time and

space to make extracts from them here. He seems to have written a few years earlier than Chaucer or Barbour, and his writings produce upon us a singular impression, arising from the almost perfect identity of his language with the Scottish idiom, and from his animosity against those very Scots with whom he thus shows himself to be so nearly allied in speech and origin. Minot has long been noted for the ease and smoothness of his rhythms.

The Romance of Iwaine and Gawaine, also edited by Ritson, and inserted in his collection of Romances, is, in our opinion, an excellent poem, as well as an admirable specimen of very pure and racy Anglo-Scottish. We do not profess to assign any precise date to its composition; but it contains many archaic forms and phrases.

The last work we shall at present notice is the *Towneley Mysteries*, one of the most interesting of the publications of the Surtees Society. These compositions are somewhat multifarious in style and manner, and as we now have them, they are probably in a different and more modern garb than that which they originally wore. They seem to belong for the most part to the region near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and to be marked with some of the peculiarities of the West Riding dialect. But in substance and in the main structure of the language, they appear to us to be decidedly Anglian, and they are, with some simple explanations, quite intelligible to those who know the ordinary Scottish idiom. Some of them, such as the "Mactatio Abel", and the "Secunda Pastorum," descend to a very low depth of vulgar ribaldry; while in others, such as "Abraham," we meet with a touching vein of tenderness and true feeling.

We subjoin here, as a curiosity, some examples from these "Mysteries," of the double bob-wheel, which, after it had come to be disused in England, was so happily made popular by the genius of Burns.

In the "Resurrectio Domini," the centurion says (we somewhat modernize the spelling):—

"The sun for woe it waxed all wan,
The moon and starnes of shining blan,
And earth it trembled as a man
Began to speak;
The stone that never was stirred or than
Insonder [brast &] brake.

The Saviour speaks:

"Earthly man, that I have wrought;
Wightly wake & slepe thou nought;

With bitter hale I have thee bought,
To make thee free;
Into this dungeon deep I sought
[And all] for love of thee.

Sen I for love, man, bought thee dear,
As thou thyself the sooth sees here,
I pray thee heartily, with good cheer,
Love me again;

That it liked me that I for thee
Tholed all this pain.

If thou thy life in sin have led,
Mercy to ask be not adread,
The least drop I for thee bled
Might cleanse thee soon;

All the sin the world within
If thou had done."

We have thus travelled over, in rather a desultory manner, the interesting ground that is presented to us in the Anglian dialects, as used on the south of the Tweed, and we shall here pause for the present. We think it cannot fail to have been seen how important a form of old English is thus presented to us, and how closely it is identified with our Scottish tongue. We do not say that the more southerly idioms of old English are not also to be studied as illustrations on this subject; for in all the varieties of English speech there is much that is common and universal. There can be no better proof of this fact than the excellent annotations of Mr. Albert Way on the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, a book written in the language of Norfolk, but which has received in these Notes a copious elucidation from all the forms of Old English. It is obvious, however, that the dialects which prevailed from East Anglia to the Forth, and latterly even to the Moray Firth, are those which are most nearly allied together, and that the study of these in their whole extent is the best and only true way of understanding any one of them. Without seeking to draw invidious comparisons, we cannot help remembering how much these eastern districts have in every way contributed to the prosperity of England, and the formation of the English character. Their inhabitants have, from the earliest times, been remarkable for untiring energy and industry, as well as for practical prudence and good sense. They have carried out, in the highest perfection, on their own ground, the two concurring, and yet contrasted pursuits of agriculture and seamanship, which are the main supports of England's greatness; their genius and taste pre-eminently appeared in their early architecture and poetry; and their language, though it could not supersede, has insensibly modified the forms of the southern and

midland dialects, and has communicated much of that force, compactness, and precision, for which classical English is now remarkable.

Dr. Guest observes, that "as the northern dialect was retreating northwards, two vigorous efforts were made to fix it as a literary language; the first, in the thirteenth century, by the men of Lincolnshire—the same whose taste and genius yet live in their glorious churches; and a second in the fifteenth century by the men of Lothian." We find here indicated the history and progress of the Anglian speech. Reduced gradually in England to the position of a provincial dialect, it had still a refuge in the Scottish Lowlands, and flourished for the space of more than two hundred years as the language of the Court and clergy, as well as of a large portion of the common people, of an important and independent kingdom. The Scottish is thus the Anglian tongue, not neglected and left to run wild, like flowers in a deserted garden, but enclosed, cultivated, and watered by courtly favour and the care of learned men. This Scottish dialect, however, received its death-blow at the Reformation. The circulation of the English Scriptures undermined its ascendancy, and no Scottish Bible was ever authorized. Knox and his followers were accused of Anglicizing in their language as well as in their politics; and Ninian Winzet, the Popish antagonist of Knox, was among the last who wrote the ancient Scottish in its primitive purity. The union of the Crowns in the beginning of the following century, placed Scotland, in a great measure, in the condition of a province; but left it, at the same time, in possession of a noble literature, the product of the two centuries that had intervened from Barbour to James the Sixth, the last of our purely Scottish kings, and who may be called also the last of our Scottish poets perhaps in more senses than one. The body of poetry which had thus arisen, together with the admirable compositions of Ramsay and Burns, which have since been produced, ought to be regarded, not as the exclusive property of Scottish men, but as belonging also to all their countrymen of England, among whom the Anglian dialect ever prevailed. Its foundations were laid, and the first cultivation of the language was carried on to the south of the Tweed, and the peculiarities of phraseology, and perhaps of thought and feeling, which distinguish Scottish poetry, are common and congenial to the whole Anglian race.

ART. VIII.—*Rambles in the Deserts of Syria, and among the Turkomans and Bedaweens.* London, John Murray, 1864.

THE title of this book gives promise of something pleasant, and the words *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria* hardly prepare us for a journey which leads from Beles, Hierapolis, Batnæ, and Aleppo, and thence by Marash and the Cilician Gates to Antioch, Tripoli, Dama, and Chalcis, and so back to Bercea, and anon by Aishah and Damascus to Jerusalem and Beirut, and once more back to Aleppo, Andrene, Seleucia, and Marash. Such a list recalls the *Mirrors of Aleppo*, in the pleasant story of Sadi and the Merchant of the Isle of Kish, where the latter says: "O Sadi! I have one more trip before me. I shall take Persian sulphur to China, for I have heard that it brings a prodigious price there; and thence I shall take China-ware to Greece, and Grecian brocade to India, and Indian steel to Aleppo, and mirrors of Aleppo to Yaman, and striped cloth of Yaman to Persia, and, *after that*, I shall give up trading, and sit at home in my shop."

Sooth to say, men do not ramble in the Syrian Desert. If they be Europeans they travel principally with a set purpose, and to see a certain locality: If Arabs, they wander, because it is their life to do so, the condition of their existence, as the river flows *in omne ævum*. Thus the tribe of the Anezi circle perpetually "in a great migratory orbit, which takes them to Aleppo in summer, towards Urfa, Diarbekir, Mōsul, and Baghdad in winter, and leads them round by the southern regions of the Desert, passing near Damascus, Homs, and Hama, back to Aleppo." Or, be they European or native, Syrian wayfarers stray rather than ramble from the right direction, like the caravan of three thousand camels, with six hundred men, which perished in 1858, near Hara Iji Sheham. "It was bound from Damascus to Baghdad, and lost the way. No Bedaween happened to be within reach, and a tribe came upon their remains long after their death!"

Least of all do men ramble voluntarily among the Turkomans and Bedaweens. It is with bated breath and anxious eye that the traveller presses on through the mountains of the Ansairi, or the great pine forests of the Ghiaoor Dagh, where with opportunity every man is a robber; and the rider who spurs into the illimitable desert of the Bedaweens will do wisely to watch well his mare, and see she misses not the track, as knowing his life depends upon her powers. To one who has had experience of the measure Turkomans mete out to their neighbours, to speak of rambling among them sounds like junketing among cannibals or picnics among pirates. The love of wild adven-

ture, the grim necessity of travel, or serious and responsible duties may and do lead Europeans into the haunts of the robbers of the Desert, but the careless spirit of the rambler should seek more peaceful districts. No doubt there is a Syrian Handbook, and there are certain frequented routes along which Cockneydom, ignorant of the languages and heedless of the customs of the people, may travel securely; but to penetrate into less known parts and return safely demands qualifications only attained after a long residence in the country, and not often then, but which the author of these pages abundantly possesses. Without such gifts, indeed, his rambles would soon have been unceremoniously abridged. Imagine, for example, an ordinary traveller in the situation of the author, about to enter the wild district of Chikoor Ova at the foot of the Ghiaoor Dagh, when the chief of the Turkoman escort "suddenly pulled up, called in his men and took leave," abandoning him to find his way through mountain fastnesses peopled with robbers, into the Cilician plain, and then to trust himself to the tender mercies of the Tadjerli. A stranger to the country would be fortunate in such a case to escape with the loss only of property. Or how would such a ride as is described in letter xii. of the volume before us suit the mere tourist? Starting from Aleppo in the fierce heat of August, the author of these pages rode fifteen miles south to the village of Sfiri, and cantered thence to Irjil, the ancient Regillum, which he reached at night-fall. Not finding there an Arab camp, the object of his search, he rode on till midnight and drew rein at Hara Iji Sheham. There he slept on the bare ground without food, and started next day when the sun was hot, with a draught of muddy water as his sole refreshment. Riding on the whole day, at night-fall he obtained from three Bedaween boys a little milk and a crust of hard bread, and again slept on the plain. After riding the whole of the third day he arrived at the ruins of a fine old castle on a hill, called by the Bedaweens Shuemis, not far from the site of the ancient Irenopolis, now Selamieh, half-way between Hama and Palmyra. Thence he rode on all night, "sometimes at a good gallop," and as the fourth day dawned reached the hospitable tents of the Mowali. For such rides the best blood of Arabia is required in the steed, and much of the Arab power of abstinence in the rider.

But with every protection that knowledge of the languages and the tribes, consummate address and presence of mind, and even recognised rank can give, the Desert of the Bedaween is not always to be traversed with impunity. An example of this will be found in the eighteenth letter of this series, where the author's errand of mercy in quest of the unhappy Christian

women carried off from Damascus, not only was not "twice blessed," but doubly failed, first, as regards the captives, who were never recovered; and, secondly, with reference to himself, in that his own life was nearly sacrificed. The incident is one so stirring that it deserves to be extracted:—

"Knowing the way perfectly, we left Aisheh without an escort, and having with us only a servant, a groom, and a lad. For several hours we rode safely under the thickly-falling snow, unable to see fifty yards around us, and consequently unseen from any greater distance. In the afternoon, the weather unfortunately cleared, and we came in sight of some horsemen towards the north, belonging to the Shammar Sheikh, Abd-ul-Kerim, with a few of the worst characters among the Ghess and other low tribes, which had taken the field for Deham, in all about sixty. Being only five, we could not think of simple resistance, but both F—— and I were well mounted, and we could try to avoid close quarters. The party opened as soon as they saw us, and we were soon nearly surrounded. Flight in a straight line was impossible. We had plenty of room, however, as our enemy seemed to have recognised us, and evidently feared that we might have fire-arms. I told F—— on no account to use his revolver, as we must be finally overpowered, and by drawing blood we should only seal our own fate. After ineffectual attempts to force our way through their line, in one of which I got a spear-thrust through my Arab cloak, but without wounding me, we kept wheeling and dodging the attacks made on us within a circle of a few hundred yards. Our three men having inferior horses were soon taken, unhorsed, and stripped. Their cries seem to have been heard by another body of horsemen, which soon appeared rapidly approaching us from the south. Encouraged by the hope that they were friends, we continued galloping about with a decided advantage in the speed and condition of our horses; if they were enemies, we could only give ourselves up. F—— was struggling gallantly, striking out with his fists, like a schoolboy as he is, at four or five Arabs, who were trying to jostle him. At last they got him down, and then others tried to close on me. The shock of several horsemen who ran up against me at full speed without pointing their lances, brought my horse to the ground, and rough hands dragged me from the saddle before he could rise. I contrived to shake them off, and, giving up my horse, ran towards the other party of Bedaween who were coming on at their best pace. The first man who reached me was Khalifeh-el-Kir, of the Roos tribe of Anezi. He was a brother, and he shouted to those behind him who I was. I sent Khalifeh to F——, who was still stoutly sparring at bay, his horse having been carried off. Not knowing Khalifeh, he thought him a new assailant, and struck out at him too. Khalifeh quickly scattered with his lance the Shammar on foot around F——, unwound the aghal from his head, threw it over F—— to secure him, then gave him a horse to ride, taken from one of his men. The next who came up to me was Ahmed-Bey-Mowali, who at once charged those near me, and

drove them off with the enormous lance he always uses. The fear of his very name seemed to disperse the Shammar. He gave me the mare of his cousin Daher, who was with him, and a general assault was made on the enemy. The Anezi and Mowali were only thirty, but they soon showed their superiority over the Shammar, who were as two to one. A short *mêlée* settled the affair, leaving twelve wounded, two of them severely. One of the latter was on my horse, and he was set upon ferociously, and knocked off with three bad spear-wounds and a broken head from the blow of a mace, which Ahmed Bey carries at his saddle-bow. In the evening the wounded were carried into the Weldi camp, where every attention was paid them; the Shammar and Ghess having galloped off without bestowing a thought on them. All our horses, cloaks, and everything we had lost, not excepting the minutest articles taken from our servants, were carefully brought to us by Ahmed Bey, who then led the way to Mehemed-al-Ganim's camp, a short mile further on. News of the fight had preceded us, and the whole tribe came out on foot to meet us; the sheikh with bare head and feet, and tearing his beard with vexation; the women brandishing tent-poles, and screaming imprecations against the Shammar. It was not until F—— and I were felt all over by the faithful Weldi, to convince themselves that we were not wounded, that they would be quiet, and let us rest after our lively ride. All their horsemen mustered next morning to escort us on our return, which was diversified by a very pretty little chase after an enormous wild boar. F—— turned it after a couple of miles' run, and the brute charged him. Excellent horsemanship and the skilful use of his spear secured to him the victory, which was cheered by the Arabs forming a vast ring round the two combatants, when a last home-thrust laid the huge animal on his side, not to rise again."

Dangers, then, and hardships, it must be admitted, attend those who wander from the beaten track in the Syrian Desert, or, indeed, in any part of the Turkish Empire. But without such deviations the real condition of the country can never be thoroughly appreciated. It is when the highroad is quitted, and the escort is dispensed with, that the true state of affairs becomes known.

This volume teems with information as to the actual condition of both the governed and the governing classes in Turkey, and with just reflections on the position and prospects of the Ottoman Empire, and this it is that makes it so valuable. The ordinary incidents of travelling in the East have often been amusingly described, and the reading public have so frequently been regaled with descriptions of Oriental scenery and disquisitions on architectural remains, and the sites of places of historic fame, that at present, "a crude surfeit" is reigning where eager interest used to exist. But the real desideratum is correct information, which would serve to

elucidate the political problems, which the Turkish Sphinx proposes to the Bæotians of the West, to the solution of which, in the opinion of many, no steps have yet been made. These problems are, first, Are the reforms declared to be introduced into the Turkish Government by the *Hatî-Humâyûn*; or Imperial Rescript of 1856, *bona fide* measures, originally intended to be carried out, and now actually in operation, the results being such as to justify the expectation that the Turkish Empire can continue an integral Power, able to repel foreign aggression, and controlled by a Government willing to act for the interests of the numerous nations, tribes, and sects over which it declares itself supreme, and are there signs of the satisfactory fusing of these discordant elements into one homogeneous mass? Secondly, on the supposition that the preceding question be answered in the negative, and should it be admitted that there have been no genuine reforms in Turkey, and no real consolidation of the Empire, are there, nevertheless, reasonable grounds for believing that a better day may dawn, and the improvement and continuance of the Ottoman Government being not essentially impossible, is it allowable to hope that the circumstances which have hitherto retarded progress in Turkey may pass away, and is it, therefore, politic to labour for their removal?

These questions are, no doubt, of the very highest interest and importance, especially to England, who has spent so much blood and treasure in aiding her "sick" ally. But in proportion to their gravity is the difficulty of replying to them, as a reference to the contradictory opinions collected by Mr. Senior¹ on the subject, and to the antithetical sentences in Lord Strangford's amusing chapter "Chaos" will show. Facts, of course, are facts, but the light of them comes to us through various mediums and assumes various colours in the transit. How this occurs is well shown by the last-named author. "The diplomatist," writes Lord Strangford, "resides entirely at the capital; the provinces are to him a mere abstraction, except in recent and rare instances; and in the ordinary exercise of his profession he sees nothing but Turkey as a victim; Turkey bullied, encroached upon, and brow-beaten; Turkey with short measure and false weights dealt out to her in the first moral principles of Christianity, by those whose lips are always wet with the watchwords of Christianity. Interest apart, his feelings thus come naturally to be enlisted in favour of Turkey, and many travellers and writers are found to reflect his lights for the public at home. The Englishman who holds no office, the merchant, the railway or telegraph superintendent, the man set

¹ *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in 1857 and 1858.*

in authority over Turks, the lawyer, and many other classes, see nothing of the diplomatic encroachments and foul play themselves; but they are face to face with venality and rascality every day of their lives; in the provinces they see countless instances of unequal justice, and unfair, often contumelious or oppressive treatment, towards the subject races; by profession, interest, or antipathy, they are often actually opposed to Turks, and their mind becomes tinged, at least on the surface, with the colour of vehement hostility. This in Turkey is rarely accompanied with any corresponding feelings of active sympathy towards the said subject races, whose qualities are not such as to endear them to Englishmen on the spot and away from home. The consuls, living wholly in the ill-governed provinces, are politicians one day, and merchants, advocates, or judges the next; they come under both of these influences, and these fluctuations of opinion may easily be traced in their reports. Yet no diplomatist would wish to support Turkish rule otherwise than as a provisional rule."¹

These remarks point out abundant reasons for the difference of opinion which exists as to the condition of Turkey, but there is yet another source of discrepancy to which they do not refer, and that is religious bias. A sincere Christian, be he layman or priest, missionary or merchant, cannot believe in the tendency of the Turkish Government, influenced as it is by Mohammedanism, to improvement. To him a religion, not only false in itself, but inculcating systematic hostility to Christianity, must appear an insurmountable bar to progress and civilisation. If no knowledge but that contained in the Koran be allowable, what becomes of mental culture and the discoveries of science? How are the rights of the community to be protected and equal justice administered to all, when the creed of the dominant sect finds expression in such sentences as the following: "O true believers! take not the Jews or Christians for your friends. . . . Fight against those who believe not in God, nor in the last day, and forbid not that which God and his apostle have forbidden, and possess not the true religion, until they pay tribute by right of subjection, and they be reduced low."²

On the other hand, the diplomatist, who has resided long in the lax society of Constantinople, becomes too often imbued with prejudices of quite an opposite tendency, and ends in being more Turkish than the Turks. Between such extremes there is room for every shade of opinion, and in the conflict of testimony thus engendered by so much opposition in theory, it is requisite

¹ *Eastern Shores of the Atlantic*, p. 344.

² Sale's *Koran*, edit. 1764, pp. 141, 243.

to walk with careful steps under the guidance of some one whose local knowledge, acquaintances with the languages, and habits of intercourse with the people of Turkey, entitle him to confidence. But it would be, of course, absurd to expect from any one man an encyclopædic knowledge of a country so vast as Turkey. A lifetime would not suffice to make even the most diligent collector of facts acquainted with the actual state of more than two or three provinces. But, perhaps, on the principle of *Ex pede Herculem*, it may be allowable to reason from what is known to be true provincially, to what is desired to be known of the empire generally. Acting on this idea, and preferring to agree with a recent critic,¹ in considering Syria as "an important and almost typical Asiatic province of the empire," rather than with Lord Strangford, in regarding it as "the most utterly confused and disorganized of all Turkish provinces;" we shall extract from the *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria* such passages as throw light on the political problems connected with the great Mohammedan power, and support the views thus derived with testimony from other sources.

Of the qualifications which entitle the Syrian Rambler to be regarded as an authority in the Turkish question, mention has already been made. They are such as Lord Strangford himself admits give the greatest weight to evidence on the subject, and that weight does not appear to be diminished by the manifestation of Christian sympathies, which make their appearance rather in the actual stir of such events as the massacres in the Lebanon and at Damascus, than in theoretical discussions.

Let us see, then, what light this writer throws on the reforms which are said to have been initiated after the Crimean War, and whether he affirms that these are to be considered *bona fide* measures, originally intended to be carried out. His testimony on this head is explicit:—

"I believe in little or no change in the inward feelings of the Mussulmans towards the Christians, who themselves believe in none, and they talk of pillage and massacre as being imminent on every occasion, when the ancient spirit of Islam is fired by the excitement of religious festivals. Hence their state of dread.

"The Mussulmans of the interior of Turkey are a different people from those of the capital and the great seaports. There, a contact with European ideas exists, which is unfelt here. The dominant race is still in the provinces of the Ottoman Empire what it was four centuries ago, proud, bigoted, and indolent. It is not here as at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Alexandria, a mongrel transformed by the inroads of Frank trade. Commerce flourishes more or less in the inland towns, no doubt, but it is an element apart, which has not exercised any great

influence on the thoughts and habits of the Mussulmans. The descendant of the Arab grandee, as of his Turkish conqueror, remains unconscious of the gradual enervation of foreign enterprise, and blind to the rise of Christian ascendancy. The traditions of the two great factions which have always divided Mohammedan society, the green-turbaned Shereefs claiming kindred with the prophet, and the fierce Janissaries trusting only to the favour of Sultans, though forgotten on the coasts, are still fresh inland. In vain one talks to a Mussulman here of the altered circumstances of Turkey, which appear incredible to him, and he continues to live on in his narrow circle of contemptuous exclusiveness, animated only by personal and party rivalries. His religion, essentially a religion of pride, forbids his admitting the possibility of Christianity, which he knows to be a religion of humility, ever becoming compatible with power abroad or prosperity at home. The condition of this northern capital of Syria is thus a remnant of what Turkey has been, rather than a production of any new system or influence. The Sultan's authority is represented by a governor-general, who puts his seal to all acts of the administration, which is practically in the hands of the Ayans or notables of the town. These latter are always squabbling amongst themselves for a predominance of power. Few pashas have the energy or patriotism to resist their usurpation. They might oppose it successfully were they so inclined. In 1815, when Chapanoglu, the deposed Prince of Yuzkat, was sent to govern Northern Syria, thirty of the Ayans were summoned to his presence, and summarily beheaded. In 1819, the different local parties united against his successor, whom they murdered for levying a house-tax; and the town was besieged for four months by the Sultan's troops before order could be restored. The vigour of the Egyptian government kept the Ayans in subjection from 1832 to 1841, but, when Syria again fell under Turkish rule, their rebellious and overbearing spirit was unchecked, and in 1850 it went so far as to produce bloodshed. That spirit is fed by the weakness of Turkish governors, and by the encouragement found in the non-realisation of the various reforms which have been decreed. The Mussulman here has, thus, seen nothing to corroborate the statements made of Turkey having entered a new era of her existence as an empire. He falls back on his old traditional sturdiness, and remains what he was in her period of barbaric power."

The most important change announced by the Hati-Sherif of November 3, 1839, and confirmed and supplemented by the Hati-Humáyûn, was that no penal sentence could thenceforth be carried into execution without trial before a criminal court. But the institution of courts of justice is of little avail if the courts themselves be corrupt. Now it requires very little examination to discern that the Turkish courts of law must in the very nature of things be corrupt. The two lowest courts are entirely under the influence of the Provincial Governor, who, at

his pleasure, can render them inoperative; or turn them into engines of oppression. The first of these, the *Mejlis el Tahkik*, or Court of Inquiry, consisting of a President and four members, has no power of pronouncing sentence without the command of the Governor, under whose influence it is originally appointed. The Provincial Council, which consists of from thirteen to twenty of the chief functionaries and leading men of the neighbourhood, is simply a Court of Appeal from the *Mejlis el Tahkik*. It may be said to have none but Mohammedan members, for those of other sects are mere nonentities, and never venture to give an opinion, or even to sit in the presence of their colleagues. The *Mehkemeh*, the next court, which is the true law court, is conducted by a Judge, the *Kâzi*, who is annually changed, and an Interpreter of the Law, the *Mufti*, who is a local, resident officer. Both these officers must be, in the nature of things, intensely bigoted Mohammedans; for they are drawn from the priesthood, a class nurtured from boyhood in the study of the Koran and in the service of the mosque. They are ill paid, and can hardly purchase the necessities of life if they remain honest, while they may easily and safely enrich themselves by taking bribes. There is no check upon their decision, and no escape from it, for while the *Mufti* declares the law, the *Kâzi* finds as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, and passes sentence, on oral evidence, and without recording the proceedings. On the subject of the *Mehkemeh* the author of *Rambles in Syria* pronounces as follows:—

"The Cadi seeks only to enrich himself during his short stay, and the last month of his year generally sees a great number of causes settled at a cheap rate to leave no gleanings for his successor. The *Mufti* sells his *fatwa*, or written opinion, to the highest bidder. The proceedings are not recorded, testimony is merely oral, the witnesses are often bribed, the judges almost always, and the heaviest purse gains every cause. The entrance to the different courts on days of hearing is crowded by persons making a livelihood by giving false evidence. Witnesses are wanted, they are found at the door, ready to swear to anything for a couple of dollars.

"The evidence of Christians is not yet received by any court, notwithstanding all that has been said, written, and proclaimed on the subject."

To this, his description of the provincial councils forms an apt pendant:—

"The working of the provincial councils, as I have already explained in part, is very defective. As a first step in the career of reform, much was expected from their organization. But it is now abundantly demonstrated by its mode of action that, however beneficial it may be in other countries and under different circumstances, it was adopted pre-

maturity here, being incompatible with the stage of political education at which the population had arrived, and not in the least in harmony with their social condition. I allude, of course, only to the provincial population of Turkey, for that of the capital is in a widely different state, and seems to belong to another age. Those who judge the former by the latter, and write on the shores of the Bosphorus sanguine disquisitions, inspired by the more advanced and intelligent members of the patriotic party amongst Ottoman statesmen, on the prosperity of the rural class, the safety of life, honour, and property, and on the great and favourable changes which have taken place within the last twenty years, deceive themselves and others in so far as the provinces of the empire are concerned. I used to be one of those myself, but a deeper insight into the state of the interior of Turkey has since then forced me to give up some of the bright theories I indulged in. I now see that the great change to the agricultural population, which was often oppressed by a pasha cruel and rapacious, is the substitution of fifteen or twenty councillors, always greedy of gain, full of enmities, and more skilled by local knowledge to oppress whenever oppression is safe and profitable. It is idle to talk of the influence of Christian members of provincial councils, for they hardly presume even to sit in the presence of their Mussulman colleagues, and never venture to express dissent, calculated though the decision may be to fall heavily on their own constituents. These councils, in point of fact, hamper a good governor without acting as a check on a bad one. They are, in addition to this, a new source of evil in themselves. Men of public spirit and integrity are not to be found in the class of notables in the interior. The councils are consequently composed of unscrupulous speculators. They do not give themselves the trouble to attend their sittings unless they have some personal interests to further. Collusion supplies the means of serving such interests, and pashas are powerless, when willing, to cope with their deep collective chicanery. Possessed of great experience, wielding a dangerous ascendancy over the people, and well versed in all the trickery of the East, they rarely fail to reduce the best-intentioned governor to the condition of an instrument in their hands. He is soon made to feel the weight of their displeasure, and the value of their support, by the unwise credit given at Constantinople to their censure or approbation, and he then resigns himself to let them govern the province in his stead. The same familiar phases of such struggles, with the same results, have come under my notice in the provinces of European Turkey and Asia Minor, as now in Syria."

While this is the state of the reformed law courts in Turkey, that of the police is if possible worse. These pretended guardians of the peace are, in fact, a horde of licensed robbers and murderers. Indeed, their infamy is such that it in a certain sense obtains for them all the immunity of innocence, for the acts they perpetrate seem incredible to Europeans who are not resident in the country, and atrocities thus, too often, escape

denunciation. As a specimen of their acts, let us take what is recorded in these Syrian rambles of Hájí Batrán, the chief of the mounted police in the district between Aleppo and the Salt Lake. This wretch himself related to the author the manner in which he had indemnified himself and his horsemen for some pay which had been withheld by the Government. Throwing himself suddenly upon the inhabitants of a village that was placed under his protection, he killed sixteen of them, and stripped the unfortunate survivors of everything they possessed. He then joined the wandering tribe of Anezi, and did not return till the Government, with a morality similar to his own, condoned the offence and settled his accounts. "He then resumed his previous functions, as if they had never been interrupted." The whole province of Syria is intrusted to the safe keeping of a body of two thousand mounted police, similar to Hájí Batrán and his myrmidons. Their pay is always in arrears, and, as if the temptations to plunder a defenceless population were not sufficient, the Government urges them to do so by the prospect of starvation if they remain honest. The condition of the other Asiatic provinces, as regards the police, is as bad as that of Syria, if not worse. Take, for example, the highroad between Trebizonde and the Persian frontier, a distance of four hundred miles. This, as being one of the chief commercial lines in the empire, ought to be the most secure, and secure indeed it is, as compared with the out-lying villages, where no traveller's life would be safe for a moment without an escort. But on the highroad itself caravans are continually plundered, and even the carriers of Government are robbed and maltreated. At most of the stations an escort of from five to ten horsemen is required, and though what befalls the native traveller is never brought to light, we know from Europeans what the dangers of the journey are.

Again, the whole line of frontier between Persia and Turkey, from Khoi to the southern districts of the Pashalik of Baghdad, is one incessant scene of bloodshed and violence. The nomadic tribes are here continually on the move in search of pasturage, descending to the Arabian plains in winter, and ascending to the Kurdish mountains in summer. Each tribe has a long register of blood-feuds, only to be wiped out by creating others in greater number. The traveller is the common prey of all. On the great road that leads from Khanikain to Baghdad it is impossible to pass without seeing men firing on one another from the hill-tops, and encountering the inhabitants of villages turning out to protect their flocks from robbers. About eight miles to the south of Khanikain is a long range of low hills infamous for the attacks of brigands. At this spot a European

merchant, resident at Baghdad, lost off a few years ago a party of Arabs, not without loss on both sides. Here, too, three years since, some property belonging to the English Government was plundered. There are many graves by the way-side, each of which is a record of some bloody deed. As this locality is but three stages from Baghdad, the seat of the Viceroy of the second highest rank in the whole empire, and the head-quarters of one of the five provincial armies, it may be imagined what insecurity prevails in more distant and unfrequented regions! To the south of Baghdad again is the land of the wandering Arabs. Here the Anezi pitches his tent, and hence to the shores of the Mediterranean is one vast track, where anarchy has prevailed from time immemorial. In fact, the obedience which the Arab yields to the Turk is merely nominal, and the intercourse between the two races may be best described as plunder and oppression on one side, and retaliation on the other. With the simple substitution of plains for mountains, what is described in the Syrian Rambles as taking place in the hills of the Anasiri, would apply *mutatis mutandis* to the deserts of the Bedaween.

"The actual condition of this part of the country may be estimated by recent incidents, showing that little change has here taken place from the old times of rapine and bloodshed in Turkey. A village of worshippers of the sun refused to pay its taxes. A member of the provincial council of Tripoli was sent there to remonstrate a few days ago. Having failed in his mission, and not having ventured to proceed to extremities with so violent a people, he was returning home, when he passed through a Christian village. Village for village mattered little; he set fire to it. The panic-stricken inhabitants hurriedly conveyed their moveable property into their church, in the hope that it would be respected. The church was broken open and plundered by the followers of the functionary. Another village had been totally abandoned a few months ago on account of the unchecked depredations of a band of malefactors under a leader of infamous character named Issa. The villagers with their families took refuge at Antioch, where they remained in a state of the utmost destitution, while their crops were being publicly sold by Issa at the neighbouring small town of Jisr-Shogl. Efforts were made by the poor people to obtain protection from the Turkish authorities, but Issa found means of obtaining support amongst the members of the provincial council of Antioch. Last year the two Anamreh tribes, one of which bears the distinctive name of Beit-el-Shef, the other Mohelbeh, together with the tribe of Beni-Ali, determined to attack and subjugate at one blow the hostile tribe of Cardaha. The latter, having discovered the plan of attack, resolved on dividing into two bands; one to meet the assault, the other to destroy the villages of their assailants. The second detachment burnt six villages of the Beni-Ali, killed several persons, burnt two villages of the Mohelbeh, and carried off all the cattle they found, while the first detachment was driven in, and the villages of Wady-

Beit-Hassar, situated on the high hills of the Cardaha, were destroyed. The people of Beit-Tashoot, a portion of the Semet-Cobdi district, hastened to defend the villages of the Beni-Ali and Beodi against the Cardaha, but the Crahleh tribe, from another part of the Cardaha mountain, called Carem-Ibalish, attacked Beit-Tashoot. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Ahmed-Aga-el-Mohammed-Adra, an enemy of the Crahleh, advanced from his castle of Merkab with a large party of his followers, attacked and burnt several of the Crahleh villages, and carried off a great many of their cattle. The tribes of Darins, the two Amamrehs, and Beni-Ali, united, and, negotiations for peace having been opened, hostilities ceased, and have not been renewed as yet, but they will be, as soon as a good opportunity offers. The Turkish authorities were fully cognisant of all that passed, but did not interfere further than by sending orders to preserve tranquillity. Mohammed-Aga-Haznadar, a chief of irregular cavalry, however, casually met several parties of armed men belonging to both sides, with whom he exchanged a few shots; three of his horsemen were wounded, and he reported having killed four of the Ansairi. The inhabitants of Beit-el-Sheff, who are moon-worshippers, attacked lately El Harf, a part of the Bahluli district, burnt two villages, and carried off all their live stock. Three lives were lost on each side. The assailants were subsequently routed in their turn by the villagers of El Harf, who killed three more of their number. The Scoobin worship the sun, and are therefore immemorial foes of the Beit-el-Sheff. A mere squabble among some children led to a whole day's desultory fighting between the two tribes, during which five men of the Beit-el-Sheff and one of the Scoobin were killed, while another of the latter was taken prisoner and burnt to death, after having his hands and feet cut off. On this occasion twenty mounted irregulars were sent to the spot, but they did not interfere between the combatants, and returned home with the head of an Ansairi, in no way connected with the affair, whom they had met on the road, and decapitated unquestioned. This brutal act was justified by the statement that at the same place where the man was met by his executioners, a Turkish officer had been put to death by the Ansairi two years ago, and his body left to rot by the roadside. So deplorable a state of anarchy and conflict exists in a province, the chief town of which contains three hundred regular and three hundred and eighty irregular troops: of the former none have been ordered out of Lattakia, and of the latter none ever reached the scene of action, although they left the town for the purpose of restoring tranquillity. The very presence of irregulars in the town is an evil, for their frequent excesses prevent the industrious and peaceful portion of the Ansairi population in the immediate vicinity from bringing provisions and other commodities to market."

As regards police, then, and in the matters of civil and criminal justice, the subjects of the Turkish Government are truly unfortunate. The large reforms so much vaunted as the offspring of the Crimean War, are proved to be mere cheats,

which have already served their time, and are no longer alluded to even as pretexts. The next question is, What progress has been made in the matter of taxation, and in the removal of class disabilities? Viewed with reference to the population, the revenue of Turkey is so small that the public burdens would not seem to press heavily on individuals. Assuming thirty millions¹ to be the number of the inhabitants of the Turkish dominions, and taking the revenue in round numbers at fifteen millions, the pressure would be no more than ten shillings per head. But this would give a very erroneous idea of the actual condition of the labouring classes.² The tithe of agricultural produce, which forms the back-bone of the revenue, "is collected by speculators, who purchase from the Government the right of collection, hoping to receive from cultivators a greater amount than the price paid." In general it is the provincial council that thus buys up the tithes of a district, and so unlimited is their power of extortion, that instances are by no means rare of their exacting from the unhappy cultivator thirty-five per cent. instead of ten. In addition to this a variety of presents in the shape of lambs, fruit, and forage, are wrung from the villagers, who are exposed as much to the violence and licentious passions of the tax-gatherer and his satellites as to their cupidity. One of the boons held out to the non-Moslem subjects of the Porte in the Hâti-Humâyûn was the abrogation of the capitation-tax, and to this was added a right of admission into military service. But this apparent concession has been changed into a fresh source of oppression. The capitation-tax reappears as the *bedelîh askerîsh*, or tax in lieu of military service, which is a permanent impost levied whether a conscription is going on or not, and is at least double the amount of the sum formerly exacted under the name of capitation. At the same time none but a Mohammedan could really enter the Turkish army, for, to say nothing of insults, his

¹ According to the census of 1844, the population of European and Asiatic Turkey, together with that of Tripoli, Fez, and Tunis, amounts to 33,350,600. But of these the Arabs number 885,000 in Asia, and 3,800,000 in Africa (*The Resources of Turkey*, by J. L. Farley, p. 3), and many of the Arab tribes, the Anezi, for example (*Rambles in Syria*, p. 29), pay no taxes to Government. The revenue for 1862 is calculated by Fuad Pasha at £15,118,640. (See *Resources of Turkey*, p. 29.)

² Mr. Farley says (*Resources of Turkey*, p. 18), "It is not the fiscal duties imposed by the State which are burdensome to the people; on the contrary, taxation in Turkey is much lighter than in most other countries. It is the abuses of collection, the extortion of the revenue farmers or their agents, and the numerous rates of interest charged by the Saraffs, that oppress the agriculturist, and by retarding the development of the vast natural resources of the empire, prevent her from taking that position among the commercial nations of Europe, to which by nature she is eminently entitled."

life would not be safe from the fanatical violence of his fellow-soldiers. In this respect the army of the Shah contrasts very favourably with that of the Sultan, for instances have occurred in which Mohammedan regiments in Persia have combined to save the lives of Nestorian Christians serving in their ranks.

While on the subject of taxation, it is only fair to say that the author of *Rambles in Syria*, after speaking of the extortion to which the agricultural classes, and all, whatever their avocation, who are not Mohammedans, are subjected, nevertheless asserts that the taxation is not severe. "I believe," he writes, "that, in comparison with other countries, the population of Turkey is on the whole lightly taxed." But it is quite evident that he is here looking rather at the amount of revenue raised, and of taxation per head, than at the ability of the population to pay. The best proof of the miserable condition of the people is the food on which they are obliged to support themselves. Of the whole Arab population, amounting to several millions, the same author writes, "they never taste animal food; except when a sheep is slaughtered for a guest. Their ordinary food is bread dipped in melted butter, but they are often reduced to camel's milk, either alone or with a few dates." The Irregulars under Hâji Batrân were glad to feast on the flesh of a hyena. The Turkumans, who number about two hundred thousand, still live as in the time of Burekhardt,¹ "they taste flesh only upon extraordinary occasions." Yet these are professional robbers; and partly by plundering, partly by legitimate traffic, are in a position of luxury compared with the Fellahs or cultivators. The condition of these latter has not improved one whit since the days of the above-named traveller, who speaks of them thus:—"The Fellahs live wretchedly; whenever they are able to scrape together a small pittance, their masters take it from them under the pretence of borrowing it. I was treated by several of them at dinner with the best dish they could afford—bad oil with coarse bread. They never taste meat except when they kill a cow or an ox, disabled by sickness or age; the greater part of them live literally upon bread and water." European travellers, especially if they are officials or men of rank, are purposely hindered from seeing the poverty of the land in travelling through Turkey. But let them leave the highroad, put off the name and dress of Englishmen, and take shelter in the villages at random, as Burekhardt did, and they will soon learn the truth. What is said by Mr. Senior's informant of the state of the masses in Egypt, applies generally to the people all over Asiatic Turkey.² "The habits of the

¹ *Travels in Syria and the Holy Land*, Appendix Y.

² *Journal kept in Egypt in 1855 and 1856* (*Victoria Magazine*, April 1864).

mass of the people are so bad, their bodies are so filthy, their dwellings are so wretched, their food is so ill prepared (and it may be added so unfit for man), that the climate must be excellent, or they could not live." To the excellence of the climate must be added also the fertility of the soil in most parts of Turkey, as the real reason why the scanty population does not dwindle even below its present number. "The agricultural improvements,"¹ says the author of *Rambles in Syria*, "seen on the plain, are still very primitive, and the science of husbandry remains in a stunted infancy; but the soil is so marvellously productive that heavy crops are obtained by merely throwing seed into shallow furrows scraped by the most wretched of ploughs, without harrowing, rolling, or weeding." As for the Turks themselves they are naturally averse to husbandry, and, if they had not Christians and others for their farm-serfs, would scarcely be induced to till the earth's surface at all. 'Look,' said one of them, 'at these hills of El Himr, here a man can subsist without labour. There are sixteen kinds of roots here on which life can be supported, and amongst them the wild onion; what more is required?'"

With absolute insecurity for life and property, with such preservers of the peace as Háji Batrán, with taxation carried to the utmost limits that the misery of the masses will allow; what, it may be asked, has been gained for Turkey by the Háti-Humáyún, and all the expenditure of blood and treasure in the Crimea? There is but one reform to which the partisans of the Turks can point, and that is the security of life to converts from Islamism, or to those who lapse to their former faith after becoming Mohammedans. It is not so very long since that an Armenian, who had become a Mohammedan, and reverted to Christianity, was put to death at Constantinople. It is said that application was made to the British Embassy to interfere on that occasion, but that the intervention, however it was conducted, failed. A formal execution at the capital on such a charge would now, of course, be impossible, but, in spite of this, it is more than doubtful whether any step has been made in the right direction. Though a lapsed convert could not be openly put to death at Constantinople, his danger at any distant town would be extreme, and his execution certain, if the Mohammedan authorities were assured that the affair could not possibly come to the knowledge of a European Consul. If this be doubted, let reference be made to the unbiassed and unquestionable authority of the author of *Rambles in Syria*. His opinion on this head, which has been already quoted (see p. 477), is delivered in the clearest terms, and must be echoed by:

¹ *Rambles in Syria*, p. 86.

every one who pretends to a real acquaintance with the Turkish character, and the present state of feeling among all classes of the Mohammedan population in the Turkish Empire.

But more impressive and convincing than the language of any writer is the testimony of events. Is it the case, that since the Crimean War the Christian population of Turkey has lived in greater security, and that the old Mohammedan rigour has been softened towards a faith whose followers have saved Mohammedan power from being torn up by the roots? What is to be said, then, of Jeddah? of the massacres in the Lebanon, at Deir-el Kamar, at Hasbeya and Rasheya, and at Zahleh? These places were destroyed by fire, and 3600 Maronites were slain in them. The same scenes of horror that occurred at Aleppo nine years and a half before, when for three weeks the Christian quarter was given up to pillage and the sword, would doubtless have been repeated in 1860, but for the firmness of Omar Pacha, a Russian refugee. What would have occurred at Aleppo may be inferred from what did occur at Damascus, where 1280 Christians were barbarously murdered, and every conceivable outrage that the most fiendish cruelty could suggest, was perpetrated on an unoffending population. It is true that the authors of these atrocities were punished, that Ahmed Pasha, the governor of Damascus, the commandants of Hasbeya and Rasheya, and a colonel of irregulars, with 117 of his officers and soldiers, and several civilians were shot, that 66 other ringleaders in the massacres were hanged, and 550 sentenced to hard labour for life or for twenty years. But these retributive acts were due to French intervention, and were in no degree ascribable to any regard for justice on the part of the Turkish Government.

It may be said, however, that the whole epoch of the Crimean War was fraught with bitter humiliation to the Turks, that to have required and received the aid of Christians to save them from being trampled under foot by Christians, was in itself inexpressibly galling to their proud spirit; that their pride was still further wounded when the Sultan was compelled to proclaim, as the price of the intervention which had saved his empire, equality of rights to all his subjects, and abolish the pre-eminence of the Osmanli, which for centuries had never been called in question; and that a violent revulsion of feeling was the inevitable result of such compulsory obedience to the wishes of a despised sect, but that the explosion once over the danger of reaction is past. This line of argument leads to the investigation of the second of the two questions with which we set out. It must, indeed, be admitted that hitherto the promised reforms in Turkey have not borne fruit, that there have been recent evidences of the continuance of the old rancorous

spirit in the dominant race, that there is the same disorganization and anarchy and oppression, that for so many years have been indignantly described by so many writers; but may not a better time be looked for, when by the development of commerce, the immigration of Europeans, and incessant contact with Western civilisation, the Turkish character itself may be altered, Mohammedan prejudices softened, and the equality of rights for all Turkish subjects, which has been now twice proclaimed by imperial edicts, be really established?

Were it indeed the case that the fanatical, unbending spirit which was formerly so characteristic of the Osmanli, was now found only in the lower order of Turks, or in those who, from residing in the interior, are less exposed to contact with European ideas, there might be some hope of improvement. But this is far from being the case. The higher classes of Turks, even those who have resided in the capitals of the European States, and who have mixed in European society, still continue quite devoid of those free and generous notions which are the true source of all real progress. The Government itself, though it yields to the remonstrances of the European ambassadors, returns to its original form wherever and whenever the pressure is removed. For example, retribution was exacted by the French for the massacres of 1860. The Porte yielded to the pressure, and about 740 Mohammedans suffered death or imprisonment, but no sooner was the excitement over than Namik Pasha, who was governor of Jeddah during the massacre, was appointed to the highest disposable command in the empire, the government of Baghdad, where he is at this moment. Namik Pasha is, besides, an excellent illustration in his own person of the unchangeable character of the Turk, under continual contact with European civilisation. He has resided in both England and France; he speaks French almost as well as a native of France; he affects a great regard and admiration for Lord Palmerston. Yet it is notorious that there is not a more bigoted and relentless Turk in the whole empire. Not to speak of Jeddah, it is well known that his constant aim is to resist European influence, and to mortify and harass those who are under consular protection. It is said, that having by an effort of this kind brought down on himself a sharp reprimand from the Porte, he was ordered to apologize to some European functionary, who, the better to insure the *amende* being made, was supplied with a copy of the despatch. Armed with this paper the European proceeded to an interview with the Pasha, who received him as usual, and said nothing about the instructions. At last the visitor, growing impatient, inquired if such a despatch had been received. "Yes!" said the Pasha, "the order has arrived. The

Sultan can take my head, but I will never apologize to any infidel." It may easily be imagined how little respect is shown under such a viceroy to the regulations of the Hâti-Humâyûn. Thus, in that edict it is said: "All foreigners may possess landed property, obeying the laws and paying the taxes; for this purpose arrangements shall be made with foreign powers." As a matter of fact, there are foreigners possessing land in the Pashalik of Baghdad, but an inquiry into their grievances would discover many curious circumstances. At a station, for instance, not very far from Baghdad, there is a most commodious caravanserai built by a foreigner. It is very much needed where it stands, and would be a great convenience to the public, but for some reason or other no one has ever entered it, or is likely to do so under the present régime.

The author of the *Rambles in Syria* admits most fully the wretched state of Turkey, and distinctly avows his disbelief in any improvement proceeding from the Government itself. At the same time he does not altogether despair of a change for the better under certain circumstances. His panacea is "a steady but not violent pressure from without," coupled with "the influence of European settlers." But under the most favourable circumstances, he thinks that progress in Turkey must be a work of time, and that whether the change that has commenced will reach a fortunate issue or not, is still an unsolved problem. It is fair to quote his opinions at length in his own words, before commenting on them:—

"Police is not what is most wanted in Turkey; it is government. The want of government creates here lawless classes, not individual criminals. Lord Macaulay says that no ordinary misgovernment will do as much to make a nation wretched as the constant effort of every man to better himself will do to make a nation prosperous. The constant effort of most Turks to better themselves belongs to one of two descriptions; plunder and bribed connivance. High and low, official and unofficial, rich and poor, all follow the tortuous groove of speculation, corruption, and extortion, on the one hand, or are addicted, on the other, to armed depredations. I allude, of course, only to the provinces of Turkey, as I have already more than once specified in remarking on the state of the country. Were the astonishing perseverance and ingenuity employed in the pursuit of illicit gain, and the great courage and skill displayed in acts of violence, turned into the wide and legitimate channel referred to by our distinguished historian, they would, by a parity of reasoning, make the nation very prosperous. But to effect anything of the kind, a new social order must be inaugurated, which would admit of both classes earning their livelihood honestly, and some moral distinction must be established between what is right and what is wrong, that crime should be stigmatized. For the usual isolated disturbances, remedial measures, more or less prompt

and efficacious, may be expected from the Turks, but, when a people is thus perverted, as well as misgoverned, all practical improvement to be looked for from the Porte can, I fear, be of little avail. The evil is deep-seated in a country where labour is not allowed to be productive, and plunder in all its varieties is encouraged by sharing its profits. Lord Macaulay's ordinary misgovernment theory has no application here. This is a stupendous misgovernment, and the nation is very wretched."

"By putting a check upon the abuse of power through its equal distribution between Mussulmans and Christians, by effecting a more equitable arrangement of the respective and relative rights of conflicting sects, and by opening the country to foreign colonists, along with an absolute prohibition of foreign protection and local interference, these ends might be attained in so far as legislative means can avail. Interests now antagonistic would thus be bound together. The labourer or artisan, no longer forced to work for another, might then work for that other while working for himself. A middle class would spring up from such a regulation of social rights in proportion as prosperity might enable the cultivator and tradesman to extend their operations, and according as necessity might oblige the great proprietor of land and looms to become himself industrious. Trade would then be indigenous, and wealth would cease to be monopolized by local magnates and foreign speculators, while money, instead of filling the coffers of a favoured few, leaving the provinces to purchase influence, or being sent abroad by strangers, would circulate at home, begetting affluence, producing what is now imported, and remaining in the country as the stock of future generations. The missing links in the social chain once supplied, the equilibrium essential to productive harmony established, the different wheels of the machine so adjusted as to work well alone, and the population brought to the normal state of well-regulated society, prosperity would become possible, and good government certain. The hour of redemption from starving pride on the one hand, and from debasing servitude on the other, sounded for millions of human beings at the close of the Crimean War. The lapse of a certain interval between the shock of a great conflict, and the realization of its stipulated and proclaimed results, naturally took place. The shaken supremacy of the dominant race oscillated for a time, and Europe looked on in expectation of the final practical abolition of all class privileges. Matters have settled down, however, on their former basis. The decree, comprising the germs of such important social and political changes, has remained a dead letter, in so far as regards all practical results. The warning conveyed to the tottering throne of Turkey has hitherto been disregarded. Unaided and unwatched, one can have but little confidence in the administrative abilities and political morality of any man or set of men in Turkey. With the exception of Fuad Pasha, Ahmed Wefik Effendi, and a select few, too few to achieve the rapid transformation of so vast and so corrupt an Empire, the best-intentioned Sultan has not instruments

at his disposal for such an undertaking. Hence arises the grievous evil of foreign local interference in the details of government, to which it may not be unfair to attribute in a great measure the failure of Turkey to keep her promises. She is not left time nor temper to do it under the constant teasing of embassies about trifles. Every one knows that our own ambassador has never followed that course, and that Sir Henry Bulwer has, on the contrary, contributed very efficaciously towards the realization of every good purpose of the Porte, while his not having always succeeded either in effecting progress or preventing evil is not to be wondered at in presence of other influences, less disinterested and beneficent, but equally entitled by position to claim the Sultan's careful consideration. I cannot doubt, however, that by a moderate and justifiable insistence on the adoption of obvious principles and practice, emanating directly from a friendly power, so as to escape the Scylla and Charybdis besetting the local approaches to the Porte, Turkey might be placed and kept in a train of improvement advantageous to herself and satisfactory to Europe. It must, certainly, be a work of time; for I imagine that a people cannot at once be raised, as was expected, from the actual state of the Sultan's subjects by international stipulations and imperial enactments, however beneficial and comprehensive they may appear, without passing through a period of transition. That period has commenced; whether or not it will ever arrive at a favourable issue, is still an unsolved problem, involving the peace of Europe."

There are, it seems to us, two fallacies involved in these theories for the resuscitation of Turkey, as in similar views propounded by those whose opinions have been reported by Mr. Senior. The first of these fallacies is in speaking of "the steady but not violent pressure from without," as if the welfare of Turkey was the prime object of all the European states, whereas there is nothing so certain as that, except England, Turkey has not a single real friend or disinterested ally. It is true that France, Sardinia, and, to a certain extent, Austria, combined with England to save Turkey in the Crimean War, but jealousy of Russia was the moving principle in that struggle, and not regard for the Porte. France has since then shown a strong disposition to join in the dismemberment of the country she protected; and were Austria assured of the impossibility of resisting Russian aggrandizement she would certainly, as the next best course, unite in plundering the fallen. There are not wanting politicians who would willingly assign the Principalities and perhaps Bosnia to Austria, and who would say, as was said to Mr. Senior,¹ "Austria could hold them against Russia. Her interests are naturally the same as those of England. She is, as respects Western Europe, a pacific, unaggressive power. We

¹ *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in 1857 and 1858*, p. 86.

cannot strengthen her too much." By an extraordinary combination of circumstances, France and England were able and willing to unite against Russia to preserve Turkey, but it is very improbable that such an alliance could be formed again for a similar purpose. In the meantime Russia has more than recovered the vantage-ground she lost by the Crimean War. In the first place, she has gained experience, and will never again advance by the difficult route of the Danube and the Balkan, though even in that direction her progress has not been slight, and there is truth in what was said by one of her diplomatists:¹ "We are repaid for all our losses in the Crimea and in Bessarabia by what we have gained in the Principalities. From enemies we have made them friends." But Russia has an efficient fleet of merchant steamers in the Black Sea, and before defensive measures could be adopted, might land 30,000 men in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, where they would find thousands of Greeks and other sympathizers to assist them.

But the great step which Russia has made, and it is one that more than compensates for the fall of Sebastopol, is the overthrow and expulsion of the Circassian tribes. As long as the almost impenetrable defiles of the Caucasus were occupied and defended by a hundred thousand such soldiers as the Circassians, the Russians never could have advanced in great force into the Turkish provinces. The giant of the North was chained like Prometheus to a rock, where the eagle of war fed on his vitals, but his fetters are now broken, and the way is clear. Into the localities deserted by the Circassians will pour a stream of Cossacks, and the great army of 200,000 men, which has been hitherto engaged in Caucasia, will now be able to detach two-thirds of its number to invade Turkey or Persia. In the meantime, Turkey is likely to derive little benefit from the immigration of hordes of turbulent and semi-barbarous mountaineers. The author of the *Rambles in Syria* thus speaks of those who had immigrated into Turkey in 1860:² "Robbery seems to be their present pursuit, while preparing to form agricultural settlements. It would surely have been wise to reflect whether or not the authorities under whose rule they are intended to establish themselves, are in a position to preserve order, before thus adding to the number of a disorderly population." On the whole, therefore, Russia is now in a better position for an attack on Turkey, and Turkey in a worse for resisting that attack than before the Crimean War; and to expect more forbearance from Russia now than formerly appears

¹ *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in 1857 and 1858*, p. 96.

² *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria*, p. 295.

to be simply an absurdity, and the same reasoning applies, though in a less degree, to other European nations.

The second fallacy, which seems to pervade the arguments of almost all those who maintain that the integrity of the Turkish Empire can be preserved is, the supposition that the Turks are willing to be assisted in the way their European allies think best. This is to take from the Turk all that distinguishes him from other sects and races, and to suppose him wholly uninfluenced by the religion which makes of him at one moment a moody bigot, at another a fanatical zealot. It is to ignore the testimony of all the most reliable witnesses, who assure us that the Turk is still "what he was four centuries ago," that he retains "the characteristics of his savage intractable ancestors,"¹ that "he is utterly unimprovable,"² that he hates change, and therefore hates civilisation, hates Europeans, and hates and fears all that they propose." It is to deny the saying which is now in the mouths of even those Turks who have been most in contact with European ideas, and who reply to suggestions for the improvement of the races under their sway with the pithy saying, "We came into Europe with the sword, and we will go out of it with the knife."

Let those who expect improvement under the Turkish rule, or such modification of the rule as will render its continuance over millions of Christians possible in these days, examine well the character of the Mohammedan religion, and see whether it be reasonable to expect the desired changes while Islam continues the religion of the State, supported by a priesthood constituted as is that of Turkey. A very slight investigation of the principles of Islam will show that though they may, as Mohammedans boast, breathe freedom to the true believer, they absolutely enjoin restraint and degradation as the lot of all others. Were it not logically demonstrable, it is at least practically proved by the history of eleven hundred years, that Mohammedanism and civilisation are incompatible. The utmost that can be achieved with Islam as the religion of the State, is a strong government under an absolute monarch. With such a government there may be considerable development of national resources, a magnificent court, and much splendour of living in the families of the chiefs or nobles, but the state of the people will be such as it was under Mohammed Ali, Pacha of Egypt. The security of the subject under such a ruler is well illustrated by the story of the jaded courier who had brought a letter of importance to the Pacha. As this unfortunate had been told that the errand was urgent he had exerted himself to the utmost

¹ *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria*, pp. 44, 98.

² *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in 1857 and 1858*, p. 28.

to arrive in time, and, sinking with fatigue, expected his reward. The Pacha, on the other hand, was anxious that the communication should remain a secret, and as one means to this end, the courier, half an hour after his arrival, was at the bottom of the Nile with a heavy stone round his neck. A simple tale this, and but one example of myriads of how the life of a subject is valued by a Mohammedan ruler.

In point of fact, the ablest rulers in all Mohammedan dynasties have shown their impatience of Islam by becoming heretics. They have felt it impossible to inaugurate those reforms, which their genius or their good feeling prompted, without breaking through the shackles of their religion. So early as the first centuries of Islam the most renowned Khalifs, as Vathek and Mamun, had become heretics and had adopted the principles of the Motazelah, among whom were sects inclining to Christianity. The greatest of the Mogul emperors, Akbar, did his best to found a new religion, as did Hallun, the most remarkable of the Egyptian sultans. The present state of the Turkish Government, based on the miserable doctrines of the Koran, and yet coquetting with European improvements, is altogether forced and unnatural. To be strong, Mohammedanism must go back to what it was at its commencement, stern, uncompromising, and aggressive; such as it has become again among the Wahabis, or it will lose its vitality and succumb to a more enlightened faith. It is not, indeed, to be expected that Mohammedans would be converted in great numbers if the sceptre departed from among them, but the Turks, at least, with their peculiar habits, would melt away and disappear among the increasing masses of Greeks, Armenians, and other Christians. The disciples of Islam would, no doubt, ever continue such as they have been from the first, such as they recently showed themselves in the Indian Mutiny; after years of intercourse with Englishmen, unchangeable in their bigotry and hatred and contempt of other sects. But a creed, the essential part of which is to trample on all other creeds, if it came to be despised in its turn, could not survive—it would die out. There is a foreshadowing of this in Persia and in Baghdad, where the aspirations after freedom of some ardent spirits have led to the development of a new sect, the Bábís, who show “no antipathy to Christians, or to the followers of any other creed except the Mohammedans.”¹ The Bábís are converted Mohammedans, and if their numbers should increase they would extirpate Islam.

On the whole, then, it would appear that the Turks are “an unimprovable race,” and that no efforts can bolster up their Government long. What policy is to be adopted, then, in lieu

¹ *Life and Manners in Persia*, p. 179.

of that struggle to avoid the inevitable which has already cost us such sacrifices? We cannot here accept the counsels of the author of the *Rambles in Syria*, who, after vivid sketches of the decadence of Turkey, still returns to that impossible scheme of interested physicians treating disinterestedly a patient that rejects all medicine. Common sense, on the other hand, would say, "If the dying must die, let care be taken of those who are to survive." As the Turkish power decays, life begins to reanimate the nationalities that have lain so long in a death-like trance beneath it. Greece, for example, begins to revive, and though the new State of the Hellenes may have to pass through a long season of troublous energy, it cannot be doubted that a prosperous future is in store for it. Why should there be less hope for the Principalities, the Servians, the Bulgarians, the Armenians, Syrians, Egyptians, and Arabs? As the ship founders, let raft after raft be cut adrift, and by the success of these several ventures all will be saved. This seems to be the view adopted by the author of "*Chaos*,"¹ though his thoughts are somewhat indistinctly shadowed forth, and his suggestions are rather for being prepared to act than for action. He speaks of "England that preserves Turkish rule not for the sake of Turkish rule, but for the sake of sheltering the immature growth of future free nations against the destroying blight of despotisms far more dangerous, if not worse, than Turkey." Further on he refers to the policy of England towards Turkey as dual, "Liberal in one sense and direction,"—that is, we suppose, as regards the nationalities; and "Conservative in another,"—that is, in supporting the Turkish Government. Again he says, "But we must also look to see that, after putting the sick man in his coffin when much breath is still in his body, we may have something better to take his place than a nursery full of fractious and rickety children." Viewing it in this light, many will be disposed to regard our imperial policy as "both expedient for all parties and right in itself." But, is it quite the case that protection of "the immature growth" of the nationalities under Turkish rule is recognised by us as of such paramount importance? If so, what becomes of the guarantee that the Turkish territories shall remain as they are? It must be explained to mean,—Turkey to the Turks, in reversion to their subject nationalities when ripe for self-government. But who is to decide when "the immature growth of these future free nations" reaches maturity? For this "we want our country," says Lord Strangford, "to be served in Turkey by the most perfect and highest type of English manhood;" we must have Englishmen, not Levantines; and the best Englishmen we can get, instructed

¹ *The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic in 1863.*

by "travel in Turkey and intercourse with the people," and comprehending the rising nationalities.

But it may be asked, is even this limited and temporary support of the Turkish power, this trusteeship for immature nations possible? Are there not too many suitors for these tender wards, not to make us fear they may be wedded to undeserving strangers under our very eyes? Perhaps not, for there is a potent influence at work, which might fight on our side,—“nationality is taking its place as a new power among us;” and it may be added, that the Liberal party throughout Europe would support it, while one great Despotism at least could hardly now disown it. The danger is that we chill and alienate this power, these budding nationalities, by joining hands too long with the effete government of the Turk. For guidance in so difficult a policy, the best ambassador, the best attachés, the best consuls, the best Englishmen not Levantines, are, as Lord Strangford justly says, required to do England’s work in Turkey.

Thus far as regards the “dual policy” and its adroit manipulation by the ablest men that can be selected. Something more, however, is required, something practical, to meet the sharp practice of physicians not so unselfish as England in their attendance on the sick man. On three different sides of the Turkish Empire three great powers are preparing vantage-ground to spring forward when the last scene of all arrives. France advances by the line of Africa and Egypt, where the completion of the Lesseps canal would give her overwhelming influence. Russia is peopling Circassia with Cossacks, and sits now in terrible strength before the open portal which leads into the centre of Asiatic Turkey. Austrian troops are being massed upon the frontier of the Principalities, and in that direction, and towards Bosnia, the German power is pre-potent. The strength of England lies in linking herself with India by the nearest bridge across Turkish territory. As England acted on India in putting down its mutinies, so might she draw support from India in a great struggle in Syria, Mesopotamia, or Egypt. For every Sepoy regiment that landed with Baird in Egypt, ten regiments of Sikhs, little, if at all, inferior to Russian or French regiments, could now be drawn from India. But the way must be prepared. It will not do to alienate Persia by coldness and indifference, and to leave her to be bribed by France with offers of the coveted shrines of Kerbela and Najuf and Kázimain. It is but a shallow policy that surrenders the Shah’s army to be officered by Frenchmen and Germans, that would let Persian ships of war, manned or at least officered by Frenchmen, make their appearance in the Persian Gulf. It would be little credit-

able were a French company to get the start of English enterprise, not only with a Suez canal, but also with a Syrian, Mesopotamian, and Persian railroad.

To sum up in few words, safe and rapid communication with India, implying and including a commanding influence throughout the line, is what will give England strength to resist her rivals when the Turkish Empire breaks up. India, in fact, is at once a beacon and a support. The past history of India shows the Empire of the Moguls, resembling in many respects that of the Turks, dissolving at length from internal weakness, and leaving a few Mohammedan states, the Nizam's kingdom, for example, as the only traces of its existence. The present history of India displays to us a development of resources, and an increasing revenue, that would give England surprising strength in any new contest. To obtain paramount influence in Persia, the English Government has only to will the acquisition. English instructors would be readily received for the Shah's army, and would be what Lindsay, Hart, Sheil, and Rawlinson were before. The Persian Gulf is still completely under our control. We have treaties with all the petty states there, and it will be our own fault if we suffer the French to supersede us. A double line of telegraph will soon be complete to India. A railway from Jokenderna to Mepps and Baghdad, and from Baghdad to Jehran, worked by an English company, is the next great want. We must have an iron bridge from sea to sea between England and India. Iron links must rivet the communication. It is calculated that the new Overland Route from Ostend to Brindisi will be quicker by two days than that by Paris and Marseilles. It will be, too, on safer ground. From Brindisi to Alexandretta, and thence by rail to Baghdad, and so by the Persian Gulf to Bombay, would be a gain of five days on the route by Egypt. A railroad from Baghdad to the Mediterranean would carry off from the present route by Egypt all the passengers and much of the traffic between India and England. It would enrich the country it passed through. The Arab tribes, unmanageable by the Turks, would be peaceable with us, and in return would be enriched and civilized. Above all, England and India would be brought by this railroad *en rapport*, and their weight as regards Turkey would be, if not irresistible, at least many times greater than it now is.

ART. IX.—*Sporting Books.*

INSTINCTS are curious things. The hunting instinct is one which seems to be common to men and carnivora, but the omnivorous intellectual biped which hunts instinctively is often driven by the better half of his human nature to write a book. The book is worthy or worthless as intellect or instinct prevails in the hunter who writes. "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*" All men are hunters, but all hunters are not poets, though some are.

As an uneducated kitten, just able to toddle, pounces on mice, and a young otter on fish as soon as it can swim, so every boy delights to chase and catch and slay mice, cats, fish, and otters. If girls be less blood-thirsty, they too make early prey of embryo-hunters, and women run each other down, and write novels to describe their sport. The last new sporting book¹ which has passed from the publishers' shelves to the editor's box is not a mere record of slaughter. It is full of pictures of animate and inanimate nature, of scenes and events which have an interest for men and women with minds. The author has seen much of the world; and he has taken notes; he has published them, and he has produced an amusing and instructive book. As one of its chief merits it suggests pictures to other minds. Who that has ever been a boy can read the first picture of country life without feeling the truth of it stirring within him to make him young again? The boy joins the other old boy, and runs back with him to the hills.

With the woodcut of Skipness, in Colonel Campbell's pleasant volume, a flat Highland strand rises up as if in a magic mirror; the bright flickering sunlight of a hot summer's day makes the air quiver; the blue sea is crisped by a gentle breeze; the warm yellow sand gleams like gold; a herd of cows stand in the water, switching their tails to drive away the summer flies, and drowsily champ their jaws, while gulls and terns chatter and scream over the tiny silver fish that make their prey. A gay troop come scampering down the road and scatter over the sand. Two ladies come driving a trotting team of Shetland ponies in a phaeton, and three young savages, half naked, their kilts and flannel shirts streaming in the wind, gallop through water and over wet sand, splashing and screeching, while fish and birds flee in dismay. They are the Skipness boys as they used to be, and as one of them describes himself.

On a quiet Sunday afternoon, a stately lady and her brother, a young imp of a boy, and some terriers, pace gravely through a

¹ *My Indian Journal*. By Colonel W. Campbell, author of *The Old Forest Ranger*. Edinburgh, 1864.

garden amongst the flowers. Of a sudden a terrier's tail is seized with convulsions, and his nose is into a bed of violets. The infection spreads, the hunter's instinct is roused; the boy runs after the terrier, and beats the coverts; the grown man follows helter-skelter; the lady cheers them on. From violet-bed to rose-bed, from wild hyacinth to grass-tuft, dogs and men rush, barking, cheering, and shouting with glee, for the hunt is up. At last the wild whoo-whoop of the best sportsman in all wide Scotland, and the worry, worry, worry of the terriers proclaims the death—of a mouse!

The garden fades, and in its place a stackyard grows. On the top of a stack is a farm-servant unbinding thatch, and round about the yellow fortress stand a grinning army of boys. The grieve's son and the blacksmith's boys, and the keeper's boy with a game-bag, and the gardener's boy with a big shinny, and the rest of the boys, all armed with sticks. Down comes the thatch, and down come nests of young mice and rats, and all that come die. Down comes the stack, sheaf by sheaf, to be carted away to the barn, and the garrison of grown rats begin to stir. A sharp nose, long whiskers, and a pair of bead-like eyes peep out, and draw back in dismay. "Look out, lads," shouts the man with the pitchfork, and with the next toss he bolts the quarry, and off go the pack at score. "Hit him!" "smash him!" "that's it, Spotty;" "weel dune!" "that yin's deid;" "'od man, ye're a real slunge;" "that yin's awa;" and so on till the last stone in the foundation of the stack is turned over, and the last mouse escapes, or finds a grave in the maw of pet eagles, ravens, falcons, hawks, and hoodie-crows.

Stacks and stackyard, pets and boys have vanished and scattered, as the chaff was scattered by the wind, but the "old forest-ranger's" picture of the life of a bare-legged kilted savage, gathers the grain once more, and it grows green again in autumn.

A river of amber, with pools of creamy froth sweeping through a brown moor, glowing with the bright purple of heather-bells in autumn, water and heather dancing and waving gladly in the bright sunlight of a summer's noon, wells up. Two lanky boys, naked as they were born, followed by a keeper, and armed with rods, wade through the shallows, swim through the pools, peer into holes and under banks, and grope under stones. There is a sudden commotion: a salmon has been found, and at it they go again with heart and soul, as if they were born otters. They pelt the fish, they chase him, they drive him into the pool, and dive till they drive him out on the shallow, with the water flying from his back-fin and broad silver tail. At last with a wild yell of triumph the mouse-hunter pounces on nobler prey, grips a ten-pounder by the gills, and carries him

to land writhing and struggling. It was a fair fight and the naked bipeds won.

The river swells till it grows a sea. A Highland shore comes next. It is a maze of rocky islands and points, green birch woods and heather, a calm glassy ground-swell is rolling in from the wide Atlantic, the horizon is studded with white sails of big ships becalmed, the foreground is brown seaweed moving in the green sea, a round-eyed bullet-headed seal, with the sunlight glittering like a star on his wet brow, lifts his blunt nose to stare at a gull; the gull hangs his legs and his head and stares and screams in return. Both are hunting. A boat with four oars comes sweeping round the point with a steady even strong pull, the water foaming under her bows. The gull wheels off, the seal goes down stern foremost, and the boat stops at a cairn. As she touches the first stone the silence is broken by a chorus of discords made by a dozen open canine throats, all barking and screaming at once with keenness. The pack scrambles forward, falling over the thwarts, plumping into the sea, scrambling over the oars, slipping on the wet sea-weed, and in they all go with a rush. There is a pause, and then the breathless silence of expectation is broken by a muffled Yaff! yaff! yaff! far away down. "She's in;" they have her, hurrah! and out go men and boys, as the dogs went, helter skelter to join the otter-hunt. With the patience of a cat, the sportsman sits watching the hole from which the otter is to bolt. This battle is not to be won by brute force alone. Men have sent dogs to go where they cannot follow, and they are armed with weapons which they have learned to use. It is a trial of skill outside, and a furious brute battle under the stones. The collieshangie grows hot and furious, the dogs get hoarse with barking, and breathless with fruitless efforts to cram themselves into chinks. The yaff yaff is varied by shrill yells of pain, and angry growls, and mingled with the sputtering and blowing of the angry otter who is fighting for dear life. "Oh, she's cuttin' them terrible," "Bee sas," shouts the keeper; and as he shouts, a stone, which a giant would think twice about lifting, is lifted and hurled down on the cairn with a crash that shakes the rock. The thunder over head stills the row below, and the vexed otter thinks it time to move; a mass of brown fur seems to flash through the air, but the flash of the gun is swifter still, and the otter rolls over on the slippery sea ware. From every hole and cranny the pack spring, yelling, and fasten on the prey, and then it is worry, worry, worry, "bee sas;" and men and dogs growl and roar till their mouths foam. The master of the salmon has been mastered; the otter is slain by hunter's instinct and man's intelligence combined.

The screen of the magic lantern is blurred for a moment, and out of the sea there rises a broad strath and a wide hillside,—a long stretch of weary moor, over which a tired-out urchin is wearily striding after a troop of grown men; he is determined not to be beat, but is very near it. They reach the hill-top, and the leader crawls to the brink of a cliff, and peers warily over. A shot and a loud shout celebrate the death of an eagle. A grinning savage is tied to the end of a rope, and down he goes dangling to the nest. The young birds, with tufts of white down on their brown feathers, raise their hooked beaks and scream feebly, fight and flap their half-fledged wings, and strive to strike with their talons, but all in vain. They are caught and bound up in a plaid, and carried home, and chained by the leg, and fed on rats and dead cats, and reared; and many a sad and weary hour these captive eagles spent, because the hunters were upon them, and harried them.

That was the kind of life which the author of this journal describes in his first chapter, and it was good training for boy or man. The people with whom he consorted are not commonly found in their old haunts now, as he tells us. The few that remain are going fast. The Highland hunter has been hunted out by his own sheep and deer, and the farmer has been ploughed out of his ground, and improved off the face of the earth.

Chapter the first of the *Indian Journal* shows the hunting instinct growing naturally, as it grows in every country house in England, where there is an English boy. Surely it is a healthy growth. Is this hunting instinct a thing to be eradicated from civilized men? The only way to solve the mystery is to look to those who are sportsmen, to see what they are good for, and what they do. The biggest town in the world is London, and near London there is little sport, but the best tackle and the best shots and fishermen in the world are to be found near the blackest capital in it. On the south coast are certain rivers, and each river has its club. At Christ Church men catch salmon occasionally, and fish for them perpetually; at Stockbridge the weathercock is a trout, and Chantrey made it. One cast in the river is Chantrey's corner, another is dedicated to some other well-known worthy who was a member of this famous fishing-club. The Test is the test of anglers' skill. Day after day men angle with patience and labour, cunning and craft, and two trout make an ample reward for many hours of weary toil. What waste and what wealth of time!

Nay. A senator with a weary brain, a sculptor worn with mental toil, a fat alderman, a half-choked citizen, a man who has

a whole State department on his head for months, here throws off his load. He drinks in fresh air by the chest-full, works his body and sets his whole mind to help his instinct to master and circumvent a coy beauty of a trout. If he succeeds he eats him, and if he does not he eats a good dinner all the same, and sleeps the sleep of the gorged savage, to rise a healthier man, with a clearer head and a brighter eye, and a steadier mind for a civilized man's real work. The gentle art of destruction which old Izaak Walton practised,

"Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety yeares and past,"

is but a human improvement on the instinct which makes part of every natural man.

But this civilized fishing is not the genuine thing, and other English sports are almost as artificial.

Some ten years ago a writer imagined a visit from the Man in the moon. The uninformed stranger was walking thoughtfully about the fields, when he saw a little brown animal with a long tail, with draggled fur and panting sides and rolling tongue, come sneaking under a hedge and pop into a hole. A great noise approached, and a great many furious, panting, yelling, big creatures came tearing up to the hole, and howled like so many mad demons. With a crash and a shout, a still larger animal carrying a man in a red coat burst through the hedge, and more followed. Some fell, one broke his arm, another was planted head foremost in the mire; the whole party were hot and flushed and tired, but delighted, and they all were agreed that it was a "glorious run." A spade was got, the fox dug out, thrown to the hounds, torn limb from limb; and there was another chorus of discordant, triumphant noises while they ate the quarry. When they were somewhat calm, the stranger advanced hat in hand to seek information. He learned that the hunters did not eat the little animal with the long tail, that he did little harm, that it was a grievous crime to slay him in any other way, that his race were carefully preserved, that the hunting of him was a noble recreation enjoyed by the best in the land who paid fabulous sums for hounds and horses, kennels, stables, and houses, that they might risk their own bones. Politely thanking the hunter, the Man in the moon presented his card, and a bundle of tickets for his establishment.

This sort of hunting is not instinctive. Like the trout-fishing, it is a human invention, and sporting-books show it in this aspect.

A clever Frenchman lately came amongst us to see our ways, and he published his view of English manners in French. His papers have been translated, and we see ourselves as others see us, for once in a way. Of course, the traveller went out with

the hounds, and clearly he did not enjoy the sport, though he followed as well as he was able, and few Frenchmen lack pluck. In a sporting book called *Ask Mamma*,¹ the private opinions of a young gentleman who had not received a hunting education are depicted in a series of letters to his mother. In November he writes from Tantivy Castle :—

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Though I wrote to you only the other day, I take up my pen, stiff and sore as I am, and scarcely able to sit, to tell you of my first day's hunt, which I assure you was anything but enjoyable. In fact, I feel just as if I had been thumped by half the pugilists in London, and severely kicked at the end. To my fancy, hunting is about the most curious, unreasonable amusement that ever was invented. . . . For my part, I don't see the use of hunting an animal that you can shoot, as they do in France.”

It is clear that the Frenchman and Mr. William Pringle did not see the fun of the thing at first.

Wherein does the fun consist at last ?—for there is something in it which stirs the blood of the coldest.

Take another sporting book, *Market Harborough*,² and hunting life is seen from another side. It is no longer the sham swell, Billy Pringle, who is always sailing under false colours, amongst a set of overreaching humbugs and vile snobs. It is no longer “Soapy Sponge” hunting at the expense of his friends. It is “Mr. Sawyer” who went to “the shires,” and his adventures are dedicated “to the first flight in all counties,” by the author, who knew what he was writing about, and writes well.

Mr. Sawyer can ride, and does pay his own way ; he rides his own horses and pays for his own dinner ; he is not an exquisite, but he is a country gentleman, and he associates with the leaders when he goes to the shires. His adventures make a very amusing novel even for the uninitiated. But here is a quotation :—

“Racing-men are bad enough. Politicians are sufficiently long-winded. A couple of agriculturists will keep the ball rolling pretty perseveringly on the congenial themes of ‘cake,’ mangold-wurzel, short-horns, reaping-machines, and guano ; but I have heard ladies, who are perhaps the best judges of volubility, affirm, that for energy, duration, and the faculty of saying the same thing over and over again, a dialogue between a couple of fox-hunters beats every other kind of discussion completely out of the field.”

Even the story of the sport is no fun. With these sentiments the writer of course abstains from describing the sport of the men, but he depicts men and women, and describes how the wild huntsman was polished by the “Honourable Crasher,”

¹ *Ask Mamma*, by the Author of *Handley Cross*, &c. 1858.

² *Market Harborough ; or, How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires*. London, 1861.

how he fell in love, got married, and was tamed by Miss Dove. According to this view, the raw material was a strong healthy frame, with well-strung nerves to stand the fatigue, which town-bred Billy Pringle disliked; a keen eye to see the way, a cool head and rapid decision to form a judgment and take a line; and under all, a deep foundation of sturdy, unflinching, unflagging British pluck on which to build the man's character. The polish of boots, breeches, and red coats sat better on pretty Billy Pringle. The brandy-and-water and cigars, the horse-dealing, taking of hints, and riding to sell, are surely spots in the sun, if they belong to this photograph.

Besides the instinctive pleasure of chasing and catching, here are pain, danger, toil, and rivals fought and overcome by the courage and endurance of the man. Read the *Indian Journal*, and study the endurance and courage of carnivora, the courtships of antelopes, and the generalship of a pack of wolves; and it seems that they too share in the pleasures and triumphs of hunting, love, and war.

Now take another case. The writer of the *Indian Journal* tells how he shot his first grouse, how keen and earnest, blood-thirsty and triumphant the boy was. The author of the *Tommiebeg Shootings*¹ gives a caricature, but a very good one, of Scotch grouse-shooting, as now practised in some places. A lot of Cockneys determine to hire a moor, and make the most absurd preparations. One has an anchor with which to hook himself to the bank when he hooks a salmon. Another is the "Soapy Sponge" of the party, who knows all about the sport, and gets the lion's share. The class may be seen in full dress any August. That proverbial essence of 'cuteness, a Scotch lawyer, cheats them all, a laird and a laird's daughter play the part of Parson Dove. Surely they might have found better game than arrant snobs. The interest of the book turns not upon the sport, but on the men and on their several ways of taking each other in. Like the horse-dealing in *Market Harborough*, there is moor-dealing in *Tommiebeg*, and money, that root of all evil, has played the mischief with the genuine savage-instinct of hunting as it was practised in the British Isles.

From grouse turn to pheasants, and to *Punch* and the papers. For one-half of the year a keeper breeds and feeds and watches over his brood with all the care of a Scotch hen-wife, till the master and his friends sally forth and slay; then the game-cart carries the slain to the rail, and the rail delivers the poultry to the poulterer, who pays. Or else a band of robbers invade the coverts the day before the battue, and carry off the feathered half-crowns which the master planted and meant to reap. Or

¹ *The Tommiebeg Shootings; or, A Moor in Scotland.* By THOS. JEANS. London, 1860.

else the game comes down by rail alive, and returns by rail dead ; the sportsman pays for the carriage for the missing, and so much a head for the fun of slaying the dead, who are sent home.

From all this forced growth of game and sport, this mixture of nature and art, savagery and civilisation, money-making and genuine sport, it is refreshing to turn to another class of books and men.

Take Lamont's *Seasons with Sea Horses*,¹ and watch this growth of the hunter's instinct. If there be danger in riding to hounds, here is greater danger. If there be pleasure in aching bones and quivering muscles, cold, hunger, and fatigue, here are greater hardships braved. If there be pleasure in killing a mouse, or a fox, or a stag, for which you pay, here is the greater pleasure of chasing, with the extra joy of fighting, big brutes able and willing to kill you, and worth money when the fight is won. This is legitimate hunter's commerce. A fair fight, and the victor to have the spoil. The man to flay the bear, or the bear to eat the man. But in the midst of all this blood and blubber, the intellect of a clever man appears in this clever book.

Take yet another book, *A Hunter's Life in South Africa*,² and note how the instinct of the natural hunter rings true in every page. How everything is swamped by one idea which seems to fill the whole mind of the man. He lives to hunt, and hunts to live, and there is no shadow of sentiment or science in the African Desert.

Take yet another, an Indian sporting book, which some hunter of another grade has written, surely to the joy of his foes ; watch how utterly bare and bald and stupid and vapid the marrowless bones of departed sport become without some intellectual ornament ; see how truly the writer of *Market Harborough* judged when he aimed his shaft at the boredom of sporting stories. The hunter scaled the Himalayas, and saw the most beautiful scenery in the world ; he may have seen the gorgeous birds and glorious tropical vegetation which others describe, but the mists of the hill-country seem to have closed hopelessly over the bloodshot mental eyes of the carnivorous man, who saw nothing in a mountain but a place for finding game, and looked on a tree as a thing behind which to crouch. This is a sporting book without one merit, except it be used as a sedative about bed-time. Of this class was the huntsman in whose red nose violets stank. Of this class are the carnivora who have some instincts in common with omnivorous men.

From these several classes of sporting-books in which men

¹ *Seasons with the Sea Horses ; or, Sporting Adventures in Northern Seas.* By James Lamont. London, 1861.

² *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in South Africa.* By R. GORDON CUMMING. 2 vols. London, 1850.

show themselves to their readers, turn back once more to the Indian Journal which set this train of thought in motion; here is the true hunter's instinct, growing; still green, but with it grows a man's intelligence. The wild moor and the mother's fireside make the boys, the boys become mighty hunters and good soldiers, and yet they are able to see beauty and describe what they saw and felt. There is a love-story and a connected train of thought in the *Old Forest Ranger*, so the book ranks very high amongst Indian sportsmen; and it is read with keen interest by men and boys, women and girls at home, because the hunting instincts of all are roused and gratified.

It may send many to wander in search of adventure, it contains nothing to make a tiger, much to make a gallant gentleman of an English boy.

The Journal is like the sporting novel. It is true metal and rings true. There is none of the foppery of "the Honourable Crasher" and his fellows. Thin boots are unfit for jungle wahahs; but there is hard riding in Indian pig-sticking, and it is quite as well described as the Leicestershire lark of Mr. Sawyer: there is danger in facing a bison and a bullfinch, but there is no brag in the books which describe true sport. There is hardship in Indian travel and a little in English hunting, but small reference is made to hunger and sore bones, by the class of genuine sportsmen who are driven by the better half of their human nature to write books.

Instead of poaching amongst these pages, let this one quotation suffice:—

"Reader, you have probably spent many a happy hour among your brother-officers at the mess-table; you may have shared in the fun and frolic of a hunting-breakfast at Melton, or you have enjoyed the social glee and brotherly fellowship of a masonic supper. Perhaps, like myself, you have tried them all, and have enjoyed each in their turn: but, unless you have visited 'the Land of the Sun,' you may depend upon it you have yet much to learn. If you wish to see sociability, comfort, and brotherly feeling; if you want to learn what real good living is; and if you appreciate agreeable society, tempered by sobriety and seasoned by wit, you must to the 'green wood,' with a party of thoroughbred Indian sportsmen; for there will you find them combined and in perfection.

"And here I must remark, that by 'thoroughbred,' I mean not only high-couraged and game to the backbone; but well-informed, gentlemanlike, and agreeable, as I am happy to say my present companions are."

The "old forest-ranger" and his Indian Journals are pleasant companions, and game to the backbone. Having thrust your weary feet into a pair of slippers, ensconce yourself in an arm-chair, cut up the book, and worry, worry, worry, tear him and eat him.

ART. X.—*Our Foreign Policy.*

LORD RUSSELL'S reign at the Foreign Office has fallen on troublous times. During his tenure of power the position of affairs in Europe has been in the highest degree perplexing and alarming. The everlasting difficulty of Russia and the Poles has broken out as fresh as ever; Prussia has displayed a hardy disregard for truth, justice, and public opinion, which would have done credit to Frederic the Great, and a cynical cruelty of which Davoust would have been ashamed; Austria, as if on purpose to confound all calculation, forgetting the discontented elements which compose her motley empire, heads a crusade for "nationality," and in defiance of her traditionary policy and her disordered finance, plunges into a war which, whatever be its immediate result, will eventually do more to overturn the present bases of European politics than any event since the Treaty of Vienna; while France, mindful of past slights, not perhaps without an eye to future interests, adds to the embarrassments of the situation, by pretended indifference and strange inaction. Yet more serious and more puzzling have been the questions arising out of the war in America. England has not been used to be a neutral. Custom has not hardened her to the unjust demands, the passionate reproaches, the ever-imminent risk of insult which that position entails. And in the present instance all these evils have been aggravated by recent modifications of international law, by the changes in modes of warfare, and by the fierce tempers of the belligerents. The East has not failed to contribute its quota to these difficulties. The destiny of England, as it is the fashion to say, or, in humbler but truer phraseology, the example of the Americans, took us to Japan; and we confess to a strong wish that it had taken us anywhere else. Trade with so great a population is doubtless a most desirable object. But we fear that many English ministers will yet be harassed, and much English blood shed, before we can induce the Japanese millions to honour us with their custom.

It was not to be expected that the Foreign Secretary during such times should escape calumny. The Opposition, eager for place, and finding little else with which to find fault, has assailed the conduct of foreign affairs by the Government keenly if not very consistently or very fairly. The public, rendered restless by its ignorant sympathies, and making little allowance for the difficulties of the situation, has thought lightly of a policy which it has only imperfectly comprehended. Nor need it be disputed that neither the style nor the object of that policy has been

such as to attract a rapid or noisy popularity. It has steadily been directed to the preservation of peace; it has been carried on with unusual openness and simplicity. Even Lord Russell's style has the undiplomatic virtue of directness: his meaning is always expressed, as Biron vowed his "woeing mind" should for the future be expressed, "in russet yeas and honest kersey noes." Dislike to such an administration will not be uncommon; attack upon it is exceedingly easy. It is unpopular with all who have an undue respect for the tortuous devices of diplomacy, and by all who are unduly moved by anger or compassion. Those who are afraid to commit the country even by a word, and those who are not afraid to plunge the country into war, condemn it equally. And it is not difficult for this indignation to find words. Lord Russell's policy is easily assailed, because it has been a policy of moderation. To abuse such a policy, in times of great excitement, is to secure a ready and favourable audience. The vocabulary, too, is so simple and so telling. "Neither one thing nor another;" "blustering this minute, knocking under the next;" "no consistent plan;" "no conciliation;" "no vigour;"—of these and such-like phrases we have lately had more than enough.

But from one quarter at least we are entitled to expect something beyond stereotyped expressions of reproach—always vague, often meaningless. The present state of affairs is full of peril, and might be made fertile in instruction. Even should the immediate danger which now threatens us pass away, a study of the causes which gave rise to that danger—of the new aspects which European politics are assuming, of the new influences growing into power, and of the position which this country has taken up with regard to these—could not fail to afford valuable lessons for the future. We look, therefore, to Her Majesty's Opposition for some assistance in this study. Their constitutional position is that of fault-finders; but in times like the present we may surely expect from them something better than censure.

Any such expectations, however, will be disappointed. In both Houses the Opposition have been lavish of blame; in neither have they announced any principles for the guidance of the opinions of the country, nor suffered any hint to escape them of the nature of the policy which they would recommend. In the debate on the address, nothing could exceed the felicity of Lord Derby's attack, except its vagueness. The Foreign Secretary was ridiculed and made game of with the utmost art of an accomplished and unscrupulous debater; but mere "chaff" will not long support an Opposition. Later in the session—indeed but the other day—his Lordship spoke out in the steam-ram debate, to what effect we shall presently see. Save, however, on this

single point, we have had, from the debates of the Upper House, no means of guessing what would have been the conduct of the Opposition. In the Lower House the darkness has been yet more plainly visible. There, besides hesitation as to what policy the Opposition should adopt, doubts have arisen as to who should give that policy expression. Achilles has remained mostly in his tent—sorrowing the loss of no Briseis, but touched by the ruder calamity of a mutiny in the camp. More than one Patroclus has essayed to wear his armour, but none of them has yet proved able to rule the battle.

Still more confidently might a worthy treatment of this subject have been expected from a great literary and political organ. Men cannot always be philosophers amid the excitement of party strife; but a writer, removed from the influences of such excitement, should approach this theme in a spirit of fair speculation and inquiry. On the contrary, however, the author of an article on "The Foreign Policy of England" in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, seems to have set before himself as his sole aim the vituperation of Lord Russell: an aim doubtless laudable in its way, but even the perfect accomplishment of which would be no exhaustive or satisfactory treatment of his theme. To nothing beyond this does his ambition soar. Throughout his prolonged shriek of indignation, topics, however out of date, accusations, however exploded, if only they can be pressed into this service, are reproduced with admirable complacency. The Don Pacifico business is raked up—with which Lord Russell was not at all concerned; our conduct in the lorchá "Arrow" affair is recalled—conduct which Lord Russell strongly opposed; the dismantling of the Ionian Islands swells the list of charges—though wherein wrong was thereby done no effort is made to show; our dispute with Brazil, which, foregoing all advantages from our superior strength, we submitted to arbitration, is quoted as an example of our want of moderation; and, to crown all, the hoax of the bombardment of Kagosima is paraded before us, with a pompous pretence of shame, as an instance of our "inhumanity." Indeed, on the Japanese question, this writer's views are remarkable. We hardly know whether to admire most the accuracy of his reasoning, or the vigour of his imagination. To the former we are indebted for the acute analogical argument that England, in demanding satisfaction for the murder of Mr. Richardson, acted as absurdly as the French Government would act, were they to claim compensation from our Foreign Office in the event of a Frenchman having his throat cut in St. Giles; while the latter furnishes us with the surprising fact that we could "crush" Japan, "not only without danger, but *without any appreciable addition to our estimates*"! But to dwell on these old and exhausted

topics, treated in such a fashion, is not amusing, and far from profitable. We hasten on to themes of a very different importance and bearing.

Beyond doubt the Foreign Secretary has found in America his chief difficulty. The position of a neutral is always ticklish; and the position of a neutral in a war like this, possessing, too, powers for mischief of which both sides eagerly seek to avail themselves, has been peculiarly so. But although, perhaps *because*, it was his chief difficulty, he has overcome it best. In spite of the prejudices of some of the higher classes, in spite of the efforts of interested ship-builders, in spite of wide-spread sympathy with the gallant defence of the South, the great bulk of the people sees the propriety of a strict neutrality on our part, and appreciates the endeavours of the Government to maintain that neutrality. Such, however, is not the temper of the majority of the Opposition. Long ago, they would have forced the country into the uncalled for and utterly useless step of recognising the Southern Confederacy: long ago, had their ideas of law been acted upon, American commerce would have been utterly annihilated by cruisers sailing from British ports. On this single question Lord Derby has spoken out, and his views are the same as that of the *Quarterly Review*. The Tory peer and the Tory *littérateur* here concur. The latter, for instance, denounces Lord Russell as follows:—

“Something, too, might be said of the paper blockade set up in sheer defiance of the Protocol of Paris, and submitted to tamely by us, although it was reducing a large part of our population to the condition of paupers. The calmness with which our Government have permitted the Americans to seize English vessels on their passage to neutral or to English ports, under pretence that they were breaking the blockade; the repeated impunity with which they have been suffered to violate our territory by chasing vessels to within the boundary of British waters; the application of oppressive legal proceedings and strained prerogatives to British subjects, under menaces from Washington, would all furnish additional illustration of the violence of the chill which falls upon Lord Russell’s enthusiastic temperament when the spectacle of a large army or a powerful fleet crosses his mental vision.”

It seems to us that writing of this sort is in the highest degree ungenerous—nay, is deeply culpable.

This Journal cannot be accused of having shown undue favour to the Federals since the outbreak of this dismal war. On the contrary, we have not hesitated to speak of their faults and crimes freely and plainly. Yet, at the same time, should not we judge them gently? Can we not understand with what pangs a great nation must see its greatness—as it thinks—passing away? It may be that the dreams of empire had been vain and foolish, but is the waking on that account less

bitter? Have we no sympathy for a stirring and ambitious people so lately enjoying unexampled prosperity, and dazzled with the prospect of boundless power, when it finds the former blighted, and sees the latter fast closing on its gaze? It is such insensibility as this, such incapacity to enter into the feelings of others, which has made England disliked by all nations. But the passage we have quoted is worse than ungenerous. It is quite untrue to speak of "the *paper* blockade," as the Clyde steamers can testify. It is equally untrue to speak of this blockade as being in defiance of the Protocol of Paris. And it is a yet deeper untruth to taunt us with having "tamely submitted to a blockade which made many of our people paupers." For tame submission we should read noble self-control. That England, rather than violate those principles of international law which she believed to be right, submitted to great loss and suffering—manfully borne by the sufferers, liberally relieved by all classes—is one of the grandest incidents in her history. How easy for her to have broken the blockade, and so relieved the Manchester distress. She dared not, because she had not the courage to do wrong. And for having obeyed this righteous fear she is to be reproached with "tame submission!" The rest of the passage from the *Quarterly* is in the same strain; a reckless attempt to stir up the angry passions of the ignorant by vague declamation. Truly a worthy occupation for a great Conservative organ!

But the conduct of the great Conservative leader has been in no wise more dignified or discreet. His amazing speech on the seizure of the steam-rams seemed to indicate, in the judgment of *Mr. Punch*, that he had renounced the hope of governing the country for the pleasure of defending the Messrs. Laird. But in any circumstances, it was most unseemly that the cause of these ship-builders should have been espoused by Lord Derby. The proceedings of these men have deserved the gravest censure. We have now and again, and chiefly from that party which supports the doings of Messrs. Laird, much declamation about the commercial immoralities of tradesmen. But they have no word of reprobation for the conduct of men in a comparatively high position, who, for the pure love of gain, bring themselves into collision not only with international but with their own municipal law, embarrass the Government, and expose their country to the imminent danger of war. Nay, Lord Derby does not hesitate to defend these men, and accuses Lord Russell of having interfered to stop their proceedings only because they are Tories!

The Attorney-General, in the debate on the 13th of May, on the question of the "*Georgia*," treats this matter in a very different and far more becoming style:—

"Addressing myself first to the last and most generally important of the topics of my hon. friend's speech, I need hardly say that we are quite sensible of the gravity of the public evil which exists when merchants or any other persons in this country hold themselves at liberty, by all kinds of shifts and evasions, to treat with contempt Her Majesty's proclamation of neutrality, to make themselves parties in a war in which Her Majesty has proposed to be neutral; to shelter themselves under all those opportunities of escape which the just regard of the law of our country for persons accused of any offence invariably offers; and to do acts which in their immediate effects place in peril the friendly relations of this and another great nation, and which in their ultimate consequences may possibly recoil with the most disastrous and destructive effect upon the trade and commerce of their own country. The Government had some right to hope that in the circumstances of such a war as this, English merchants occupying eminent positions would not spell out the law under the advice of lawyers, saying, 'I cannot find it in the bond,' and, availing themselves of every means of escape which ingenuity can suggest, bring this country into peril, and create a precedent for future mischiefs and dangers against which the law of this country seeks to provide. I hope the time will soon come—indeed I think I may infer, from the memorial to which my hon. friend has referred, that the time has come—when the voice of the mercantile community will be raised, so that those who may be unwilling to hold themselves bound by Her Majesty's proclamation of neutrality shall see that they cannot expect the support of the great body of their fellow-countrymen."

On this matter the Opposition in the Lower House is no whit more sensible than Lord Derby or the *Quarterly*. Was ever, for example, a deliberative assembly forced to listen to greater twaddle than the observations of Lord R. Montague in the debate on the "Georgia"?

"Not only had the Southern States manufactured a navy, but they had beaten the Federal ships, which had long ridden the sea, so completely that the latter were now fain to avoid the conflict. How were we to blame for that? Should we have done anything to prevent the South from sending their ships to sea, or have refused to them the hospitality which our neutrality bound us to concede equally to both sides?"

It is certainly new to us that the "Alabama" or the "Florida" or "Georgia" has faced and "beaten" the Federal navy, or that these marauders were "sent to sea by the South." On the contrary, they sailed from neutral ports, and their work has been to plunder merchantmen. "It cannot be too often repeated," says the *Times*, "that the whole essence of the transactions now in question consists in the identity of the port of equipment with the port of departure for hostile operations." It is not less idle to confuse this plain question, with the fluent Lord Robert Cecil, by expatiating on the number of muskets

and percussion-caps we sell to the Federals. There is no parallel between the cases. We would gladly sell these things to the Confederates also, could they come here to buy them. Indeed, have we not done so? Have none of the blockade-runners carried munitions of war? But to sell munitions of war to belligerents, which they use in their own country, is one thing; it is quite another thing to send out vessels from our ports ready for the business of destruction, while their own ports are sealed against them. It may be that our neutrality is more mischievous to one of the belligerents than to the other; that we cannot help. It is not the less our clear duty to observe neutrality and enforce our law, careless of consequences. The blockade has reduced the Southern States to the position of an inland power, and the point then is this, Can a power, without seaports, or with its ports closed, defeat a blockade, or evade its natural disadvantages, by sending from the open ports of neutrals a fleet of cruisers to infest the sea? If this question is to be answered in the affirmative, maritime powers would do well to humble themselves before inland states. England would have more to fear from a war with Saxony than from a war with France. All the eloquence of the Opposition will not lead the country to a conclusion so absurd. The Government action in the cases of the "*Alexandra*" and the "*Pampero*," and above all their promptitude in stopping the steam-rams, deserved and has received the hearty approval of the nation. In the last instance especially it was well for our interests, not to put it higher, that the Ministry had the courage to do right, undeterred by the foolish taunt that their so acting arose from fear only. Had the disgraceful trick by which the "*Alabama*" escaped been allowed to succeed a second time, we could hardly have escaped an American war.

For our own part, we do not think that the Government has yet gone far enough. The position indeed of the Ministers is a very hard one. They are compelled to come to an immediate decision on points at once delicate in themselves and involving the most serious consequences, knowing well that the views of law laid down for their guidance by the Crown lawyers will be directly contradicted by Sir H. Cairns and his brethren on the left of the Speaker, and that Chancellor Kent, Mr. Story, and Lord Stowell will be cited on both sides with equal confidence and equal prolixity. But had they regarded the lawyers less, and considered this great question as practical statesmen, we think they would have excluded these privileged buccaneers from our ports. The Americans themselves in 1794, in the words of *Historicus*, established the rule, "that vessels which have been equipped in violation of the laws of a neutral State, shall be excluded from the hospi-

talities which is extended to other belligerent cruisers, on whose origin there is no such taint." In the debate on the "*Georgia*," Mr. T. Baring urged strongly on the Government the propriety of enforcing this rule :—

"When a vessel left our ports, which would have been arrested here had her objects been ascertained and her construction certified, and proceeded to carry into effect proceedings of hostility against an ally to the endangering of the peace of this country, it seemed to him that it was the duty of the Government to avail themselves in her case of the powers which they possessed, and to shut our ports against her. . . . Now, these were vessels which avowedly ought to have been stopped if their purpose had been known. They were vessels whose destination was to roam about, never getting home, and which were tainted with the offence of having violated our neutrality. They were vessels, therefore, which on every ground had no claim to the hospitality of the country, and he was bound to say that both our international obligations and a due regard for our own interests ought to have led us to exclude them from our ports."

There is no occasion to embarrass this question, as Mr. Baring did at the close of his speech, with any alternative suggestions of changing our law. The present emergency does not call for any such change. Nobody can dispute the right of a neutral sovereign to qualify by conditions the use to which his territory shall be put. And no condition can be more reasonable than to require a strict compliance with the law; and if that compliance be refused or evaded, then the use of the territory may be refused. Why then should not England carry out this rule in the case of the "*Alabama*"?

The Attorney-General, in replying to Mr. Baring, stated certain considerations which had induced the Government to shrink from this step. The first was that Federal agents, though without the sanction of the Federal Government, have been trying to enlist Irishmen under false pretences. That is, of course, no answer at all. The next was that the Federals have made "extraordinary and extravagant" demands on us for compensation for the injuries done them by the "*Alabama*." We cannot say that this reason is very much better than the other. In the first place, if the Federals are unreasonable just at present, is that matter for surprise? The English public, we suspect, has very little notion of what the Federals have suffered from these cruisers. The actual loss sustained by burning and capture has been estimated at £3,000,000 sterling. Worse than this, the danger, with the consequent rate of insurance, has destroyed almost entirely the American marine. From statistics quoted by Mr. Cobden in the House of Commons, it appears that, while in 1860 two-thirds of the commerce of New York was carried on in American bottoms, in 1863 three-fourths was

carried on in foreign bottoms. Of course every nation must suffer by war—a truth England just at present would do well to lay to heart; but yet we cannot wonder that a nation which has suffered so much should be somewhat out of temper. In the next place, is the extravagance of the Federal demands any reason why we should neglect our duty? It may be "extravagant" in the Federals to ask us to pay for the mischief which the "Alabama" has done; but can they not, with all reason, ask us not to give her the means of doing more? We may not be responsible for the past; but are we entitled to aid her in her career of destruction? Why should her escape, accomplished by trickery and deceit, be held as having altered her character? Thirdly, however, says the Attorney-General, we have not established the fact that these vessels were equipped in violation of the law. "We may have strong reason to suspect this; we may even believe it to be true;" but we have not legal proof. Now we venture to think there is a great fallacy here. If the "Alabama" were still in the Mersey, asserting her innocence, we should certainly have to bring forward "legal proof" of her illegal equipment before confiscating her. But by her flight, and the circumstances of that flight, the onus of proof has surely changed. She has, as it were, outlawed herself. The facts, in short, justify us in assuming her guilt. Against whom was levelled that severe rebuke which we have quoted above from the speech of the Attorney-General? Was it not against the builders of the "Alabama?" Lord Russell, too, in an official document, describes "the cases of the 'Alabama' and the 'Oreto' as a scandal, and in some degree a reproach to our law." Is it not plain then that we regard the "Alabama" as having violated our law? is it not certain that she narrowly eluded our grasp? and are we not entitled to say that until she has been purged from this taint she shall be excluded from our ports? It is one thing to refuse to countenance and support; it is another thing to condemn. "Legal proof" is required for the latter only. We have every right to say to a ship which escaped from our ports through fraud, that she shall derive no benefit from us until she shall have been cleared from the suspicion of having abused our hospitality. "It appears to me," said Mr. Cobden, in reply to the Attorney-General,—

"That the only thing remaining that you can do to conciliate the American people under the cruel losses they have undergone at your hands, is to say that henceforth you will deny hospitality to vessels that have been built in your ports, that have clandestinely left your ports, that have been manned and armed from your ports, because you are convinced that to allow such ships to come back here after committing

havoc upon a friendly nation, would be to injure yourselves and endanger your own best interests in the future."

But though the Government may refuse to go this length, we owe them much for having opposed the frantic partisanship of the Opposition. If the Conservatives really mean what they say, their accession to power would be the immediate precursor of war with America. If they do not mean what they say, they are chargeable with the crime of having endeavoured to mislead the judgments and rouse the passions of the people, on a delicate and dangerous theme, for the purpose of advancing their party interests. In neither view are they fit to govern the country. In the former they would go to war willingly; in the latter they might be forced into it in order to redeem their pledges and fulfil hopes they had excited.

When we turn to Europe we find the policy of the Foreign Office attacked with not less bitterness, but by no means defended with the same warmth. As in American affairs, it has been a policy of peace and moderation, and has therefore offended all enthusiasts; while no sympathies like the sympathy many have with the Federals are enlisted on its behalf. But when the present excitement shall have cooled down, the prudent and temperate action of the Government will be appreciated. Even now we shall endeavour to consider dispassionately what their conduct has been, and what their opponents would have had it to be.

To enter minutely into the rights and wrongs of the Schleswig-Holstein dispute would be beyond the scope of this article.¹

¹ On the question of right at issue between Denmark and Germany, great differences of opinion prevail between Danish and German writers. The question itself is exceedingly complicated, and few Frenchmen or Englishmen can be expected to sift thoroughly the intricacies of an old and inveterate quarrel between two different nationalities. Thus much is clear, that German ambition was at the bottom of it disguised by sympathies, no doubt sincere, with the German subjects of the King of Denmark. Reduced to its merely political proportions, and divested of the sentimental and antiquarian nonsense which covers the real facts and tendencies of the case, the matter in dispute between Denmark and Germany is simply this: that the southern part of the Danish monarchy, the Duchy of Holstein, being subject to the jurisdiction of the German Bund, and the adjacent Danish province, the Duchy of Schleswig, being partly inhabited by Germans, the Diet of Frankfurt, headed by Austria and Prussia, desired the union of the said Duchies, possibly with the design that not only Holstein, but also Schleswig, might become a part of the Federal territory. For this reason Austria and Prussia, in the diplomatic correspondence of 1851-52, which concluded the war between Denmark and Germany of 1848-1850, proposed an arrangement to the effect that the whole Danish monarchy should be connected by a homogeneous constitution, probably knowing that such a union between the Danish and German provinces was impracticable, and not without a hope, that by the break-down of this arrangement, the Duchy of Schleswig would follow the Duchy of Holstein into the loving embrace of the German Bund. Denmark accepted this proposal unwillingly, and the diplomatic controversy between

Besides, these have been the subject of such frequent and elaborate discussion that the public, now in possession of full information, has formed a pretty decided opinion regarding them. Impartial men have generally come to the conclusion that Germany and Denmark are both weak on the real merits of the question, though not perhaps in a like degree. Candour must allow that, at the outbreak of the war, both were obnoxious to the reproach of having made light of the engagements of 1851-52. In the aspect which affairs have now assumed, it is idle to discuss the claims of the Prince of Augustenburg. No one can doubt that the real causes of the war lay far deeper than a desire to vindicate his rights. Popular enthusiasm was excited throughout all the minor German States by the cry of nationality. Still more was it excited by the recollection that the previous settlements of 1851-52 had been brought about by the reactionary governments of that period in order to spite the popular leaders. The people were resolved that, former efforts having proved unavailing, this time at least there should be no mistake. Austria and Prussia were urged into action partly by a fear of the lengths to which this popular enthusiasm might reach, partly by a dislike to the liberal institutions of Denmark, most of all by their old rivalry for the hegemony of the German race. The last motive could not well have been acknowledged, but the first two have never been concealed. Count Rechberg admitted the first when, in answer to Lord Bloomfield's suggestion that the allied troops should halt on the Eider, he said, that were they to act with such moderation, "the excitement in Germany would become uncontrollable, and might lead to civil war." M. Von Bismark admitted the second to Lord Wodehouse, with his accustomed contemptuous candour: "The fact is, Germany will never be on good terms with Denmark as long as the present democratic institutions of Denmark are maintained." Probably, however, this motive was not a leading one, and M. Bismark's observation was merely a slight indulgence in his favourite pleasure of saying insulting things.

Denmark and Germany, from 1855 until the outbreak of the present war, turned exclusively upon the merit of the homogeneous constitution, framed according to the dictates of Germany. When the statesmen of Berlin, Vienna, and Frankfort perceived that the constitution (of 1855) still left the Danish element in the Danish minority uppermost, and that measures were taken to prevent the union of Schleswig with Holstein, and the secession of both from Denmark to Germany, they immediately found fault with the political scheme invented by themselves, and demanded the repeal of that constitution. Nor were they satisfied with its abolition, as far as Holstein was concerned, which took place in 1858; what they wanted was to see it equally repealed in Schleswig. This is the reason of their strong objection to a constitution which unites Denmark Proper and Schleswig. What they want is one uniting Holstein and Schleswig. To this the King and Government of Denmark refused to submit.

The dislike of Prussia for Danish institutions is a very mild emotion compared with her love for Danish territory. The foolish people are led away on the old scent. The King and his ministers have dazzled them with the prospect of territorial acquisitions, and have easily made them forego their designs of internal reform. They have given up the work of obtaining liberty for themselves, and have turned to the more attractive pastime of robbing their neighbours. On the other hand, can it in fairness be denied that the Constitution of November was, on the part of Denmark, a breach of the engagements of 1851-52? It may be true that Denmark was goaded to this. How she was goaded to it by German bullying and German meddling was shown convincingly in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of February 15. Still, whatever may have been the provocation, the false step was made; and the enemies of Denmark obtained their vantage-ground. The Germans had then a pretext for saying: The conditions of 1851-52 having been violated, we shall resume the position which before that time we held. This war, in fact, though fostered by the German aristocracy for its own ends, was, in its origin, a war of democracies—the democracy of Copenhagen against the democracy of Germany; and Europe is now teaching us the same lesson as America has taught us—a lesson to be learned in the history of every nation and every age—that such wars are uniformly the most irrational, the most inveterate, and often the most lasting. The judgment of M. Forcade on this unhappy conflict is as true as it is severe:—"Quant à nous, nous avons considéré l'effusion si inutile de sang à laquelle on a vu aboutir la discussion de l'Allemagne avec le Danemark, comme un des faits les plus tristes et les plus honteux de notre siècle. Cette guerre si disproportionnée, si intempestive, cette guerre dont les résultats étaient dominés d'avance par la nécessité d'une délibération Européenne, laissera dans l'histoire de notre temps le souvenir et la tache d'un crime absurde."—(*Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 15.)

But if, in the origin of the quarrel, neither party can be held free from blame, the case is very different when we look to the way in which the quarrel has been prosecuted. Denmark has certainly committed grave errors. We may even go the length of the *Times*, and condemn the Danes "as intractable, and even infatuated." She made all her concessions too late. Undoubtedly she acted in good faith, but her delays afforded pretexts of which her unscrupulous foes were not slow to avail themselves. By her hesitation in accepting the Conference, she gave these foes an excuse for inflicting on her the most grievous disaster of the war. And yet more grave condemnation awaits the conduct of M. Monrad when he

ordered the hopeless defence of Dybbøl, from a selfish dread of the mob of Copenhagen, against the opinion of his generals. But all this, and much more than this, should be forgiven to a brave people sustaining a desperate fight for national existence. Nor can any one pause to think with severity of the conduct of the Danes when he contrasts with it the conduct of the Germans. The deceit of the two leading German States has been such as to baffle the efforts of any honest diplomacy. Whatever may be the merits of the original dispute, the conduct of Austria and Prussia has indicated, not obscurely, the dishonesty of their ultimate aims. They made fair promises; they professed noble motives: they have broken the former, and belied the latter. They have veiled their covetousness and rapacity under various high-sounding pretexts—each to be cast aside when its immediate purpose had been served. They invited English mediation: they encouraged the Diet to treat that mediation with disregard. When Denmark had professed her willingness to concede all they asked, they took advantage of an excusable tardiness in this profession, pretended disbelief in its sincerity, and proceeded to enforce their demands by arms. They announced that their sole object in invading Schleswig was to secure the abrogation of the Constitution of November. Denmark undertook to abrogate that constitution, and only asked time to do so in legal fashion. The undertaking was slighted, the time refused, the invasion hurried on. In open defiance of all right, in direct violation of their own promises, they treated Schleswig as a conquered country; and now the occupation and the wanton plundering of Jutland has changed the whole aspect of the war, and converted it into an unconcealed attack on the existence of the Danish monarchy. To all this deceit and treachery, Prussia can boast of having added deliberate cruelty. She is still the same Prussia as of old—the Prussia which seized Silesia in 1741, the Prussia which stooped to receive Hanover from the French in 1806—combining, in the language of Mr. Fox, all that is contemptible in servility with all that is odious in rapacity.¹ She has vindicated her military prowess in an easy warfare, she has shown that her artillery is good, and that when her strength is fivefold that of her enemy she can conquer; and she has bought these triumphs at the cost of the hatred of all non-German Europe. Whatever may be the issue of these present troubles, Prussia will be found to have paid a dear price for her success. Four years ago all England would have been ready in arms to guard for her the Rhine. Now, should Louis Napoleon stretch out to seize that “natural frontier” of France, no Englishman

¹ Applied to Prussia by Lord Ellenborough in a late debate in the House of Lords.

would say him nay ; or if, would do so from dictates of policy alone, with no heart or fervour in the cause.

Still, for the beginning of the "absurd crime" both the parties to it are responsible. Our judgment on this matter should not be swayed by generosity, or by the admiration which steadfast courage against irresistible odds must always command, or even by indignation at the conduct of one of the belligerents subsequent to the outbreak of the war. When some two millions of brave men confront with steadfast resolution the overbearing violence of forty, onlookers feel strongly stirred in favour of the former, whatever be the merits of the controversy. Providence may be generally on the side of the strongest battalions ; but human sympathies are generally on the side of the weakest. Yet such sympathies the statesman is bound to restrain, at least so far as to allow them no influence on his conduct. The beginning of strife is like the letting out of waters ; but the channels into which these waters may flow must not divert our attention from the causes which set them loose. It is to these beginnings that we should look in forming an opinion of the conduct of our Government, still more in the endeavour to find out the fitting end of the trouble. The Danes were not in the right because they have sustained manfully a hopeless struggle : the Germans were not in the wrong because they have a giant's strength ; nay, not even because they have tyrannously used it.

Taking, then, this view of matters, are we led to conclude that the policy of the Government has been blameworthy ? In the first place, in this instance at least, Lord Russell did not "meddle" unasked. The interposition of England was granted in obedience to the express request of Prussia. About a fortnight before the unexpected death of the late King of Denmark, M. Von Bismark, alarmed at the enthusiasm of the Diet, suggested to Sir A. Buchanan that the friendly mediation of England, and of England alone, would probably have a good effect, and be well received at Frankfort. Acting on this hint, Lord Russell, in his own words, "instructed her Majesty's minister at Frankfort to ascertain from the President of the Diet, and from the ministers of Bavaria and Prussia at Frankfort, whether the Diet would be disposed to accept the sole mediation of Great Britain in the international question on which Denmark and Germany are now at issue." It cannot, therefore, be urged that Great Britain wantonly mixed herself up with this controversy. On the contrary, she was dragged into it. She was the chosen mediator between Denmark and Germany—trusted by both. That position, as it seems to us, she could not with honour have declined, even had she certainly foreseen all the troubles in which it would involve her. Soon, however, it

appeared that M. Von Bismark had miscalculated—that the mediation of England alone would prove all-insufficient to allay the rising strife. England then appealed to France and Russia, and met with little encouragement from either.

In the debate in the House of Lords, on 11th April, Lord Russell said:—

“ On the 5th of January, Lord Cowley, having been asked by M. Drouyn de Lhuys what more we proposed besides a Conference, stated that he was unable to answer that question, and that it was unnecessary then to consider more than the present proposition. But as we heard that the French Government desired to know what it was that her Majesty's Government proposed to do, I immediately wrote a despatch conveying the intentions of her Majesty's Government. I also wrote a similar despatch to Russia. What I said in effect was this:—There is a project evidently conceived in Germany for depriving Denmark of the States of Holstein and the Duchy of Schleswig. Supposing that project is persevered in, will you, France, will you, Russia, agree with us in giving material assistance to Denmark? That is my answer to my noble friend's reproach. The very thing which he blamed us for not doing, if he had had the patience to read a few pages further on, he would have found that we actually did.”

“ EARL GREY.—I expressly mentioned that despatch, and said its terms were too vague.”

“ EARL RUSSELL.—My despatch referred distinctly to a plan conceived for the dismemberment of Denmark, and went on to say that to prevent the execution of that plan we sought the co-operation of France, of Russia, and of Sweden, in order to give material assistance to Denmark in resisting that dismemberment. My noble friend calls that vague, and says that we did not propose to give material assistance; but it appears that nothing could be more clear and plain than the proposal of her Majesty's Government.”

This proposal, however, was in no quarter favourably received. Russia, very different from the Russia of 1848, stood coldly aloof. France coquetted with the population of the Duchies, gave forth fine sentiments on universal suffrage, was clear only on one point—that she would not fight. In the debate in the Corps Législatif, on the 12th of May last, M. Rouher put it beyond a doubt that such was her resolution from the first. Sweden and Norway have been *vox et pretereæ nihil*. The *Times* happily compared them to an opera chorus which loudly shouts, “Let us march; let us fly,” and never moves a step. Now, in this position of Europe, what course should Lord Russell have adopted? Could he with prudence have pledged the honour of this country to support Denmark single-handed? Why should we, of all the parties to the Treaty of London, have gone to the rescue? Nay, in spite of all our loud sympathy, are we prepared to do so even now? Things have turned out even

worse than any minister could have then anticipated. Austria and especially Prussia, have been overbearing to a degree exceeding even their traditions. And with all this before our eyes, indignant as we are, would a Ministry proposing to declare war against Germany receive the support of the country? We greatly doubt it. "L'Angleterre," says M. Forcade, in the *Revue* of 1st May, "a une grande sympathie pour le Danemark, mais elle a une répugnance non moins grande à se brouiller avec l'Allemagne." We confess we think this repugnance very justifiable and exceedingly natural, especially if the Tory lawyers are right in their law; in which case a war with Germany might afford us the pleasant spectacle of a fleet of Teutonic Alabamas sailing out of New York, and swarming all over the sea. It is moreover, a feeling which the Opposition, to do them justice, seems to entertain not less heartily than Ministers. From no responsible Conservative leader have we heard a word indicating that, had they been in office, they would have adopted a warlike policy. Whatever might have been their conduct of the negotiations, of one thing we may be very sure, that they would never have hurried a hesitating country, and a most unwilling Court, into a war of doubtful justice. The proud English people, sensitively alive to their unsatisfactory position, are naturally desirous of shifting the reproach on their servants; but it is not right that the Opposition, knowing the difficulties with which Ministers have to contend, should embarrass them with vague fault-finding and censure a line of conduct which they must feel assured that they themselves, in the place of the Ministers, would have certainly adopted. It is an evil thing to inflame men's minds with vague discontent, in the hope that this unfounded irritation may bring themselves into office—careless of the troubles and dangers into which it may plunge the country. Lord Grey, indeed, shrinking from no extreme, would have had us confront Germany single-handed, relying on a belief that the Germans would never have been so "insane" as to oppose the power of England. We cannot exactly see wherein the insanity would consist; but were this undoubted, we have not now to learn that forty millions of fanatics, on a question of nationality, are more likely to be influenced by motives akin to madness than by sober good sense. Whatsoever may have been the errors of Ministers, they deserve the gratitude of the nation for having hitherto preserved us from the miseries of a conflict with Germany.

Very few, then, condemn Government for not having involved us in war. But many object to the diplomacy of Government. Lord Grey, for instance, would have had no negotiation whatever. "Far better," said he on the 11th of

April, "if we were determined to give Denmark no help beyond words, that we should have abstained from interfering at all." His Lordship forgets that we did not interfere unasked. Our influence was expressly invited; we were chosen mediators. Whether or no the reproaches against Lord Russell of meddling unnecessarily be true in other instances, certainly no such reproach can attach to him in the present instance. We received an invitation which we could not have declined with honour or even with decency. But, admitting that we were bound to interfere to some effect, it is yet urged that our interposition was injurious to Denmark. This has not been clearly shown. Looking back even now, with all the wisdom which comes after the event, we fail to see that our advice should have been otherwise. We told M. Hall that his policy was hazardous, and we urged the propriety of certain concessions—particularly the evacuation of Holstein, and the revocation of the Constitution of November. Can it be said that such counsel was unwise? Granted that these concessions have not produced the hoped-for effect on Teutonic obstinacy or patriotism, is Denmark now in a worse position because she made them? We recommended her to evacuate a territory her right to hold which was somewhat doubtful, her power to hold which was not doubtful at all, and to recall a Constitution which she never had any business to grant; and though the injustice of others may have deprived these measures of what we may call their natural consequences, yet were not the measures right in themselves? And because they were right, they have not been barren of good result. They have enlisted on the side of Denmark the sympathies of all Europe; they have made the leading statesmen even of Vienna impatient of German fervour. Had she refused them she would have been no better off in a material point of view, far worse off in every other respect. As it is, a feeling on her behalf has spread abroad among the nations, which, if the Conference fail to establish peace, may yet ripen into action in time to succour her, and which will certainly bring retribution on her foes.

Nor can it in fairness be said that this country fostered in Denmark delusive hopes of assistance. The strongest thing in support of this accusation in the whole correspondence, is a letter from our Minister at Copenhagen to Lord Russell, of 10th December 1863, in which he says that he had told M. Hall that by evacuating Holstein "Denmark would at all events have a better chance of securing the assistance" of the non-German powers. Now surely this was nothing more than an expression of opinion by one statesman to another, and can never be held as implying any pledge that these powers would afford material aid to Denmark, still less that one of them acting alone would afford such

aid. In fact, the accusations against the Government in this matter are inconsistent. It is not possible that the policy of this country can have forced Denmark into tame submission, and at the same time encouraged her into dogged resistance. Nor is it unworthy of remark that France and Russia pursued a similar line of conduct. Our relations with Denmark were more intimate; and therefore our interest was greater, our advice perhaps more frequent: but France and Russia equally refused any promise of active support, equally counselled the evacuation of Holstein, and the revocation of the Constitution of November. But it is said we held "menacing" language to the German Powers, and the *Quarterly Review* quotes various extracts from the correspondence conveying specimens of such language. Thus, Lord Napier told Prince Gortschakoff that, in the event of an attack on Schleswig, "it seemed not improbable that the Germans might find themselves confronted by the armed intervention of Great Britain." And perhaps the strongest thing of all was the language held by Lord Russell to the Prussian Ambassador in London, as stated in a despatch of 14th January, from our Foreign Secretary to Lord Bloomfield:—

"I had spoken on a former occasion in the sense that Denmark would resist such an occupation (of Schleswig), and might be aided by Great Britain. He wished to have an explanation. On the occasion referred to I had expressly declared that I could not say what the decision of the Government might be, as the Cabinet had not deliberated, and consequently not submitted any opinion to the Queen; but that, judging from the general current of feeling in Parliament and in the nation, I thought an invasion of Schleswig by Germany might lead to assistance to Denmark on the part of this country. Her Majesty's Government could not wonder that the King of Denmark was ready to defend Schleswig, and to consider its hostile occupation as a fatal blow to the integrity of his dominions. But I could not doubt that he would be assisted by Powers friendly to Denmark in that defence."

Now surely these and such like sentiments were perfectly true, and the expression of them perfectly justifiable. It did at that time seem probable that the non-German powers would interfere to prevent the invasion of Danish territory, and was it not right to bring that probability under the notice of Germany? Not one word can be quoted from the whole correspondence conveying a threat that England would interfere alone. Nay more, not one word can be found clearly showing that she would interfere at all. All that can be found in the whole mass of despatches does not go beyond this—that an invasion of Schleswig would be viewed by Great Britain with great disfavour—that in such an event she would not pledge herself to preserve neutrality—nay, that she *might* interpose in support of Denmark. Now was not this exactly the position which

our Government were at that time prepared to take? Was it not exactly the state of English feeling? and was it not honest and candid that Germany should be made aware of this—told precisely what England felt, and what the English Government were prepared to do, no more and no less? Nor should it be forgotten that Denmark was no party to these communications. They were made only to the German States, and to those Powers who might have acted with us, and who may act with us still. That we expressed our views openly to Russia and to France; that we warned Germany of the possible results of her conduct; that we told her she was risking a European war, is true. But surely such frankness to the two Great Powers and such cautions to Germany cannot be supposed as implying promises of material assistance to Denmark. Least of all, when, in our direct communications with that country, such promises were studiously withheld. Mr. Hall himself gives, on this point, conclusive testimony on behalf of Ministers. So far from having been misled, he made it matter of complaint to Lord Wodehouse that no promise of armed intervention had ever been made by England.

The truth is, that on this Danish question the English people have been all along unduly swayed by prejudice and by generous sympathy. The Government has performed an important duty in opposing itself to these influences. It has, indeed, thereby risked its popularity, it has given occasion to the single and somewhat obtrusive assault of General Peel; it has afforded constant and much-needed stimulus to the energies of Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald; it has supplied a text for the long and dreary sermon of the *Quarterly*; but though the results of its action have been so grievous, it has yet done right and justly. When we look to any possible solution of the difficulty, we see how much English opinion has been actuated by feeling in this matter, and how little by knowledge or by reason. Should the Germans propose permanently to occupy Danish territory, or, in other words, to destroy the Danish monarchy, it may be that we shall yet encounter them, and in such a cause we shall have the right on our side. But as regards the Duchies, which constituted the *casus belli*, can we reasonably expect that the result should be otherwise than in favour of the claims of Germany? Holstein to Germany, Schleswig to Denmark, might have been a solution acceptable to both parties at the date of the Treaty of London. It would not be acceptable now. Denmark cannot hope for such favourable terms. Some division of Schleswig she must be prepared to concede, and the past has certainly taught us that there should be no more "unions for purposes of the monarchy," or any such insufficient devices. All arrangements of this sort can be but tem-

porary,--give rise, while they last, to very bad government and much despatch-writing, and lead most surely to war in the long run. Nor is it less idle to dream of the Treaty of London as affording the basis to any enduring settlement. Without altogether adopting Mr. Bernal Osborne's piquant description of that Treaty as the "last product of the dalliance between Lord Palmerston and Russia," and bearing always in mind that Lord Malmesbury must bear the credit or discredit of that Treaty equally with the present Premier, we cannot but regard it as a great triumph of Russian diplomacy, and as the culminating point of the influence of the Emperor Nicholas in Europe. Why such a treaty is entitled to more respect than the Treaties of Vienna,--except because of its more recent date, it is not easy to imagine, and it is not worth while to try to imagine. For, whenever a practical solution shall seem near at hand, the Treaty of London will receive but slight consideration. Gradually the question will come to be determined, as it assuredly ought to be determined, by the wishes of the inhabitants of the Duchies; and the only difficulty then will be, how these wishes are to be ascertained. France has given it to be understood that, should she interfere at all, her traditional policy would lead her to urge universal suffrage as the proper means to this end. The English press, generally speaking, has scouted this idea, hastily and inconsiderately. It is true that England does not love universal suffrage. It seems, in our opinion, to lead either to a sort of tyranny in anarchy, as in America, or to pure despotism, as in France. But the question can hardly be settled by our prejudices. In the first place, there is a wide difference between the best mode of governing a country and the best mode of ascertaining the wishes of a people on a question of nationality. The two things are quite distinct; and universal suffrage may be a very bad way of doing the one and yet a very fitting way of accomplishing the other. It is quite consistent to maintain that only the intelligence of a community should take part in the government of that community, and yet to hold that every member of a community is entitled to a voice when the point is with what other race or nation it shall be content to be united. Pure questions of nationality depend on considerations for the appreciation of which education is not perhaps essential; and it may well be, therefore, that with regard to such questions the vote of one man is as good as the vote of another. In the next place, universal suffrage has become a recognised mode of determining the destinies of nations. If England did not actively authorize, she at least welcomed and applauded the votes of March and November 1860, which annexed Central and Southern Italy to Sardinia. After this, it will hardly do to repudiate a similar vote in Holstein. To

adapt a homely proverb, what was satire for the South of Europe must be satire not less for the North. At all events, it would be impossible for England to oppose a proposal that the *States* of the Duchies should settle the matter. And there would, we suspect, be little doubt but that the States would come to exactly the same conclusion as would be reached by universal suffrage. And if Holstein, and even Schleswig, really desire to be united with Germany, can we, after what has of late years taken place in Italy, with any consistency, or even with any honesty, endeavour to prevent them? Nor should we forget that the present is a case in which the wishes of the people have a peculiar claim to be respected. This is not an instance of one despotic monarch ruling over many different nations—ruling impartially over all: it is the much harder case of one nationality connected with and subjected to the democracy of another.

Herein lies the difficulty which has surrounded this unhappy quarrel from the first—which has throughout embarrassed the action of England. These questions of nationality are a new element in European politics. But new as they are, they have already a great hold on the English public. They early acquired a sudden popularity, and that popularity they have for some time maintained. They recommended themselves as the best means of giving peace to a wearied world, and resting that peace on lasting foundations. The will of the nations would prove a principle noble and unerring; how different from the caprices of kings which shaped the politics of bygone years! The idea never occurred that a time might come when even this majestic principle would prove misleading; that the development of "nationalities" might bring with it much injustice. As the clergy under the Stuarts thought love of the Church and attachment to the monarchy could never be dissevered, so we have thought this principle identical with rectitude. The Danish quarrel has been to us what the reign of James II was to them. For once this principle pulls the wrong way. A full development of "nationalities" will seriously impair the monarchy of Denmark. We are not prepared to go this length, and yet we shrink even now from discarding utterly our favourite panacea for the wrongs which Europe has so long endured. It was this conflict of our sympathies with our reason which hampered us at the beginning of the dispute; for what has since taken place, the obstinacy of the Danes, the indifference of France and Russia, and above all the treachery and cruelty of Prussia, must be held responsible.

Reasonable critics of Lord Russell raise against him in the case of Poland exactly the same point as in the case of Denmark. Perhaps no one save Mr. Ruskin would seriously den-

tend that we should have gone to war either for the purpose of restoring a nationality long since a thing of the past, or with the yet more hopeless object of teaching the Russians to suppress rebellion with rose-water. But many urge that if not prepared to fight, we should have held altogether aloof, silent if not indifferent. But we must distinguish here a little. Moral influence unless backed up by physical force is of little avail. Admonitions, without guns, will never restrain the action of a powerful State. And in any new question in European politics, which may turn up for the first time, this truth should certainly be borne in mind. But here we are not dealing with a new question. We cannot shake ourselves free of the responsibilities which the diplomacy of the past has bequeathed to us. We are deeply involved in the Polish difficulty; we have in a sense guaranteed the title of Russia to her Polish dominions. In these circumstances we cannot hold ourselves aloof. Indifference is not possible to us; silence would be construed into consent and approval; and if we neither consented nor approved, we were bound to say so. Placed then in this embarrassing position,—forbidden by reason to fight, and yet compelled, in justice both to ourselves and others, to prevent our inaction being construed into acquiescence,—what line of conduct was open to England? Plainly one only; above all, and from the first, to make it clear to the Poles that they need hope for no material assistance from us; and on the other hand, to intimate to Russia that, although we did not desire and would not fight for the restoration of a decayed nationality, we yet protested against her mode of governing that country, and would hold her persistence therein as releasing us from any obligation to respect her titles under the Treaty of Vienna. The latter course we owed to ourselves, the former to Poland.

Now is not this exactly what Lord Russell has done? The *Quarterly Review* accuses him, most wrongfully, of having excited delusive hopes in the minds of the insurgents. This fault at least he certainly avoided. He refused to send a joint despatch with France, for the very reason that such a proceeding might hold out a prospect of joint action. Nay, at the beginning of the business, he declared in his place in the House of Lords, that under no circumstances would England go to war for Poland,—a declaration which the *Quarterly* passes over in disingenuous silence. We all remember how that declaration was attacked at the time, as nullifying the efforts of our diplomacy. It may have done so. Some effect of that sort it must have had; but surely it relieves Lord Russell from the charge of having buoyed up the Poles with vain expectations. On the other hand, could we have remained altogether

silent? Leaving out of view the pressure put upon the Ministry by the public excitement, by the urgency of France, by the urgency, at one time, even of Austria, was it not our duty, as parties to the Treaty of Vienna, to speak out? Believing, rightly or wrongly, that the conduct of Russia was a violation of that treaty, was it necessary to conceal this belief unless we were ready to fight in support of it? It cannot be too often repeated that this is not the case of a new political complication having arisen. It was a matter in which we were already involved. By the Treaty of Vienna we had recognised the title of Russia to certain territory; if we saw her governing that territory in defiance of that treaty, were we not justified in remonstrating against such government as dangerous to the peace of Europe? nay, were we not bound to clear ourselves from the complicity which silence might have been held to import? We never put war before her as the penalty of such a line of conduct; but is this country always to keep silent, *in matters in which she is already involved*, unless she is prepared for that *ultima ratio*? Such have not been the traditions of our Foreign Office. In 1831, when Russia violently suppressed the Polish Constitution, Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary under Lord Grey, remonstrated, as Lord Russell remonstrated last year. If Lord Palmerston's example is not respected by the Opposition, what do they say to the proceedings of Lord Malmesbury before the Italian War? He wasn't ready to fight, and he knew it; and yet he filled a huge blue-book with lectures and remonstrances and protests. What do they say to the conduct of France and England towards the late King of Naples? They remonstrated with that monarch's treatment of his subjects; their remonstrances were disregarded; they withdrew their ambassadors; but they did not go to war. That they refrained from war in a spirit of contemptuous disgust, sparing his weakness rather than respecting his strength, makes no difference to the present argument. Nay, what do they say to our relations with the King of Dahomey? Had that enlightened prince replied by means of a sarcastic foreign minister, when we remonstrated against the practice of murdering prisoners in cold blood, would England have been thereby degraded? And if it be conceded that extreme barbarity may authorize our interference, the proceedings of Field-Marshal von Wrangel more than justify the whole German blue-book.

We think, therefore, that even in the affairs of Poland, with regard to which there is most room for doubt, Lord Russell's policy was on the whole sound. But we have now had enough and more than enough of controversy. Foreign affairs are at present too complicated and too serious to be approached in a

party spirit. The rest of our space will be better devoted to a consideration of the future than to a more lengthened defence of the past.

England is at present the most conservative power in Europe. She is so for many reasons; some noble, some, it must be confessed, ignoble. Her bitterest enemies can hardly deny her a love of peace for the sake of peace, and a dislike of war from a keen perception of the miseries it entails. And it is certainly true that a country discharges an important duty, not only to itself, but to the whole community of nations, by developing its own prosperity and increasing its own happiness. Still, it would be uncandid to dispute that there is a certain admixture of baser motives. England has a clear conviction that no change is likely to better her condition, and she therefore opposes herself to all change whatever. She has got her hands as full as is convenient, and therefore other people must be contented too. Satisfied with India, she objects to the increase of French influence in the East; she would willingly see Italy without Venetia rather than run the risk of any discussion which might open up the question of Gibraltar. Because we are now virtuous, having got everything we want, there must be no more cakes and ale for anybody else. We cannot see why disputes should arise at all; still less why we should bring our good-fortune into peril by taking part in them if they do arise. Disguise it as we may, the disposition, not of the Ministry, but of the nation, is to fight only when our interests are directly assailed. Many violent and oppressive acts have been done in Europe since 1815: we were roused to action by the violence of Russia alone. It may suit the Laureate to style the Crimean War a "war in defence of the right," as the "wreaking of God's just wrath on a giant liar;" but the prose of the matter is, that England was alarmed for the Overland Route.

We may, if we please, dignify this policy by a fine name, and call it non-intervention. The title is flattering, but delusive. If non-intervention be taken as meaning a determination not to interfere in the internal struggles of other States, and not to permit others to do so, it is a principle worthy of all praise. On such a principle we should have acted had we opposed the intervention of Russia for the suppression of the Hungarian revolt; on such a principle we did act when, after Villafranca, we opposed the plans of France for the restoration of the Dukes of Parma and Modena and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and maintained the right of the inhabitants of these countries to settle their governments at their own pleasure. But non-intervention, as we commonly use the word, does not deserve to be called a "policy;" it is nothing but a determination not to fight. On

such a determination England has of late years acted, combining with it an earnest desire that nobody else should fight either. Thus, with all our paraded enthusiasm for Italian freedom, we were half-hearted about the Italian War. We professed the warmest sympathy for Italy; and taunted Louis Napoleon as a firebrand because his sympathy was somewhat more practical than our own. Fine words we gave them in abundance; but always ending with an adjuration above all things to keep quiet. We preached about trusting to time, as if time would blunt Austrian bayonets, or teach the House of Hapsburg moderation. This dislike to look things plainly in the face, to hope against hope, is our besetting sin. "Why anticipate difficulties which may never arise?" said Lord Cowley to M. Drouyn de Lhuys. The Frenchman might have replied, that to do this was the peculiar duty of a statesman, that it was far wiser to anticipate difficulties than to be anticipated by them. But, on the whole, the country is more to blame for this than its leaders. Often when politicians discern and would provide against coming harm, the nation, with distorted vision, will see only what is pleasant and peaceful. From the nature of our Constitution, no ministry, however persuaded of the necessity for action, can act without the support of the people, and that support is never given unless the people chance to be in a passion. Thus, when Lord Russell, three years ago, foresaw and would have anticipated this very Danish difficulty, nobody heeded or would believe him. Prudential policy has little weight with the masses; they must be moved by romantic sympathy or roused by indignation. Two conditions at least must be fulfilled before England will fight; her statesmen must be convinced of the expediency of fighting, and the people must be in a paroxysm about some real or fanciful wrong. It is plain that these conditions will rarely concur with sufficient force to overcome our aversion to war.

But it is of no avail to keep ourselves in a fool's paradise, crying peace when there is no possibility of peace. We cannot expect a universal acquiescence in our optimism and conservatism. Nations less fortunate will be more warlike; less enamoured of things as they are. Venetia, Hungary, Turkey — these names alone tell unmistakably of evils which will not sleep, of difficulties which must be solved. No one will form a true judgment on the state of Europe who does not take into account the growth of the principle of nationality. This principle, as we before remarked, is new in politics. Europe has of old time seen wars of religion, wars of independence, and wars of kings or of kings' mistresses; but this century alone has seen wars of nationality, that is, wars waged by various peoples in order to establish for themselves a separate national existence. So too this principle has been altogether

neglected in the great covenants which have from time to time determined the rights of European states. It was not dreamt of at the Peace of Westphalia, which respected religious but not patriotic feeling. It was flagrantly violated by the Partition Treaty. It found no place in the negotiations of Utrecht, and it has been equally disregarded in what may be called the minor treaties of Europe; the Treaty of the Pyrenees and the Treaty of Nimeguen. Last of all, to quote the words of Lord Macaulay, "Europe well remembers, and our latest posterity will, we fear, have reason to remember how coolly, at the last great pacification of Christendom, the people of Poland, of Norway, of Belgium, and of Lombardy, were allotted to masters whom they abhorred." The astute statesmen who arranged that pacification had recognised doubtless the growth of this new and dangerous principle, and were resolved to crush it. The French Revolution may be said to have given it birth, when, intoxicated with their new-found liberty, French troops went forth to succour the oppressed in every land. Napoleon, even at the height of his tyranny, professed it as a pretext. Trampled under foot at the Treaty of Vienna, it has since sprung up into renewed life and vigour. Nor, in looking at the present aspect of Europe, can we see any signs that its force is abated or its career drawing to a close. Now, this principle or idea is essentially provocative of disturbance. It is a new element. It was long utterly uncared for; it was of late years sternly repressed; and in 1815 Europe was settled without regard for its claims. Therefore, when it is at last rising into importance and power, nay, when it has asserted itself as the leading principle which should regulate affairs, can we expect such a settlement to endure? Take the case of Austria. That power, both from interest and by disposition, is pacific, and yet is so based on a defiance of nationalism that her very existence is a cause of offence and a source of danger.

Nor, in estimating the disturbing influences in Europe, can we leave the Danish War out of account. That war has done more than any event since 1815 to change the relations of the European States. What its results may be no man can say. But it requires no great gift of prophecy to foretell that these results will not be altogether such as sanguine Germany expects. The happy dreams enjoyed by Professor Max Müller, and narrated by him in the *Times* last February, of a united Fatherland, are not quite certain to be realized. There is a chance that the minor German States may not clearly see how they have been gainers by a war which has but increased Prussian territory. Nor is it altogether out of question that similar thoughts may occur to Austria. And even if these lofty conquerors do not quarrel over their ill-gotten gains, Nemesis may

come from another quarter. Germany, it appears, now laughs at the warnings of England—to the great scandal of the *Quarterly Review*. A high authority has told us of what sort is the laughter of fools. But they are welcome to their merriment while it lasts. A time may come, and come speedily, when there will be little laughter on their lips. If the French Emperor is possessed by anything of that grasping ambition which we so freely ascribe to him, Germany will yet bitterly atone for her present triumph. And should that day of need arrive, she will look in vain for aid to England. The favour of our Court will avail her nothing. The cheers which rang through the House of Commons when the result of the late sea-fight was announced, revealed a feeling in the country in antagonism to which the Crown would be worse than helpless.

Looking, then, on such a Europe as this, the urgent question is, What should be the future attitude of England? By what principles should she be guided when she is not trammelled, as she was in the Danish and Polish questions, by past engagements? The great fault of our diplomacy, at all times and under all administrations, has been its want of consistency. Partly from the absence of training in themselves, partly from the recklessness of our Press, partly from the publicity of Parliament, our statesmen are sorely hindered in following out any far-sighted line of policy. Hence they go on in a sort of hand-to-mouth style, refusing, like Lord Cowley, to "anticipate difficulties." Now this will hardly serve us in times like the present, when all Europe, to say nothing of America, seems breaking up into new combinations—when events like the Italian War, and a policy such as that of Lord Russell on the Polish question, are happily setting us free from the diplomatic fetters in which our forefathers had left us bound. It would be well, therefore, could we discover some principles of action, however general, by which we may abide when we find ourselves in new situations, untrammelled by old treaties and worn-out traditions. Many eminent men are of opinion that, in such circumstances, the safest, and, in the long-run, the most honourable policy for England will be found to be a policy of strict isolation; always able to defend herself, never caring for the affairs of others, living apart in the enjoyment of her own well-being, like the gods of Epicurus. Others, again, condemn such a policy as ignominious, and as unlikely even to secure the peace which it seeks by means so unworthy. Thus Lord Grey, in the debate on the Address, expressed himself as follows:—

"I must question the principle on which the noble Earl has acted, that we are not to use our power except when our own interests are

immediately attacked. No one of your Lordships is more anxious than myself to avoid all unnecessary interference with foreign Powers; no one feels more strongly the impolicy of meddling in affairs which do not concern us; but, on the other hand, I have always felt, and I trust all your Lordships will agree with me, that the civilized nations of the world have a strong interest in preventing injustice being inflicted on any of their number; and the best security for the peace of Europe and the world, is a general persuasion among the great Powers of the world that if any one of them openly and notoriously violates the principles of justice, and is guilty of oppression towards his weaker neighbours, other nations will stand forward to defend those neighbours, and among the nations ever ready to come forward in a case of justice and reason England will not be the last."

Mr. Göschen, the seconder of the Address in the Commons, held language of the same purport, in the course of a speech of unusual grasp and vigour:—

"At the present moment, as in all continental struggles, the idea uppermost in every mind was whether England was likely to be drawn in. The country was divided between the modern policy of non-intervention and its traditional regard for international law; it appeared to debate with some uneasiness into which scale on this particular question it ought to throw its weight; and he believed it had not yet made up its mind that the doctrine of non-intervention could be of universal and absolute application. If it were meant that the Government should stand aloof whatever principles were at stake, or whatever interests might be involved, the country would be unable to comprehend how, while the barriers separating different nations were being thrown down every day by increasing intercourse, by the surrender of ancient prejudices, by treaties of commerce, and by the inculcation of the principle of universal benevolence, the first utterance of England on the approach of a novel danger should be to proclaim an utterly selfish and isolated policy, repudiating not only her international obligations, but also, he might say, her international interests. It seemed to him as impossible as it would be inconsistent and improper for England in the face of Europe to lay down a rule of absolute non-intervention. Those professing to desire peace at any price seemed often unwilling to pay the heavy price which might be asked for it; and that was war itself."

Now, with the utmost respect for these able speakers, it seems to us that their views are at least too broadly stated. There is a wide difference between the circumstances in which a nation is bound to go to war in behalf of its own interests, and the circumstances in which a nation is bound to go to war in behalf of the interests of others. It is, indeed, desirable that international law should be upheld, but we are not called upon to uphold it with the same zeal and the same sacrifices as if

we were repelling aggression. We must be ready and willing to protect ourselves, our dependencies, and our allies, and we are. England, it cannot be doubted, could stand now, as she has stood before, against the world in defence. But, except in defence, our statesmen have no right to bring upon the people, or allow the people to bring upon themselves, the miseries of a prolonged and doubtful war. A country so exposed as ours is was never intended to play, single-handed, the part of the redresser of the world's wrongs, or conservator of the world's peace. We cannot be expected to be knights-errant or even general policemen. Standing alone, therefore, our policy must be, in a sense, isolated; but it is an abuse of language to call it selfish. We but confuse ourselves and obscure the truth, by transferring the ideas or the phraseology of individual morality to the transactions of States. It is not selfishness in an English statesman to care more for the happiness of the people of England than for the happiness of the people of Africa. One-third of the population of this country is dependent for its very existence on commerce; the example of America has shown that, in the present state of naval science, all our power might be insufficient to save that commerce from destruction; and are we to encounter this great wretchedness in the vain attempt to recall the vanished dream of Polish independence? Take a yet stronger instance. Had we interfered to stop the invasion of Jutland, it is plain we must have done so alone. Now, would such a proceeding have been justifiable? Setting aside our alleged promises on the one hand, and the complex question of the Duchies on the other, let us look at the simple question. Would English statesmen have acted aright in risking a single-handed war with Germany for the protection of Danish territory? To refuse to shed the blood of Englishmen in such a quarrel would be no selfishness, but rather our bounden duty.

The point is susceptible of a very simple illustration. The police must always be the stronger side. There should never be any doubt as to the result of a conflict between the guardians and the disturbers of the peace. If any such doubt is allowed to exist, the law can no longer be administered. Exactly the same holds good with regard to the law and the police of nations. If wrong is to be prevented, the force brought to bear upon the wrong-doer must be such that resistance would be vain. Interposition not supported by overwhelming force is as powerless for good as the use of "moral influence," and far more powerful for mischief. Had France, Russia, and England declared that crossing the Elber would be to each and all of them a *casus belli*, Germany would have paused. But the single

voice of England would have been powerless to restrain the enthusiasm of forty millions. And what would have been the result had her voice been raised? Laying aside the suffering and the grief, we hold it clear that the end in view of those who advocate such a policy, *i.e.*, the increase of a respect for law, would have been the last thing attained. After a long and bloody contest, justice and forbearance would become of less account in the dealings of nations than before. By interfering in defence of right in such force that perseverance in wrong is at once relinquished, reverence for right becomes extended and strengthened. But by interfering so as merely to create doubtful strife, law is at once brought into disrepute, and passions prompt to violate it are roused into activity. Better utter lawlessness than vain endeavours to enforce law. Single-handed, then, we cannot effectively discharge the duties of European police which Lord Grey would impose upon us. And if we cannot discharge them efficiently, it were best that we should not attempt them. Disputes may yet occur in which we may be mixed up diplomatically, owing to past engagements, as we were in the Polish question; but except in such instances, we must steadily hold aloof, if we insist on acting, as Harry Wynd fought, for our own hand and at our own discretion. There is much to be said on behalf of such a policy; though it will be found difficult to reconcile the proud and dictatorial temper of the English people to its observance. On the other hand, if we think this undignified, and possibly unsafe, an alternative is open to us. We can seek for allies, acting in concert with whom our interference in European politics will have sufficient weight to preserve peace and enforce law. But there is no third course possible. We must choose between isolation and cordial action with one or other of the Great Powers; and the sooner our choice is made, the better at once for our honour and our safety. This is the great lesson which the events of the last two years teach in a manner not to be mistaken.

We may look forward with confidence to a cordial understanding between this country and the new kingdom of Italy. We may hope too that this may come at no distant date; but it is clear that Italy could at present give no strength to such an alliance as we have in view. Her position is that of one who seeks rather than affords help. It is to France, therefore that we must turn. With France and England disunited, every angry passion and every idle ambition is set loose throughout Europe; did a frank and close alliance subsist between them, we might hope not only for the maintenance of peace, but of the settlement of continental troubles. It is no slight satisfaction to know that such are the sentiments of the ablest political

writer in Europe, M. Forcade, who thus expresses himself in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1st March :—

"Il était manifeste pour l'Europe entière qu'entre eux et nous une alliance active immédiate était impossible. Cette conviction générale a fait beau jeu aux petites cours allemandes, à la Prusse et à l'Autriche. Quand les deux puissances occidentales sont séparées, lorsqu'elles sont coupées, le reste de l'Europe peut passer au travers, et l'on se permet bien des fantaisies.

"L'enseignement qui sort donc avec une lumineuse évidence de la confusion politique dont nous sommes témoins, c'est que le maintien de la paix et de l'ordre en Europe, c'est que la conservation du prestige et de l'influence des deux nations occidentales sont au prix de la bonne entente de la France et de l'Angleterre. Ni la France ni l'Angleterre ne peuvent s'engager avec succès en Europe dans des entreprises politiques importantes, si d'avance elles ne sont sûres de leurs bons sentimens mutuels, et si l'influence de leur accord ne domine pas et ne contient point les autres puissances. Cet enseignement, nous l'espérons, ne sera perdu ni pour les Anglais ni pour nous. Nous croyons que l'œuvre du rapprochement des deux politiques fait des progrès réels. Les faits déplorables qui se sont passés entre l'Allemagne et le Danemark auraient été prévenus assurément, si la mort du roi Frédéric VII eût trouvé la France et l'Angleterre décidées à marcher d'accord; mais les pires conséquences que l'on peut redouter du conflit dano-allemand ne seront conjurées que par l'alliance intime et active des deux pays."

So far as the two peoples are concerned, our intimacy with France is becoming closer every year. Englishmen may not yet be very popular in France; but at least they are never insulted as they were not so long ago at Bonn. The treaty, too, is gradually doing its work. Therefore the old feeling in favour of the German States as our "natural allies" is fast dying away. It had its origin in the espousal of the Jacobite cause by France; and in the partialities of our Hanoverian kings; and it cannot live in the altered circumstances of the present time. It has indeed been defended on the ground that England will always, to use a slang expression, pull well with Germany, because there can be no rivalry between them. But this argument will not bear examination. It is quite a mistake to suppose that political friendships are best secured by diversity of interests and of aims. On the contrary, such diversity always implies diversity of feeling; and disputes more frequently arise from opposing feelings than from conflicting interests. Look at the present instance. Prussia is no rival on the sea, does not compete with us in trade, has no colonial power to irritate us; and yet, could we be more entirely alienated from any nation? And this too on a question of pure feeling by which our interests are in no

way affected. With France, on the other hand, we have similarity of interests; we are, in some respects, rivals; but the very existence of those interests and that rivalry afford the best security against our quarrelling. The more France gives hostages to fortune by extending her colonies, and developing her commerce, the more she regards her material prosperity, and appreciates the blessings of free trade, the more reason she will have to draw to us, and the firmer friends we shall become. Nothing, therefore, can be more short-sighted as well as more ungenerous than to carp at the extension of French influence in the East or elsewhere. The more she perseveres in such aims the better for both. A large mercantile marine is the most pacific of all influences. Besides these common interests and common pursuits, France and England are actuated by similar leanings in continental politics. Whatever France may be at home, abroad she favours freedom. She goes even further than we do in regarding the desires of the people; she continues to be the champion, as she was the originator, of that idea of "nationalities," which, until lately, at least, commanded our sympathies hardly in a less degree.

Were it necessary to look at the other side of the account, it would be easy to show that we have never taken very much by our German alliances. A most unpleasant monotony runs through all our relations with that country, from the wars of William III. down to the wars of the first Napoleon. It is the same story over and over again: England paying money to induce Germans to do what every feeling of patriotism and manliness should have made them do for themselves; shaping our policy in deference to their view, preferring their interests to our own; and finding our reward in delays, lukewarmness, selfishness, and sometimes actual treason.

But, it is said, we cannot trust the French Emperor as an ally. We do not propose to say a word on the home government of Louis Napoleon. It may be that France has given up too much in return for the blessings of order which he has secured to them:¹ that is no affair of ours, and it is plainly

¹ At the same time it is worth while to remember from how great curses of disorder he relieved them. The following analysis of disturbances in Paris before he took it in hand was given by the *Quarterly* in review of Mr. Kinglake's *Crimea*:—

"Beginning from 1830, there were the three days of July. On February 14 and 15, 1831, the sack of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and the Archevêché. In June of the same year, riots at the trial of Polignac. On June 5 and 6, 1832, Paris was in insurrection, and declared in a state of siege at the funeral of General Lamarque; great slaughter of the insurgents ensued; but the troops and National Guards alone, under Soult, lost 102 killed and 396 wounded. Garnier Pages, Cabet, Laboisserie, Châteaubriand, the Duc de

not germane to the matter in hand. But we could say a good deal, did our space permit, on his external policy, and the manner in which, with regard to foreign affairs, he has borne himself towards England. Our experience of him has now lasted through the varying fortunes of fourteen years. During all that time a large proportion of our public men, and our press with hardly an exception, have steadily refused to trust him; have too often heaped upon him the grossest abuse. What has been his demeanour through it all? At times he has not been able to conceal his sense of the injustice; but his fidelity to his engagements with us has never wavered, and his determination to be at peace with us has never been shaken. His enemies can give no ground for their lavish imputations of treachery. They cannot point to a single instance of double-dealing or of faithlessness towards England. But then Savoy and Nice are brought up. It might be sufficient to reply that we should take him as we find him in his relations with ourselves. But it may be well to contrast for a moment his conduct in the Italian War with our own. He went to war for an object which we affected to approve, but which, had it rested with us, would never have been accomplished; and we called him a firebrand for his pains. Startled by the cost, impressed by the miseries of war, and dreading every day to find that we had declared against him, he concluded a peace before that object had been fully attained; and we—we who had done nothing, who had refused him even our cordial sympathy—reproached him for having paused. The terms of that peace were not exactly suited to our notions; and we taunted

FitzJames, Hyde de Neuville, Bertyer, etc., were arrested within a few days of each other, and confined in the Conciergerie—the precedent, perhaps, for 'the seizure of some of the foremost men in France' on the 2d December 1851. In 1834, April 13 and 14, there were *émeutes* and barricades in Paris, and great slaughter. What occurred in the Rue Transnonain has been already stated. In 1835, July 5, Fieschi's plot. In 1839, May 12, insurrection under Barbès and Bernard. In 1848, after serious fighting and bloodshed, the Republic was proclaimed; in February the mob attacked the Hôtel de Ville; on the 15th they invaded the National Assembly. In June the bloodiest insurrection that had ever taken place in Paris occurred; 60,000 well-armed men from the clubs, secret societies, and *ateliers nationaux* were opposed by 30,000 troops, '*bataillons de guerre*,' brought up to Paris by the Republican General Cavaignac; 11 general officers were killed or wounded, the Archbishop of Paris was murdered whilst conveying a message of peace to the insurgents, General Brea was assassinated in a parley, and 1440 insurgents killed. In 1849 there were two attempts at insurrection, and in 1851 two more. There have been no *émeutes* or barricades in Paris since 4th December 1851. This fact should be remembered, and this one, moreover—that after the 4th December the French funds rose at once, and France emerged from almost a state of bankruptcy into a condition of daily increasing material wealth and prosperity. So much for Mr. Kinglake's assertion that 'the great city was struck down as though by a plague.'"

him with wilful deceit in having declared that all Italy should be free, as if a man who proposed a scheme for securing the freedom of Italy by a confederation must of necessity be a hypocrite and a traitor. When those terms became impracticable, and Piedmont received an accession of territory never intended by others and never dreamed of by herself, we became wild with fury because he asked Piedmont, thus raised by him to the rank of a first-class power, to cede to France a small state which, by situation, seemed naturally to belong to her, and by inclination was not hostile to the connexion. Our impotent rage on that occasion would have been only grotesque, had it not been so plainly dictated by mean jealousy of France. What claim had we to interfere between Piedmont and her ally? What right had we to disbelieve Napoleon's solemn assertion that the acquisition of Savoy and Nice was an after-thought, which owed its origin to the extraordinary and unexpected good-fortune of Piedmont? Has even Mr. Kinglake been able to assign the smallest grounds for such disbelief? The whole retrospect seems to us a striking example of British arrogance, inconsistency, and suspicion.

The present attitude of the Emperor also is a cause of great offence. Whatever he does is wrong: if he fights he is a fire-brand; if he keeps quiet he is a subtle plotter. It is really too absurd to expect that a great nation should move or remain still, at our bidding. When we refused to stir in 1859, we ascribed our inaction to a noble reluctance to disturb the peace of Europe; when France refuses to stir in 1864, we ascribe her inaction to insidious designs on the Rhine frontier. We plumed ourselves vastly on our "moral sympathy" for Italy, and let France do all the fighting; can we not forgive France for thinking that a change would be agreeable, that we might do a little of the work in the present case, and let her take up the *rôle* of sympathizing. This sort of thing is really childish. We abuse the French Emperor without measure, we thwart his policy without scruple; and then "credulous," expect him all "golden," whenever we may be of a coming-on disposition. We have no answer to his sarcastic remark, "You had everything your own way in Greece, and France will not interfere with you in Denmark;" or again, "You scouted my proposal of a Congress, and now you may do the best you can alone when face to face with the dangers which I foresaw and would have averted." If ever we are to form that alliance with France on which the peace of Europe so much depends, or rather, if we are ever to form a cordial alliance with any nation upon earth, we must learn to believe somewhat less confidently in the nobleness of our own motives and the infallibility of our own conduct, and to

view more charitably and more trustfully the proceedings of others.

The refusal to attend the Congress has been the one great error of Lord Russell's administration at the Foreign Office. But for this he was less responsible than the suspicions and prejudices of the English nation. The country would not have supported a minister who proposed to accept the French proposal. One remembers how people chuckled over *Punch's* cartoon of "The Bulls won't come," thinking that we had done something vastly clever in declining. The press unanimously made game of the scheme, and no public man on either side has yet expressed regret for our obstinacy, except Mr. Bernal Osborne. And, after all this "cracking up" of our own wisdom, in a very Yankee fashion, what have we come to? Is not our Conference simply a restricted Congress; with the difference that troubles have broken out which the Congress might have prevented, and that wild passions have been aroused which the Congress might have kept down? Yet we may forgive Lord Russell for having deferred to the people on this point, when we think of the more vital matters on which he has opposed them, and by so doing risked both popularity and place. He has refused to be hurried into war by popular clamour. In circumstances less trying Sir Robert Walpole yielded, and plunged the nation into a contest of which he disapproved, and the miseries of which he foresaw. "They may ring their bells now," he said on the day when the Spanish war was proclaimed; "they will be wringing their hands ere long." But our Foreign Secretary is a man of different stuff. No conceivable inducement, we verily believe, could have power to make Lord Russell act in disobedience to the dictates of duty.

"I am sorry," wrote that good and wise man, Sydney Smith, towards the close of his career, "that I did not, in the execution of my self-created office as a reviewer, take an opportunity to descant a little on the miseries of war; and I think this has been unaccountably neglected in a work abounding in useful essays, and ever on the watch to propagate good and wise principles. It is not that human beings can live without occasional wars, but they may live with fewer wars, and take more just views of the evils which war inflicts upon mankind. If three men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale death of a field of battle, ten acres covered with dead, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more of misery inflicted on mankind by one year of war, than by all the civil pecula-

tions and oppressions of a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with the greatest avidity, hailing official murderers in scarlet, gold, and cock's feathers, as the greatest and most glorious of human creatures. It is the business of every wise and good man to set himself against this passion for military glory, which really seems to be the most fruitful source of human misery."

At a time like the present, when our political writers have so failed to urge these wholesome reflections on the popular attention, it is comforting to reflect that the issues of peace and war are in the hands of men deeply impressed with their truth. It would be difficult, we think, to pronounce a higher eulogium upon a statesman than to say that he is a lover of peace. And to this eulogium Lord Russell is fairly entitled. He has kept the balance even between the contending parties in America; unswayed by prejudice, unmoved by bitter reproaches. On the Continent his efforts have been steadily and zealously directed to avert, if it were possible, the horrors of war. Without unduly fearing diplomatic rebuffs,—the real discredit of which rests with those from whom they came,—without too selfishly consulting what is called dignity, he has endeavoured honestly and frankly to express the feelings which England entertained, and announce the conduct it was prepared to adopt; and, at the same time, he has had the sense and courage to prevent the country rushing into a calamitous conflict from pique, or sympathy, or vague indignation. When the present excitement shall pass away, and when the people shall bethink themselves of what they have escaped, to have done this will be reckoned as no slight thing even among the many services which Lord Russell has rendered to his country.

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